

Gatewood Record 1896-1902



My Little Wesley
25 Dec. 1898

Says Berkie to Mixon
Dear Uncle I'm fixin' some fun
A problem to ~~solve~~ give you ~~think still~~
About Silver & gold
All traded & sold
At the ratio of sixteen to one.

I've taken an ounce
To have you pronounce
How many gold dollars 'twill make
Of grains twenty-~~five~~
And ~~a half~~ eight tenths as you ~~strive~~
Each dollar of gold will take.

Says Mixon to Berkie
"My boy you are jerky
Just tell me of silver the same
Four twelve & a half (412½)
Excuse if I laugh
" A dollar of silver will frame

And How much of each
I wish you to teach
Will balance us both on the scale
[illegible] Hundred & three
[illegible]ill balance up me
[illegible] sixty will tell your tale.

aug. 1896.

ys, please return to

& CO.,

, MO.

ST. LOUIS. MO
AUG 13 4-PM '9[illegible]

Dr. H. E. Gatewood
704 Meridian St.
Nashville
Tenn

1896.

Feb.

Mon. 10. Went to town to see Mr. Owsby in regard to the purchase of the Bon Agua Springs property. Could not determine what we wished to know and so adjourned the conference till tomorrow. Came home and worked till night.

Tu. 11. Went again to city and closed deal for Bon Agua Springs.

Wed. 12. Worked at my wood.

Th. 13 The same. In afternoon kept house while Annie and Comel went to hear Moody preach at the tabernacle. — yesterday.

Fri. 14. Worked all day at some repairs. At night took Gatewood to the Tabernacle to hear Moody preach.

Sat. 15. Looking after patients and working a little in shop. It is quite cold today.

Sun. 16. Read. Comel lame so he had to stay from Sunday school. The first he has missed in a long time.

Mon. 17. Cold and rainy. Spent the day at reading and writing.

Tu. 18. The same.

Wed. 19. Repairing.

Th. 20. Cold and windy. Worked in Mr. Hitt's yard.

Fri. 21. Warmer. Worked at wood and read. Today Gatewood spoke a juvenile piece on Washington

~~Sat. 22.~~ which I composed for him last night. He had prepared a piece but found out of school that two others had committed the same piece. As we had no easy piece at hand I took up a scratch-book and at a single effort struck off the following which here appears without correction.

Washington.

A gracious child with manners mild
He was his father's pride
Who taught him well the truth to tell
Whatever might betide.

A gallant youth who told the truth
And earned the greatest name
He prized the right more than the might
And virtue more than fame.

As scarce grown man he led the van
On Braddock's fatal field
Thus early life with care was rife
But honor was his shield.

At middle life he lead the strife
To free his native land
No thought of self or power or pelf
But of his gallant band.

In tent nor field he did not yield
But kept his trust in God
Who heard his prayer and kept him there
Until the British fled.

His children there — his countrymen —
Called him to rule their land
He sheathed his sword and trusted God
Who blessed his faithful band.

Feb.

And now his name and world-wide fame
Are sung from sun to sun
His praises run from sire to son
All love our Washington.

He committed this before bedtime & recited it today.

Sat. 22. Beautiful day walked to the city and back & worked till night though suffering extreme pain. In my anxiety to complete some work I labored too hard and suffer intensely.

Sun. 23. Warmer and cloudy. Reading and writing all day. Mr. Bennet and Mr. Rutherford both called today.

Mon. 24. Suffering with a severe cold and somewhat hoarse. Spent the day looking after patients and working in yard.

Tu. 25. The same.

Wed. 26. The same.

Th. 27. Went to the city in the forenoon. In afternoon worked about little Grace's grave. At night went to hear Nat. C. Goodwin in The Gilded Fool. He is probably the finest comedian on the continent.

Fri. 28. My hoarseness is much worse. Rained all day. Looked after patients which made me worse.

Sat. 29. Much worse. Throat quite sore. Walked and worked incessantly most of day. Think most of my patients are not suffering as much as I. Gatewood is quite sick with measles.

1896. having come home from school yesterday broken out. I had expected to go to Bon Aqua in Hickman Co. but was forced to postpone the trip.

Mar.

Sun. 1. Cloudy and windy. Unable to speak aloud I stay indoors and read and write.

Mon. 2. Worked at the stone arches which I am constructing at little Grace's grave to bear flowers.

Tu. 3. The same.

Wed. 4. Busy with patients and writing.

Th. 5. Rainy. Read, wrote, looked after patients and worked a little in yard.

Fri. 6. Very rainy. Had intended to go to Bon Aqua but weather was too inclement. Spent the day in looking after patients.

Sat. 7. Beautiful day. Worked a little about the grounds, planting some roses at Grace's grave and visiting a few patients.

Sun. 8. A bright day. Spent most of day at reading. The grass is green and already long enough to furnish good pasture. The shoots on the roses are from one to two inches long.

Mon. 9. A genial sunny day. Took the 7:15 train for Bon Aqua 40 miles distant. Took Conrel along to give him a ride and a day in the country. He watched the landscape attentively through the car window all the way down but said little. He was feeling badly, was hoarse and did not enjoy his trip

Mar. as if well. We had our lunch with us and at Bon Aqua were met by Corsby Bros. and driven down to the springs. Here we spent a good part of the day examining the property and planning repairs and improvements. At noon we all took our dinners together with great relish except Connel seated on the bridge that spanned the sparkling stream. We visited Mrs. Wolf - an elderly lady who occupies one of the cottages and learned a good deal about the mismanagement and abuse of the property. Near sunset we drove to the station and were soon on our way homeward. I spread my overcoat in the seat to make a pallet for Connel who slept nearly all the way to Nashville. We reached home about 10:30 P.M.

Tu. 10. Busy with patients both at home and in neighborhood. Connel was taken with measles today which accounts for his indisposition of yesterday.

Wed. 11. Wesley breaks out with measles today while Hettie shows the characteristic cough and restlessness. Our hands are full.

Th. 12. The same.

Fri. 13. The same. Hettie is covered with the eruption. Our North parlor is a hospital in which may be heard a medley of coughs, groans, diverse demands, as for water, stories, &c. &c.

Sat. 14. The tug goes bravely on. Connel is getting

Mar. a little better, Wesley and Hettie much worse. To add to the difficulties of the situation the weather is bad and I have a number of other patients with measles, diphtheria, &c.

*

Sun. 15. Rainy. Spent the dull, gloomy day nursing the children.

Mon. 16. My time is divided between the patients in doors and out of doors.

Tu. 17. The same. Connel got up today.

Wed. 18. The same. Wesley got up today.

Th. 19. Very cold wind with mingled snow and rain. I put the day in as usual among my patients and in nursing the children, telling them stories, reading a little and sometimes playing with the boys whose confinement has made them restless. Mr. A. G. Rutherford called this evening and asked for an extension of time on his note.

Fri 20 We are still busy with the measles at home and abroad. Connel took his examination today for entering school and was assigned to same grade as Gatewood (4th B.)

Sat. 21 Walked to city and back and then worked at my wood. Hettie is better

Sun. 22 At home and about among patients

Mon. 23 Very rainy. I read and taught the children. Connel started to school for the first time.

1896.
Mar.

Tu. 24. I am busy about the yard and wood pile.

Wed. 25. The same.

Th. 26. Very warm. The same.

Fri. 27. Working with Mr. Hobson at setting trees and cleaning up around the house.

Sat. 28. I go on cleaning up and working about the yard.

Sun. 29. Very warm. Reading and writing letters.

Mon. 30. Hauled stone to build a rockery in front yard in the forenoon. In the afternoon worked about the yard.

Tu. 31. It rained all day. Read and visited patients.

Apr.

Wed. 1. Working about the yard.

Th. 2. Working at my rockeries.

Fri. 3. Took the early morning train with Wesley for Bon Agua where we were to meet Mr. Bennet and Mr. Overby and confer in regard to building a small hotel. We all lunched together and after spending the day took the evening train and reached home about 9:30 P.M. Wesley enjoyed the trip very much though he slept all the way home. The work is progressing slowly. I enjoyed the day out among those high hills and picturesque streams.

Sat. 4. I resume my reading & writing & small jobs &c.

Sun. 5. A golden day which I spend in reading and recreation with the children. While reading by the fountain C. F. Sharpe the grand mogul of all the Sharpe's came to order me up to his sister's, Mrs Stanfield's at 11 A.M. to meet Prof Briggs in consultation on his sister's case. I promptly notified him of my previous refusal which he attempted to ignore. By some vigorous argument coupled with positive refusal I convinced him of the uselessness of his attempt to impose a servile drudgery on me while he exalted Prof. Briggs and minimized my long & faithful service. It was a late hour to propose a conference as Prof Brigg had previously taken charge of the case. I wrote a kindly letter to Prof. Briggs embodying my opinion founded upon three years of observation. Prof. Briggs an hour later publicly ridiculed my conclusion asserting she was not seriously sick and strange to say this hasty decision of his infatuated the friends with a furore of absurd joy. They forgot that they had called me last night with the announcement that she was dying. They now seem to be sorry that they were sorry last night. A confident and aristocratic self sufficiency has suddenly enveloped the crowd who were so sorely distressed last night. The grand mogul laughs uproariously at what he considers my mistake. I simply say "His opinion is not valuable to me and I will wait and see if these two worthy Professors do not change their opinion and their laughs. Time is the key.

Mon. 6. Still working in the yard.

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Tu. 7. The same.

Wed. 8 Went to the city and worked about the yard.

Th. 9. While placing some shells on little Gracie's grave I heard a step on the walk and looking up saw my old college comrade Dr. O. W. Ward of Duncan Falls, O. I spent the remainder of the day with him showing him about the city.

Fri. 10. Spent the day with Dr. Ward going to the Centennial grounds and capitol in the forenoon and in the afternoon driving to the old Rosebank nursery and to the custom house and in a round about way home entertaining him as well as I could.

Sat. 11. Though feeling badly I went with Dr. Ward to the reservoir, Ft. Negley, the old Confederate cemetery and home. He left me at 3 o'clock for Chatanooga.

Sun. 12. Spent the day in reading, writing letters and looking after patients. Mr. & Mrs. Todd spent the afternoon. There are pleasant Yankees boarding with Mrs. Stanfield who have taken some interest in us partly from the fact that we too are considered Yankees. Their home is in Maine

Mon. 13. At 10 P.M. last night I fell asleep wondering how I could construct some new and novel piece of rock-work with rocks I had left over from my large double arch. At midnight I waked with the new novel yet very simple design complete

Apr. in my mind. At daylight I rose completed my wooden skeleton to support the rocks and after breakfast began the little triangular rockery which stands near my front gate. Before night I had completed it.

Tu. 14. Planting vines and working among the trees.

Wed. 15. Still working about yard and looking after patients.

Th. 16. The same.

Fri. 17. Feel badly but divide the day between patients and reading and writing and work at the fountain.

Sat. 18. In the morning we hitched up Queen Anne and Annie and I drove to the Centennial grounds and thence by circuitous route through the city home at 10:30 A.M. She behaved very nicely. This was Annie's first ride behind her and I let her drive part of the time so she can become familiar with driving and go by herself whenever she does not want me along. On returning I found the children waiting for their promised ride. As the three boys were clambering into the buggy little Hettie whom Mama had proposed keeping at home asserted her rights vigorously insisting there was a place in there for Hettie and that "this dirl wants to wide." So all were piled in together and five deep we went to a short ride stopping for an hour at Mrs. Templeton's to see some patients. The afternoon was

perfect and pleasant with breeze and balm the remainder of it was spent about the pretty yard around the fountain and later along the babbling stream in which the three boys with my permission splashed and waded with infinite enjoyment. Still later Annie and I transplanted some plants and chatted for half an hour with Mrs. Wadley under the trees by the front gate. It has been a very enjoyable day for all and I trust all are grateful and thankful. The yard is filled with the song of birds which have already begun the pleasant duty of nesting. Already the little American sparrow is building in the honeysuckle by the fountain the trellis of which furnishes a rustic seat. The rockeries are growing whiter and in every way more beautiful. Through the green branches they present a beautiful contrast with their surroundings. Nearly everybody is praising our beautiful yard and to us it grows in beauty and restfulness every day. May it long continue a place of beauty and an inspiration of innocent enjoyment, of serene contemplation and of profound thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. How many sweet memories it commemorates. How many pleasant hours it has sanctified with a mutual love for each other and for the Greatest as we have planned and progressed in this work of innocent & tender association & labor. All these plants & of trees and stones and strangely and sweetly associated with hours of tenderest devotion, purest love and deepest gratitude. May God bless it, its lessons, its history, its past, its present and its future to our own good and his glory. With the rock work in particular we have associated the

simplest and tenderest ties. Directly in front of the library between two pretty little rustic arches already entwined with budding roses lies the little green mound beneath which sleeps our little Grace, dear in every memory, a veritable bud of promise whose coming and whose short stay was crowded as her departure was crowned with a purer and deeper love, a profounder thoughtfulness and an opening usefulness scarcely felt before. This must ever be a dear place fraught with kindest for all. About the middle of the front of the yard I have constructed a large double arch 8 or 9 ft. high, the arches crossing at right angles both having a common keystone surmounted by a shell. They are built of jagged stone and represent in their various aspects the Roman and the Gothic styles of architecture constituting by their union a cross thus combining strength, beauty, harmony, symmetry and the representation of the central emblem of modern faith and progress. This is very striking and beautiful to me and is much admired by others. I have thought sometimes that it might prove a place where we could go to think and speak and act kindly gently and tenderly. May Heaven bless it & keep its memories pure and sacred and from this labor and thought of mine evolve something useful, sweet and abiding when I am not. The other little piece of rock-work which I will here mention and briefly describe is to me very pretty and of course dearer to me than it could well be to those who did not understand or enter into the history of its design. It consists of three rustic pillars gradually approaching each other and uniting

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Apr. at the apex of a pyramid where they are surmounted by a pointed stone upon the top of which also rests a shell. To me it represents the strength, the fixity and permanence associated with the mathematical philosophy of the triangle. It also suggests the wondrous beauties of the trinity which seem to me always somehow associated with the mathematical certitude of the beautiful and the inexorable logic of this simplest a geometrical forms. In its simplicity its strength, its suggestive sentiment and its strange history it will always be dear to me and I hope my dearest earthly friend will always associate with it the pleasant memories which cluster about it in my own mind and long regard it as an emblem of a brightest, best and blessed hope. May it long continue to be more than a suggestion to my patient wife my dear children and all who know me best when they gather about it and recall its history, its memories and its humble author.

Sun. 19. A pleasant day spent in reading and writing and walking among the trees and flowers. How much we have to be thankful for. Father, increase our gratitude, our faith, our usefulness and our hope.

Mon. 20. Went to the city in the forenoon. Worked in the yard in the afternoon.

Tu. 21. Working with my plants and trees.

Wed. 22. Went to the city to see Capt. Danley in regard to pass over N+C to Bon Aqua. Could not find him. While waiting

Apr. went to Federal court room in custom house and listened to the trial of one case. Came home and worked till night.

Th. 23. Went again to see Capt. Danley, found him and procured a 1000 mi. ticket. Returned and helped clean house in afternoon and made frequent visits to some patients.

Fri. 24. Worked at helping clean house and going to see patients.

Sat. 25. The same. I am very, very tired tonight.

Sun. 26. Still visiting patients and reading.

Mon. 27. Wet and rainy in the morning which prevented me from going to Bon Agua as I desired. I spent the day in writing and being interrupted. It is pleasant and breezy since the rain and everything is looking at its greenest and best. The locust trees are robed in white, the roses are in bloom and honeysuckles are beginning to burst forth.

Tu. 28. At work till breakfast after which took 7:15 train for Bon Agua where I spent the day helping to plan and push the work. Took 5:30 P.M. train for home and Wesley fell asleep directly and slept all the way home.

Wed. 29. Reading and working in yard.

Th. 30. The same.

May.
Fri. 1. Same in the forenoon. In the afternoon

May took a drive.

Sat. 2. Working among my vines and reading and writing letters.

Sun. 3. Reading and enduring unnecessary interruptions by undesirable callers.

Mon. 4. Went to the city with Mr. Bennet to look at some bedroom sets which we intended purchasing for cottages at Bon Aqua. They were gone. After making some purchases I went to the Nicholson House to locate a well. Came home and spent the afternoon among the delightful pages of Ben Hur.

Tu. 5. Wrote letters and read during the forenoon and in the afternoon Annie and I drove out the Dickerson pike crossing the Brick Church pike and on over to White's Creek pike which we followed to Woman's Arm - thence by way of the High Bridge and St. Cecelia back to the city and home. We found the children at play in the yard and ready for their ride. I took them for a short drive with which they were delighted and when I returned at Sunset I unloaded four happy little hearts who were as proud and joyous as passengers who have crossed an ocean.

Wed. 6. Got up early to go to Bon Aqua. Wesley had just risen and asserted that he must go along. I tried to dissuade him but he put up a vociferous protest and persisted in dressing himself naked until permitted to don his good clothes for the trip. The day was warm

May — and the last trip was practically repeated. except that each of us got more wood-ticks on us than previously. Wesley insisting that he had more than four.

Th. 7. — Working among my trees and reading Ben Hur. While writing in my summer house about 4 P.M. Dr. Ward again appeared on the walk. He was making another excursion trip south but called to have me examine him again. He seems very anxious about himself and with cause. We spent the evening pleasantly together. What a weight of sadness seems to plead in his face.

Fri. 8. — Spent the day with Dr. Ward in pleasant conversation about the past and present. He is contemplating a sale and removal South. He left at 2 o'clock for Columbia intending to go on to Pensacola.

Sat. 9. — I spent the day with Ben Hur & my correspondents. Our yard is like a fairy dream. It is thickly carpeted with soft green grass and clover pranked all over with an abundance of pure white clover blossoms rich in purity & fragrance. The vines cluster so thickly over the fountain that their rich dark green foliage almost shuts out the view of the rocks. Here & there a white peak showing like little mountain peaks surrounded by green forests. The honeysuckle clustered thickly over the rustic seat close by is a blaze of glory in gold and pink and white. Its long sprays drooping gracefully down over the canopied seat are closely studded with clusters of bloom which load the air with their fragrance. The little American sparrows flies in and out

1896 May — with food for her young nestled there. The roses hang in thick clusters about the summer-house and throughout the yard in many places and of many colors. The vines are dripping over the rockeries.

Sun 10 — Spent the day among my books and flowers. Read a good deal in Bible and Ben Hur

Mon 11 — Off to Bon Agua where I spent the day. I came home feeling badly.

Tu. 12 — Went to city to meet Mr. Overby and see about some furniture for Springs. I am feeling worse with fever.

Wed. 13 — Intense aching. I try to read and have to give it up.

Th. 14 — Chill followed by fever and aching. Read what I can to dull the pain.

Fr. 15 — A little better. I devour Ben Hur all day

Sat 16 — Finish Ben Hur and help the little boy get the grass from yard. We wheel it to barn I am their horse. Just got it in before a good rain fell.

Sun. 17 — Writing in summer house which is covered with roses. They hang in festoons over the openings and inside and outside over the walls and one cannot enter the door without pushing aside the green sprays all covered with dewy roses and buds in all stages of development. Among these is mingled the purple clematis and the fragrant honeysuckle in white and gold. In bursting bud also a Macrophellah rose with delicate glossy foliage

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May. spreads its slender jagged shoots hither and thither in rich profusion. The scene is so attractive that many stop to admire it.
The whole day was broken by callers till 1:30 P.M. when Mr and Mrs Todd came and took dinner with us and remained till 6 P.M. We enjoyed their visit and they seemed highly pleased.

Mon. 18 Off again to Bon Aqua. Spent a hard day. Things go on so slowly and so badly. I shall be glad when it is all over. Got back at 9:30 very much prostrated.

Tu. 19 Very sore and sick. I read and wrote and worked a little, in P.M. In the A.M. I went with Mr Cundall 9 miles to try to locate a well for Mr Apple. It rained hard after our return.

Wed. 20 Worked a little in P.M. but lay down a good part of A.M. More rain

Th. 21 A little rain. I worked what I could.

Fri. 22. Read and worked among my plants.

Sat. 23. Cut thistles and read.

Sun. 24. I tried to get an opportunity for a little outing but the entire day was broken up by visitors who annoyed me sorely. However I read 8 or 10 chapters in the Bible & a little desultory reading.

Mon. 25. A pleasant day. I read and write and work about the yard.

Tu. 26. Went to Bon Aqua again & got home

at 9:30 P.M. The hotel is nearly complete and will look quite pretty but unpretentious. We had a heavy rain there of short duration but found on returning that it had been much harder and accompanied with high wind at Nashville. However the air was cool and clear and sweet and everything had a pleasant look about our home though the storm had blown down a few limbs and broken a pretty tree on N. 2nd. St.

Wed. 27. Cleared up some of the brush that had been blown down yesterday. An orioles nest with the limb to which it was fastened had been blown down throwing the little ones out in the grass. Annie had tied it up with a string to a limb overhead. I tied it up higher but it was still within easy reach and this seemed to fill the mother bird with gladness. She perched over head and gave vent to her feelings in a burst of joyous song. She flies back & forth and feeds them there and seems perfectly satisfied. While sitting in the summer-house writing a letter my former student and friend Dr. C. H. Harris. of Lowell, O. walked up. Of course we were mutually glad to see each other. After dinner I took him in the buggy and drove to Vanderbilt University where we walked about the grounds, thence on to the Centennial grounds and back along Church St. to High thence to Broad thence to river and back by way of bridge through Russel St. a part of Fatherland on out through the country a piece beyond the city, thence back

May to Gallatin Pike and through by the Drive place home.

Th. 28 Spent the day with Dr. Harris. In the forenoon we talked while Annie went to city. In the P.M. we walked out into the country stopping at Joy's and Sidley's greenhouses.

Fri. 29. Spent the forenoon at home with Dr. Harris. In the afternoon we went by car to the reservoir and walked by Ft. Negley to the Confederate cemetery. Took car home and spent remainder of day talking of the past and prospects of the future. I went with him at night to depot where he took train for home. It is 3 yrs since I saw him and I find him much changed. He is aging rapidly. Though only 29 he looks ten years older. His brow is already furrowed his temple sunken his cheek thin and nose pointed but he has a disappointed look in his face which contrasts sadly with his older time joyousness and vivacity. Time is not very kind to him. He seems to have changed in fact as well as in face and form. He has no apparent love for scenery, or song or sentiment. Even his professional affairs only seemed to interest him in a coarse commercial way. I showed him my flowers, shrubs, building &c. Even my pretty fountain appeared only to strike him as stone and water. His mind seemed slower and heavier like one under the lethal influence of a drug or depressed by a constitutional malady. I tried to interest him in pretty scenes or in elevated sentiment, or scientific discussion all to no purpose. I came home meditating on the changes time had wrought and wondering if he was sincere in saying I looked better than when we

May parted. He seemed to only desire to make money May Heaven bless and keep him and make his labors useful and pleasant.

Sat 30 At work among my flowers and vines till 4:30 P.M. when I took the children for a drive and on returning I drove to No 7. Second St. to see Mrs Guthrie.

Sun. 31 Very heavy rain. I read most of day. At night another heavy rain.

June
Mon. 1 The city is all dressed in decorations for the celebration of the 100 anniversary of the admission of Tennessee into the Union. The sky is all gray and "the thunder drum of heaven" is filling the vault with storm-mutterings. Rain-rain rain. I stayed at home with Hettie while the children went with Annie to see the parade. They return about 4 P.M. filled with joy. I am quite as happy. Have seen so many parades they do not impress me much.

Tu 2 Read in A.M. In P.M. took the three boys and went with Mr Crandall to see the sham battle on Shelby's Bottom. We got back at dark very weary. A crowd variously estimated from 50000 to 100000 swarmed all over the bottoms and hills on both sides of river. There were 12 companies of cavalry & 1700 infantry. The effort was said to be a great success. At times the din was terrific. The maneuvers were very pretty and to a lover of pomp & pageantry were very impressive.

Wed. 3 Very lame. Went to city for Mrs Bennett to make arrangements for her trip to Bon Aqua. I am so weary tonight

Th. 4 Work in yard, read and go to see about repairs on [illegible] houses on Lischey Av. I am very lame and very sad.

Fr. 5 The same, Quite warm. Every thing seems to go wrong.

Sat. 6 Same. All annoyances are aggravated Pecuniary matters are looking very badly. I do not see how to avoid going in debt unless I can call a halt on expenses quickly. As I never lived in debt I can not bear the idea and hope Heaven will as often before at the right time help me out.
I am reading a good deal in Bible now and grow fonder of it all the time. It is no unusual thing for me to read 5 or 6 chapters daily. How often I find passages that seem to apply to my own affairs most pointedly.

Sun. 7 Reading some. Many callers keep me annoyed.

Mon 8 Suffering a good deal,

Tu 9 Suffering and aching intensely. Have dysentery.

Wed 10 So sick I can scarcely get about the house Still I do not give up wholly as I have a feeling I shall not long survive a confinement to bed Still I do not want much of this kind of life. My temperature is 104 F.

Th. 11 Much better but still suffering acutely. Mr Overby came today to settle with me. I find I have now put in much more than either of the others and that while mine is all cash they are making a good profit on what they put

June — Delayed settlement till 1st prox. It already looks as if this would follow the examples of all the rest of my partnership ventures — the others prosper at my expense.

Fri. 12. Better. I get up early and mow a part of yard. Read and do light work rest of day.

Sat. 13 Same. Quite cool. I am improving and feel very thankful.

Sun 14 Callers all day long. Read some. Cool.

Mon. 15 Cool and rainy. I read and write letters.

Tu. 16 The same.

Wed. 17 The same. Clearing in P.M. and warmer. I write in summerhouse while Annie makes a call on Mrs Todd who soon leaves for her home in Maine. The boys are at the well with my large rubber alphabet printing signs. Little Hettie is with me — every few moments she has a paroxysm of coughing. She has whooping-cough.

Thu. 18 Still cool and cloudy with some rain. Went to city in A.M.

Fr 19 Warmer. Worked a little and read a good deal and let the older two boys and Annie show me how to play croquet.

Sat. 20 Work some about the yard and read.

Sun 21 All day was broken up by callers.

Mon. 22 Hot. Looking after patients and doing some work.

Tu. 23 The same.

Wed 24 The same

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June

Th. 25 Busy with patients. Bad news from my business at Bon Aqua. As usual I am a loser. Up nearly all night.

Fr. 26 The same. At Varleys all A.M. - confinement.

Sat. 27 The same. Will it never cease. I am growing heart sick of it all. My patients keep me busy.

Sun. 28 Busy most of day. In P.M. took Annie and Hettie for drive and left the boys to wash up dishes. They were not done when we came home and we went again taking Wesley along. Left Annie at Mrs Stevensons where Mrs Varley and little one were till I returned from calling on Miss Lena Dunn and Mr Giannini. Returned and took the boys all for a drive. Galewood & Wesley each drove some but Conrad declined. Returned at sunset and worked till nearly mid-night with patients. Mr Sharpe called me again to treat him. I tried to shift the case to another but failed.

Mon. 29 Letter from Overby asking me to come down as physician for springs patients. Looked after patients.

Tu. 30 Took morning train for Bon Aqua. We got to B. A. at 10 A.M. and Galewood and I walked down to hotel. We spent the day here. I was very busy. G. played with the children and was delighted. Took 5:35 train for N. Got home at 10. P.M.

July
Wed 1 I am much prostrated. Work and read and look after patients. While gone to B. A.

July Mrs Sharpe called Dr Fryar to see Mr S. who was suffering much. Thank God I am thus relieved of a thankless task. I was asked in to see him this morning but declined

Th. 2 Very lame. Read and looked after patients and helped care for Hettie

Fr. 3 Went to city in A.M. with Mr Cundall to buy pipe for conveying water to hotel at Bon Aqua I got back at noon very ill. Rested and worked about yard and treated patients till night.

Sat. 4 Rainy. The boys have a sham battle in yard and are ably assisted by H.A. & A.C. Webb. The day is uneventful to me I work and wait on patients.

Sun. 5 I spend the day at my books and papers. Took a pleasant nap in hammock on upper veranda in P.M. and visited a patient.

Mon. 6 Busy with work and patients.

Tu. 7 Went with Mr Cundall to Bon Aqua and put in pipe to carry water to hotel. Took Galewood & Connel along. On way back we lay over 50 min. at Dickson and all enjoyed the lunch we brought from Bon Aqua in a paper box. Home at 10 P.M.

Wed. 8 At work among my vines and trees. I feel that my trip did me real good. Took a long drive to Centennial grounds with Annie Wesley & Hettie

Th. 9 Read, visited patients and repaired Kitchen door

Fri 10 Read and rested. Showery but pleasant.

Sat 11 Same.

July

Sun. 12 Read and walked

Mon 13 Working about yard and reading.

Tu. 14. The same. Took drive in afternoon.

Wed. 15. Still trying to work a little among my trees and vines. Very lame with rheumatism. While sitting under one of my trees by the gate a man and his wife walked up to inquire about the lot on the N.W. corner of Cleveland and Meridian I told him it was not for sale but that I would sell them the one on the S.W. corner. We looked at it but as it was too small I suggested his buying another lot beside it from Rev. McBride and using both. They left agreeing to call tomorrow.

Th. 16. Mr. Pennock and wife returned. They were pleased and purchased the lot from me on condition that they could get the other lot. I then drove him to McBride's and within 5 min. we purchased the other lot agreeing to go to the courthouse tomorrow and make the transfer He seemed much pleased and proposes to begin at once the erection of a $3000. house.

Fri. 17. Warm. Annie and I drove to city and completed transfer of lot to Mrs. R. A. Pennock. We came back and took the children for a drive. I am very lame again.

Sat. 18. Worked at painting seats and tending flowers as far as I was able We have had a pleasant day and all are happy. The boys assisted in the painting, cleaning walks, &c.

Sun. 19. Spent the day reading and playing with the children.

Mon. 20. Worked some about the yard and drove in afternoon to city.

Tu. 21. Read and worked about the yard, went to see a few patients and walked with the children.

Wed. 22. Rainy. Helped the children to get their lessons pulled weeds and worked about the yard.

Th. 23. Worked with the men at repairing South veranda floor.

Fri. 24. Read in the forenoon and drove in the afternoon.

Sat. 25. Drove the boys to the Brick Church about 4 mi. out to a political meeting and barbacue. About 50 carcasses were barbacued and served to the hungry hundreds who swarmed about. Among the speakers were Gen. Bate, Bob. Taylor, J. W. Gaines, Mr. Murray, Mr. Claiborne and others. At 4 P.M. I took the children and returned. My appetite was not satisfied with half cooked meat and we enjoyed together a cold lunch in the summer house on our return.

Sun. 26. Quite warm. We spent the day with the children among the trees.

Mon. 27 Working about the yard and reading.

1896.
July

Tu. 28. The same.

Wed. 29. The same. Weather very hot.

Th. 30. Still hot. Teaching the boys arithmetic working a little and sweating profusely.

Fri. 31. The same.

Aug.

Sat. 1. Looked after a few patients, taught the boys arithmetic and worked by turns in the yard.

Sun. 2. Read in the forenoon and drove in the afternoon.

Mon. 3. Continue the routine of the past week. Have now carried the two boys over to Practice in Ray's Practical Arithmetic. Cornel though but little past 7 shows wonderful proficiency and excellent reason.

Tu. 4. Weather is very hot. I read, write letters, teach and work a little by turns.

Wed. 5. Covered my grape arbor and worked when I could stand about the yard.

Th. 6. Reading and writing.

Fri. 7. Drove Mr. Turner over to Mr. McBride's to purchase a lot from him on Meridian St. On my return I kept Hattie and Wesley while Annie and the other two boys drove to Mr. Graham's and back.

Sat. 8. Very hot. Worked most of day at cutting my

1896.

Aug. much neglected lawn.

Sun. 9. Very hot and dry. Spent the forenoon at reading and writing.

Mon. 10. Cut grass in yard in the forenoon. In afternoon drove with Annie to the city.

Tu. 11. Got home at daylight having spent the night with a patient, Mrs. Hampton on Josephine St. Looked after some patients and worked some in dressing the yard.

Wed. 12. Looked after patients in the forenoon. In the afternoon was called to see Albert Reeves who was thrown from a car and carried insensible into Mr. Bonds house Cor. Meridian & Arrington. The boy was severely hurt, blood issuing from his left ear. I pronounced it a case of fracture at the base of the skull. Profs. Duncan Eve and J. Bunyan Stephens soon arrived. They diagnosed a fracture of the right parietal with depression This I could not discern though the latter took great pains to place my fingers on it. Within half an hour both abandoned this theory and adopted mine endorsing the treatment and leaving the patient in my charge.

Th. 13. Very hot. Still looking after the sick boy. Met Profs Eve and Stevens again who decided to prolong my treatment. The boy is getting better.

Fri. 14. The same.

1896.
Aug

Sat. 15. Treatment of boy continued in conjunction with Dr. Stevens.

Sun. 16. The same.

Mon. 17. Looked after patients and read.

Tu. 18. The same.

Wed. 19. Took Wesley and went to Bon Aqua. The little fellow was silent as a sphynx all day except when interrogated but in a strange grim silent way he enjoyed the trip. I found the place full of guests and all seemed to enjoy themselves. I was much gratified to meet Rev. J. B. Bell of Lexington, Tenn. who had taken occasion in a public sermon to approve the moral management of the watering place. He assured me of his earnest support and said he had both spoken for Bon Aqua & prayed for it. That another year if we carried it on in the same way he would fill it for us. As I had taken the first stand for this method of management and carried my points with some difficulty it was very gratifying to hear my course approved from this source. I enjoyed the day and felt better than on starting. We came home in a bright pleasant, cool moonlight.

Th. 20. A bright day. I was deeply pained and disappointed this morning to find our mocking bird dead. I had become deeply attached to it and it seemed to recognize me at a distance always calling out in wild joy and hopping and fluttering to meet me and take the insects I brought or bite my

1896.

Aug. finger in the most affectionate manner. I had never before formed so deep an attachment for a pet so quickly. I delighted to watch his movements and entice him into song. But now he is lying cold and stiff in his cage. We all miss him sadly. His coming to us was so strange. Gatewood took a little paper box and labeled it "Our Bob. The Singer." In this he placed the dead minstrel and buried it beside our little Grace. With tears of sincere grief. I can not see an insect without thinking of him and the pleasure it gave both.
Spent the day at reading and looking after patients.

Fri. 21. Rainy. Reading

Sat. 22. Went with Mr. Cundall to locate a well at Gerst's brewery. Came back at noon. Read in afternoon.

Sun. 23. Read and wrote and walked.

Mon. 24. I read and wrote and drove.

Tu. 25. The same.

Wed. 26. Went to Bon Aqua.

Th. 27. Read and wrote and drove.

Fri. 28. The same.

Sat. 29. Read and wrote.

Sun. 30 The same.

 1896.
Sept.
Aug.

Mon. 31. Quite lame. It is very warm and dry. Spent some time in working about my perishing plants, some in reading and some in resting.

Tu. 1. Drove over to the city taking the two older boys who had caught, harnessed, hitched and driven up the mare and were eager for a drive to the city. As the oldest is only eight and not tall enough to reach to the mare's back he supplements his length by using a nail keg. Both enjoyed the trip. At the square I held the horse while they went into a grocery to make some purchases. This added greatly to their estimate of the dignity and importance of the part they were playing.

Wed. 2. Read, looked after patients and drove with the children.

Th. 3. The same.

Fri. 4. The same. The scorching weather continues.

Sat. 5. Reading and looking after patients.

Sun. 6. Very warm and oppressive. Read and walked about the place. Hettie went to Sunday school.

Mon. 7 Labor Day. The time is given up to rest, recreation, parades, picnics, &c. It is a very pleasant day. Late in the afternoon I got out some siding for a small cornhouse.

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Sept.

Tu. 8. Worked all day at my corn crib. I was very weary at night but did not suffer as much as I expected still the pain was constant and I was forced to keep on guard lest a "catch" in the back would throw me down.

Wed. 9. Up before day and enjoyed the morning air. Annie and Hettie departed for Bon Agua. The boys, C & L began the kitchen work and the two Wesley's worked at the corn crib. At noon I went to see Mrs. Perkins and attended the auction sale at the junction of Foster and Meridian sts. On my return was called to Scotts. Came back utterly exhausted and lay upon the ground in the shade of the house for an hour to rest. The boys got the dinner and we all enjoyed our repast. Catewood seemed to be slightly impressed with his importance as a host which considering the excellence of his work and his youthfulness was very pardonable. When well rested I resumed work in which the boys joined till sunset. They then proceeded to do up the night work after which we all went up to the veranda where I joined with them in their evening devotions, told them the usual stories and we all retired. Strangely I slept all night without waking though often conscious of what was transpiring

Th. 10. Up before day, took a walk, read awhile in the bible, then read the paper awhile when Catewood announced breakfast. After breakfast

Sept. I took Wesley and began roofing our corn-crib. Worked very hard till noon finishing the house all but hinges & lock. After dinner took all the boys in the buggy & drove to the city, got the lock & hinges came home and completed the crib by sunset having been several times interrupted by callers. The boys did up the night work & we repaired to the upper veranda where I told them stories till "mamma" came home. At one time they got so sleepy that I sent them to bed but the announcement of a mouse in a trap promptly brought them out wide awake to see Kity catch it. This was followed by the arrival of mamma & Hettie after which we all retired as usual though much later.

Fri. 11. In the forenoon took a drive. In the afternoon looked after patients and read. I forgot to mention yesterday the receipt of the following telegram: Duncan's Falls, O. Sept 10. '96.
Dr. W. E. Gatewood, Nashville, Tenn.
The Dr. died this morning with typhoid fever. Funeral Sat. at 10:30.
Mrs. O. W. Ward.
This startling announcement of the death of my college mate and friend impressed me deeply and sadly. He had visited me twice this summer & I had expected to see him again possibly this autumn. I almost fancy I hear his receding footsteps as he walked away at his last visit. We sat in the summer-house and talked of our past lives of our college days and of our plans for the future. He seemed to enjoy recalling

Sep t. the past with the deepest zest. He seemed so sad, so aged since I had seen him. He was deeply concerned about his physical condition and appeared most desirous of knowing my opinion as to its prognosis. I advised him to give up his professional work. I had always contemplated him as my survivor in years and labor. I can scarcely realize the fact that he is gone. With health so badly broken I have been amazed at God's goodness in prolonging my life while others with more vigor and promise were taken away. His ways are past finding out. I look back and think of the many pleasant hours we spent together in the school-room, the class-room and the walks of professional life as well as our rambles about New York and Brooklyn and our quiet walks in the country. These pleasant memories are cut short by the reflection that my comrade and friend is gone forever. I had thought I should meet him again and I must. In a brighter land under skies whose brilliance mocks earthly splendor where all is peace and sweetness and love I hope to clasp his hand in the recognition of a pleasant past and a better future.

Sat. 12. Very warm and oppressive. At the earnest solicitation of the boys I consented to their hitching up and driving me to the city in the afternoon. Just before starting a fine shower fell which laid the dust completely and cooled the atmosphere. As we approached the city's center the streets were

Sept. very muddy from heavy rain. Purchased some school books and drove home to find some patients from a distance waiting. I waited upon them and then the shades of evening having fallen over the yard we completed the watering of the plants thus closing the week's labor in which I accomplished more than usual and strangely seem to have borne it better. My corn and my fodder are all closed for the winter and everything is in a fair condition about the place except painting my house and a few smaller jobs as tree-planting, &c.

Sun. 13. Spent the forenoon in reading and dictating while Annie wrote. It has been very warm but the kind breezes are beginning to ruffle the leaves and waft with refreshing touch the language of a blessing we often feel but do not appreciate. The haze of autumn is on us. The dry grass rustles under foot. A few clouds float lazily around the sky. Some-how the hazy Autumn always impresses me kindly and almost surely brings the memories of my college days. I see again the spreading elms of old Dartmouth - the dancing waters of Mink Brook - the granite hills of New Hampshire. the lecture room - the professors - the kind-hearted students - all scattered - many dead. I see busy New York, its blue bay, the Hudson, the great ships, Central Park, busy Broadway and all the accompaniments of metropolitan life. These lessons will linger. Doubtless they are still serving an important

Sept. purpose. May Heaven bless all those who gathered there to teach or to be taught and make the lives that yet remain useful, noble and happy.

Mon. 14. Wrote letters, read and visited patients.

Tu. 15 The same.

Wed. 16. The same.

Th. 17. The same.

Fri. 18. Very warm and dusty. Went to Bon Aqua to meet Mr. Corby and Mr. Bennett for final settlement which was effected very smoothly. The crowd has melted away to about 15 or 20 people and preparations are being made to close on the 19th. Considering the difficulties which confronted us in the beginning the season has been fairly successful. Got home at half past nine.

Sat. 19. Went with Mr. Cundall to locate a well near the packing house. On my way back indulged my passion for book-buying by stopping on Church St. and buying the three following books. Library of Poetry, Lotus Leaves, and Lorings Dow. Spent the afternoon in reading and looking after patients.

Sun. 20. Read in the forenoon, in the afternoon Annie and I drove out in South Nashville by way of the Normal College. After returning the three boys took the mare and went for a drive.

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Mon. 21. Cool and rainy. Spent day at reading.

Tu. 22. Reading and looking after patients.

Wed. 23. The same.

Th. 24. Read and looked after patients in the forenoon. In the afternoon drove out into East N. by the way of Shelby Bottom.

Fri. 25. It is warm and pleasant though cloudy. Worked some in the forenoon. In the afternoon went to Centennial Grounds for a drive.

Sat. 26. A superb day. Read and looked after patients.

Sun. 27. Quiet and cloudy with sprinkles of rain in the morning. The air is filled with hollow sounds and all indications point toward rain, which is sadly needed.

Mon. 28. Very pleasant. Looked after patients in forenoon, drove in the afternoon.

Tu. 29. The same.

Wed. 30. Looking after patients.

Oct.
Th. 1. A beautiful real October day. I am quite lame and look after my patients with difficulty.

Fri. 2. The same.

Sat. 3. The same.

Oct.

Sun. 4. A very pleasant day and though very lame I looked after my patients and wrote in the forenoon and in the afternoon we drove to the old City Cemetery where we spent some time examining the curious quaint and varied forms of monuments after which we drove home by a circuitous route having a very pleasant and instructive trip.

Mon. 5 A glorious golden day which I spent with my patients and books. In the evening went to the city to see the great Bryan parade. The evening was typical for the purpose and the parade was tremendous. About 6 000 working men followed the carriage of Wm. J. Bryan from the depot to the Haymarket and this throng was diminutive when contrasted with the crowds which jammed the streets from side to side like sardines in a box. I secured a good position with others on the elevated steps of the stone building on the corner of Church & Vine from which I could see without disturbance the immense throng as it poured like a great sea of lava after the carriage drawn by four white horses which contained their hero. The air was filled with the din of cheers, yells, tin horns, the boom of cannons, the glare of rockets and fire works a perfect bedlam of enthusiasm. Mr. Bryan rode in an open carriage which was carried off the ground by his enthusiastic admirers. He smiled pleasantly upon all, bowing occasionally to some thunderous burst of applause. After the throng had gone by I took another

Oct. wrote to the Haymarket where a crowd of forty or fifty people surged about the speakers stand. Sixteen trained voices sang Mr. Bryan's favorite campaign song "Home, Sweet Home": after which he was introduced by Senator Bate and although this was his 13th. speech today his voice rose loud and clear above the din of wheels, street cars, conversation &c at the distance of 100 yds. Being quite lame I left the crowd soon after he began to speak and took a car for home. Passing the Public Square at which was assembled another large crowd waiting for him to come. He addressed this crowd and another at athletic park by 12:30 P.M making 15 speeches today after which he was entertained briefly at the Nicholson and soon after left by train for Indiana where he is to speak tomorrow. His endurance is phenomenal. His speeches are polished, ornate, scholarly, original and varied. There is a newness of presentation a variety and richness of expression, an honest earnestness, an energy of action and expression which is highly entertaining. Combined with this is a classic face, pale brow, piercing luminous eyes an intensive demeanor with a pleasing grace and sparkling vivacity. In many ways he is a remarkable man - a great American - sincere and entirely devoted to his cause. This is highly refreshing to contemplate when contrasted with the miserable sycophantic truculency of his chief competitor.

Tu. 6. Another pretty day. Reading looking after patients and driving in the P.M.

Wed. 7. Attended patients and read.

Th. 8. The same.

Fri. 9. Looked after patients and read in the forenoon in the afternoon Annie and I drove to Mr. Curtis's beyond the high bridge and while she watched the mare I climbed a high hill to locate a well after which we drove home having a very pleasant trip. At night after the story was told to the little ones I went to the Vendome to see Louis James in Spartacus. It is an exceedingly dramatic and tragic production very difficult to perform yet Mr. James has acquired in it the reputation of equaling the few great masters who would attempt it. It is exceedingly difficult to sustain such intensive and elevated tragic passion commingled with the sagacity and moderation of the general - the judicious management of the officer the generous magnanimity and forgiving weakness, the kindness of heart, the noble indignation, the tender affection and the patriotic pride all ingeniously commingled and so cleverly displayed in this masterful drama. The more I have thought about it since the more the ability and fitness of Mr. James for this piece have become apparent. I much doubt if he has an equal in Spartacus. It is well in this connection to remember that but few have attempted it, prominent among whom were McCullogh and Edwin Forrest. Judge S. Waters of Chicago for ten years a support for Edwin Forrest pronounces James

Oct. superior to that great tragedian.

Sat. 10. Looked after patients in the forenoon while the boys mowed the yard. After dinner Annie drove out the Dickerson pike about two miles to bring in Wesley Hill who had gone out to hunt and been taken suddenly sick. On her return I took the two older boys and drove to the city making a few purchases. They had been good boys and enjoyed the ride very much.
In the evening was called to see some patients and when about to retire Mr. Kiger of Myrtle St. came after me with his buggy and I went there and worked all night.

Sun. 11. Got home at daylight, took a nap and then went to look after my patients. The day was dark, gloomy and rainy.

Mon. 12. Rainy. Read.

Tu. 13. Read and drove to see some patients.

Wed. 14. Same.

Th. 15. The same.

Fri. 16. Read and looked after my hand.

Sat. 17. Read and wrote letters and drove.

Sun. 18. Read in the forenoon and drove in the afternoon.

Mon. 19. Drove with Wesley to the Centennial grounds. In the afternoon drove with Annie and the

Oct. children.

Tu. 20. Wrote letters, read and drove.

Wed. 21. The same.

Th. 22. Drove in the forenoon, read in the afternoon while Annie went to the Masonic theater to hear Walker Whiteside in Eugene Aram. At night I went to hear him in Hamlet. The play lasted till midnight giving me an excellent chance to walk home but the evening was very pleasant and I did not miss the walk. While my opinion on theatrical performances is very crude I must accord Mr. W- a passing line for my future reference.

Taken altogether his production of Hamlet was very creditable - in some parts excellent. It is refined and delicate in some parts almost to effeminacy. He produces the mad Dane with a peculiar sadness and irresolution which is quite consistent with a careful study of the play. While there was scarcely that height of stormy passion exibited in the hot indignation which would enable one to "drink hot blood" it must be remembered that the entire play was conducted on smooth and level lines with the evident intention of faithfully portraying every part instead of the merely dramatic. The weird, sad, romantic and almost severely refined as well as sadly demented prince was finely represented. Mr. Whiteside has a very fine voice which he uses with excellent effect in the heavier parts and this vocal strength and richness imparts a strength vigor and robustness of such degree as that it quite overcomes the impression of slightness and delicacy so prominent in his person. Viewing

his attempt to impersonate the difficult role of assumed madness in which are prominently displayed the keenness of methodical calculation careful retrospection, grief, love, craft indignation, conscientious desire and wavering purposes from a scientific standpoint the magnitude of the task becomes apparent. His doubt as to whether the ghost were really his friend is made to play a prominent part in making his resolution sickly. After the conference however with the dread visitor he leaps with mad resolution to a conclusion and determination of revenge. Subsequently however he wavers in this resolution and the varied conflicts between grief, revenge and mere policy are very cleverly delineated. Throughout the play Mr. W- exibits great gracefulness of movement and action, excellent proficiency in rendition and a careful survey of the play as a whole. His delivery is rather rapid even in those parts in which he is supposed to be calmly soliloquizing. There is an intelligent and pleasurable presentation of many of the subordinate parts in the play which are often quite overlooked but which stamp Mr. W- as an accurate and painstaking player. One could almost wish that wider difference were shown in the mad prince before and after he had put his "antic notions" on and began his difficult dissembling. However it must be borne in mind that the difficulties of this play have baffled nearly all great players — that much difference of opinion exists among the scholars who have studied it that many eminent and painstaking students have decided that the prince of Denmark

Oct. was a palpable creation and absolutely mad while others have only been able to rank him as the prince of dissemblers. In the one case it is clear that wider differences would be manifested. I am always prone to look upon this character from a medical standpoint and to regard the brilliant young Dane as sorely sane - as pursuing with refined but storm-tossed passion a wavering purpose to avenge the death of his idolized father while his noble nature shrank from the sanguinary consummation and his elevated love of justice and fairness restrained the willing hand and wrought such fierce conflict between passion and judgment as to bring his visible actions dangerously near the too ordinary standards of insanity. Mr. W. has portrayed these points with a delicacy and grace exceedingly remarkable. Altogether he was very effective, scholarly and refined. He is probably the best representative of Hamlet we have known since Edwin Booth.

Fri. 23. A sky of steel which gently dropped a soft mist at intervals throughout the day. The temperature was pleasant and the weeping sky made the dry grass lift up its green head. It is my fifty-first birthday. I have again abundant cause for thankfulness that God has seen fit to prolong my life which has so often seemed to me almost utterly worthless. Though I have suffered much the past year and particularly this autumn and though I have become more emaciated than I was a year ago I can not otherwise discover such marked loss in health and strength as my sufferings during the year would seem to imply. Though I have suffered

Oct. much I have deeply enjoyed a domestic tranquility and quietness which grows dearer as the days go by. We have all enjoyed ourselves together at the fireside, at the table in our walks and talks, our drives and plays and various other enjoyments. Our time has rippled by during the year like a sweet, clear stream with green and flowery banks and babbling waters. For the most part we have been very happy. Even the loss of our little one seemed to bear dear fruits of contentment and hope. Already we have gathered about the little stone arches at the grave and plucked scores of white roses planted only a few months ago. How prophetic this seems. How sweet that innocent memory How closely it has drawn us all together. Thank God, our little Grace had her mission and filled it grandly. I wonder how soon others will come to pluck white flowers and think of me. And yet this brings no feeling of sadness. I have felt something of a brighter hope in the future a serene contentment in the present. It has been my earnest, daily and almost hourly prayer to be useful. Sometimes I see bright little spots of usefulness which for a moment illume & vivify my purposes and hopes. Something of a strange quiet conviction occasionally steals upon me that I am more useful than I may think or understand and this feeling makes me better satisfied. I have wondered too in what way I could be useful and while contemplating my wasted strength as compared with my vigorous & aggressive past I could scarcely see how much of real good could come out of my impaired condition. My greatest pleasure is in contemplating something pure, or sweet or beautiful in which we can all share & thus build pleasant memories and shed genial influences on

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Oct. lives better and nobler than mine. Perhaps I have grown fonder of contemplation than ever before. My fancy too is as vivid and I frequently indulge it in pleasant flights among the possibilities of science from the plain and palpable to the vague indefinite and almost infinite. Sometimes I almost imagine the silent but sentient converse of the leaves that rustle in the breeze, of the flowers that spread the language of their presence so plainly on our ~~blunt~~ dull senses - of the music of falling shadows - of light - of spirit wings - of an infinite number of sweet influences whose Divine touch has made us better and whose sweet and perfect music we are only to comprehend when unfettered from the grossness of flesh. Then let us all enjoy this together. It will be a divine inspiration, possibly a divine language whose beginnings we are scarcely prepared to grasp. I know not if my mission will last till another anniversary, but God knows and in his unerring hands I rest sustained and comforted with the kind influences of a pleasant home and the prayers of those who cluster about me at evening. May God bless and keep us all and make us nobler, better and purer.

Sat. 24. Another beautiful day. I read, drove and treated patients from morn till nine P.M. at which time I walked back through the moonlit streets and balmy air from Mr. Hampton's.

Sun. 25. Visited my sick patients, read, walked with the

Oct. children and lastly heard their evening prayers told their story during which little Hettie fell asleep on the floor with one foot resting on the round of a chair after which I put them all to bed and then lay down before the fire and gratified the little dog who teased me for a play while I waited for Annie to come home from an evening call. After this we read and wrote till a late hour and then retired.

Mon. 26. Heard lessons in the forenoon. The children overlooking the time for starting were late and finding the gate closed returned. As Gatewood was at the head of his class it was a severe lesson to him. In the afternoon drove to city.

Tu. 27. Wrote and read and drove.

Wed. 28. The same.

Th. 29. The same.

Fri. 30 Looked after patients worked some and drove.

Sat. 31. The same. Quite hoarse.

Nov.

Sun. 1. Very warm and bright. Can scarcely speak. and this with great pain. Looked after patients in the forenoon and read. I am very sad but there is a God yet.

Mon. 2. Drove with Wesley in the forenoon to city. In afternoon worked about the yard.

Tu. 3. Read and looked after patients. Attended the election long enough to vote.

Wed. 4. Looked after patients, worked and read.

Th. 5. The same.

Fri. 6. The same.

Sat. 7. Read in the forenoon. In the afternoon drove to city.

Sun. 8. Read and walked with the children. A disagreeable day.

Mon. 9. Worked at tree-planting.

Tu. 10. The same.

Wed. 11. Worked some in yard and went to see patients.

Th. 12. Beautiful day. Still planting trees and working about yard. John McDermott visited us this evening.

Fri. 13. Spent the day with John McDermott going about the city and to Centennial grounds. He left us in the evening. He grows stranger all the time.

Sat. 14. Looked after patients and drove.

Sun. 15 Reading, writing and walking. In the evening Annie and I took Hettie who had been sick for a drive.

Mon. 16. In the forenoon drove to the city with Wesley and Hettie to see a show parade. In afternoon worked about the yard.

Tu. 17. Went to nursery and planted trees.

Wed. 18. Busy looking after patients.

Th. 19. The same.

Fri. 20. Wrote letters, looked after patients and drove to city.

Sat. 21. Looking after patients and in afternoon drove to city.

Sun. 22. Cloudy, cold and disagreeable. Read, wrote looked after patients and walked.

Mon 23 Attending patients and looking after some rascals who pretend to paint for me. The weather is balmy as spring.

Tu 24 The same.

Wed 25 Warm. I am not as well as usual but still look after my patients. Took Wesley and Hettie for a drive and called to see little Pearl Notgrass — a patient.

Th 26 Windy and warm Walked with the children till 1 P.M. in the fields. After dinner the three boys went to the Tabernacle to thanksgiving services and Annie and I took Hettie and drove. It was warm and cloudy threatening rain but holding back that all might get home safely.

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Nov

Fri. 27 At day it was raining hard. A dull gray sky and incessant rain all day.

Sat 28 Much colder. Looked after patients & read

Sun 29 The same.

Mon. 30 The same. Quite cold and windy

Dec.

Tu. 1 Still cold and disagreeable. Looked after my patients and read up on King Lear.

Wed. 2 Same but warmer

Th. 3 Warm and pleasant. In P.M. went to hear Fred. Warde in Lear. It was a very careful and scholarly production and was staged in a most perfect and accurate manner. I enjoyed it very much but do not think Mr W. equals his Richard III. He is always accurate, diligent and scholarly but while great in Lear he is still greater in Richard III.

Fr. 4 Reading and looking after patients.

Sat 5 Same in A.M. In P.M. took Annie and Hettie for drive and returning let the three boys drive. At night told them an improvised story about "Billy Lick" one of their mythical heroes and his sale of "Granny's shoes" for Little Eddie Way a country orphan boy. It was very popular.

Sun 6 Same.

Mon 7 Dull gloomy weather. I am very hoarse. Mr Sharpe died this P.M. The boys hitched up the mare and left

Dec one line unbuckled causing her to turn around and walk into wire fence & break the shafts and harness. Fortunately she stopped for all to get out and no one was hurt.

Tu 8 Rained nearly all day very hard.

Wed. 9 Cleared up. Annie went to Mr Sharps funeral and I kept house. Read and wrote letters. In P.M. went to see some patients.

Th. 10 A perfect spring like day. I am almost speechless. Read all day

Fr. 11 A golden balmy day. Went to city in A.M. walking both way and stopping at blacksmith shop to get work done for buggy. In P.M. read "Peg Woffington" & looked after my workmen

Sat. 12 Another glorious day. I worked some about yard and read.

Sun. 13 An ideal spring morning. Children all off to Sunday school. I read.

Mon 14 Cool. Looked after patients - fitted shafts of buggy and read.

Tu. 15 Rainy. Read and worked about home

Wed. 16 Worked and looked after patient and walked to town. In evening drove the boys G. & L. to city

Th. 17 To city with Mr Crandall to get a second hand barouche. It is a

well worn affair but will do to take all the family out for a drive. Rained at night and grew colder.

Fri. 18. Worked, walked and read.

Sat. 19. Went to the city and made some Christmas purchases. In the evening looked after patients.

Sun. 20. Looked after patients and walked while Mr. Bennett took the mare and drove to the country.

Mon. 21. Looked after my patients, read and drove to city.

Tu. 22. The same.

Wed. 23. Visited patients in the forenoon. In the afternoon took the whole family in the barouche and I drove to the city to make some purchases and let the children see the show windows and Christmas displays. Our little "Dee" was stolen today.

Th. 24. Visited patients and helped make preparations for Christmas. At night the boys went to Mc Ferrin while Annie and I worked at their Christmas tree. Long after they were in bed we finished it before the North parlor fire. It was placed upon a table and though cheaply decorated It was very pretty.

Fri. 25. A very pretty day but cold. The children enjoyed their Xmas very much and we all enjoyed our Xmas dinner together. Cornel and I drove to the city which presented a dull

Dec. and deserted appearance.

Sat. 26. Ideal weather. Looked after patients and read.

Sun. 27. Golden weather though cool. Spent the forenoon with my patients and with the children. In the afternoon Annie and I walked about three miles.

Mon. 28 Went to city in A.M. In P.M. did some rustic work and went with the boys to get material from the hedges for rustic work.

Tu. 29 Still golden. Worked, walked and looked after patients

Wed. 30. The same. Sometime during each day I try to draw some of the heroes who figure in the evening stories. The interest of the children in these blackboard pictures is intense, and the sayings of each character are repeated scores of times throughout the day with great minuteness. They never tire of their evening stories and invariably insist on their prolongation. All drove to Centennial grounds.

Th. 31. The same.

1897.

Jan.

Fri. 1. The beautiful weather continues. Took boys and drove to city. In the afternoon looked after patients and played with children.

Sat. 2. Looked after patients, walked, read and played with the boys.

Jan.

Sun. 3. Read & walked.

Mon. 4. In the forenoon looked after patients. In the afternoon drove the children to city to see the ruins of Lebeck's store which was consumed by fire Sat. night.

Tu. 5. Looked after patients, read & worked in shop.

Wed. 6. Wrote letters, read & worked by turns.

Th. 7. The same.

Fri. 8. Looked after patients and worked in shop.

Sat. 9. Drove to city in the forenoon. In afternoon trimmed trees and visited patients.

Sun. 10. Reading and writing.

Mon. 11. Looked after patients and did some rustic work.

Tu. 12. Drove to the city with Hettie and Wesley. It was a beautiful frosty morning & we all enjoyed the ride very much. Even Queen Anne seemed to enjoy it. As usual I indulged my weakness as I passed the bookstore by buying some cheap books. It is easier for me to spend money for books than for bread. How often I am reminded of my five mile walks - a barefoot boy of six-ten to borrow books from the township library. Yet a thousand pleasant memories cling about the hardships of those days.

Jan. Then I seldom let a piece of printed paper drift past me on the wind without chasing it down to read it. Now my little boys have scores of volumes anyone of which would have been a treasure to me. Surely God is kinder as the years go by. Our home grows more pleasant and our lives like one delightful dream or sparkling spring brook glides sweetly among the green and living monuments of a gracious Love.

At night I told the children a long story (How Bertie made Junius cry) while Annie visited some of her friends up street. During the recital little Hettie as oft before took a chair-cushion for a pillow, the carpet for a bed & lay down at my feet to listen to the story while she fell asleep. After their prayers I put them all away, carrying her to her bed then in the stillness of the room I began reading Campbell's translation of the New Testament while I waited for Annie to return. She was detained and I read the first, second and third Epistles of Peter, the Epistle of Jude, a little in Revelation 52 pages in another book of large size and was beginning another book when she returned. We did not retire for some time after.

Wed. 13. Dull, persistent rain. Reading & writing nearly all day.

Th 14 Worked at wood and read I am some lame but stronger than for months.

Fr. 15 Shortly after midnight called off to J. C. Grahams and got back at sunup. Then read and worked in yard till noon. In P.M Annie and I drove to City. At night I

went to Vendome to see Thos. W. Keene in Richard III. He is the last of the old school of actors such as Booth, Forrest, McCready &c. According to his presentation of the character Richard was almost infinitely wicked, coarse, rough and shocking. As an actor Keene deservedly ranks among the first. His elocution is not equal to that of Warde in the same play. He lacks too the subtle, delicate and insinuating cunning so ably portrayed by Warde. The sinuous, serpentine gliding restlessness of Warde are also lacking. He exhibits greater boldness and though a coarser, a more consummate and accomplished villainy than Warde. There is a finished, full and perfect scoundrelism at every point which seems to lack the idea of progressive badness. Richard seems to be intensely, immensely and infernally bad to start with. This precludes the idea of a progressive and intelligent badness with the active intellectual effort necessarily implied and which is so delicately yet strikingly portrayed by Warde. Mr. Keene represents Richard as a consummate scoundrel as perfect and formidable in the beginning as in the end. As an actor per se in Richard III. he probably has no living superior. His forte is to act Richard and this he does with a zest, energy and fury which leaves only one impression— that of the transcendent coarse and perfect character of the accomplished villain from the beginning. Although Mr. Keene gives us an inimitable picture of Shakespeare's greatest historical character I could not help remarking the absence of the subtle, scholarly

Jan.

and keenly intellectual methods of Warde. In the sleeping scene before "Richard is himself again" he fails to give the expression of a deep and troubled, even tumultuous tempest of conscience so well portrayed by Warde. Keene's representation in this scene is more like that of the raving of a maniac thwarted of his purpose. Warde's that of a gigantic intellect devoted to the most malign purpose while tortured with an unsparing conscience and torn by supreme fear. In the final sword scene between Richard and Richmond Keene does not equal Warde in graphic and terrible delineation of what is certainly the most tremendous part ever played by Richard on the theater of life. There was more of vigor, more of relentless and cruel fury in Warde than in Keene. Throughout all Warde never relaxed his limping gait while toward the close Keene's crooked knee became straight. Keene seems to wear this play as an excellent and respectable old garment with whose every thread, wrinkle and form he has become perfectly familiar. Warde seems to play it as an intellectual effort in which he was intensely absorbed and had no time for conscious external observation. Briefly both are great giants in this play each representing Richard from a different standpoint and each imparting his conception of the character with unsurpassed vigor. Warde's is the more scholarly and probably possesses greatest historical accuracy. Keene's is most replete with climacteric action and brutality of character of the most unblushing malignity & unvarnished coarseness.

1897
Jan.

Sat. 16. Bright and warm. Worked about yard in the forenoon. In the afternoon kept house while Annie to the Vendome to hear Keene in Othello.

Sun. 17. Reading and looking after patients.

Mon. 18. The superb weather continues. I read, split wood and do some rustic work by turns.

Tu. 19. The same

Wed. 20. The same.

Th. 21. The same.

Fri. 22. A very beautiful day. I spent the forenoon at work about the yard and at reading and in the afternoon worked on a rustic seat which I am making from an old horse-trough nearly 100 yrs. old.

Sat. 23. After the morning work we all drove to town where I spent several hours attending to the mixed up tax matters and procuring books for the two boys who have just been promoted to the 5th B. grade. In the afternoon I was much exhausted and suffering severely. The boys have made an excellent record during this quarter. Gatewood's average is 94 while Cornelis 87. The former not only led his class but every class ~~on~~ his floor consisting of over 300 pupils. The latter has made a splendid record when we take into account that he has not been one year in school and lacked the familiarity with the school regulations and requirements possessed by those

Jan. who have gone up through all the grades. The records of these two boys attracts a good deal of attention and provokes no small amount of envy.

Sun. 24. A cold wave coming. Spent the day indoors at reading.

Mon. 25. Very cold and windy. I work in the shop at some rustic flower stands and read by the fire.

Tu. 26. The same.

Wed. 27. Snow about 1 in. deep. It is very cold 8° above zero, but the whole North country seems to be in the icy grip of intense cold.

Th. 28. Growing slightly warmer.

Fri. 29. Looking after patients and reading by turns.

Sat. 30. The same.

Sun. 31. Read and walked.

Feb.
Mon. 1. Worked in shop and read.

Tu. 2. The same.

Wed. 3. Looked after patients and read. Felt quite sick.

Th. 4. The same.

Fri. 5. The same.

Sat. 6. Some better. Worked in shop and looked after patients. The day was delightful and I felt happy from labor when the evening time came. I took a romp with the children in the evening, told them their stories and sent them all to bed happy. Surely we are blessed.

Sun. 7. Reading writing and visiting patients.

Mon. 8. Disagreeable weather. Worked some in shop.

Tu. 9. The same.

Wed. 10. The same.

Th. 11. Went to the city. I am suffering from La Grippe and came back very much exhausted.

Fri. 12. Wesley and I went away to the hedge about a mile distant and brought back all we could carry of branches for rustic work. Then worked in shop and read till night.

Sat. 13. I am suffering terribly with aching and pain throughout. At night I was exhausted and ready to lie down before the fire when Mr. Burnett came in and call me to his house where I was compelled to work very hard all night. It was an exceedingly trying night.

Sun. 14. Almost used up in voice and strength. Left Mr. B's at about 11 o'clock in the A.M. but returning two or three times

during remainder of day and visiting several other patients consumed the time and my strength. I spent a terrible night.

Mon. 15. Quite sick with a temperature of 104°. I managed to sit up some and walk out about the house a little though in great distress and my voice is reduced to a whisper.

Tu. 16. I am feeling some better but very hoarse. Visited patients, took car to city where after doing a deal of walking I missed my car and walked home very tired.

Wed. 17. I am some better and try to work a little but soon grow weary.

Th. 18 The same.

Fri. 19. Walked to town and rode back with Prof. Webb.

Sat. 20. Worked a little, visited patients and read.

Sun. 21. Very windy. I spent nearly all day at home.

Mon. 22. Looking after patients and working at rustic designs.

Tu. 23. The same.

Wed. 24 The same.

Th. 25. Working about yard and in shop.

Fri 26. The same.

Feb.

Sat. 27. Looking after patients and hunting for pieces of hedge to make a rocking-chair.

Sun. 28. Reading and writing letters and visiting patients.

Mar.

Mon. 1. Went to the city in the forenoon. For the afternoon looked after patients and worked in the shop.

Tu. 2. Worked in yard and in shop.

Wed. 3. The same.

Th. 4. Went to hedge in the forenoon & after a long tiresome search brought back a load of pieces to select from. Found Mosser had been here and wished me to take her to see some property on the Gallatin pike. After dinner I took the buggy and went to Dr. Reyer's on Fatherland St., got her and drove her to see the property. The trip was useless as far as I can see but it is past.

Fri. 5. Though very lame I am pleasantly engaged on my rustic work which in some measure takes my mind off my suffering and slightly relieves my tumultuous heart while it affords me much gratification to contemplate the constantly developing beauties which God has concealed in beauty.

Sat. 6. The same.

Sun. 7. Look after my patients & spend the day pleas-

Mar. antly. In reading telling stories to the children looking after my patients and walking. This is Wesley's sixth birthday.

Mon. 8. In the forenoon looked after patients & worked in shop. In the afternoon Annie and I drove to city.

Tu. 9. Reading, writing letters, visiting patients, and employing my intervals with rustic work.

Wed. 10. The same.

Th. 11. The same.

Fri. 12. The same.

Sat. 13. Went to the city to meet Mr. John C. Glenn who seeking to purchase Bon Agua Springs. I found a quiet, modest and apparently frank gentleman of sixty. We had a long talk after which I came home and was kept very busy until dark with my patients. I am very weary, but my heart is lighter than it often is when I have felt better, hence I hope to rest & sleep tonight. I have slept poorly for several nights and so I should prize a sweet sleep. When I have been much worried my sleep does not seem to refresh me much and my suffering is greatly augmented which in turn prevents my sleep.

Sun. 14. Looking after my patients & reading. In afternoon we all took a walk together.

1897.
Mar

Mon. 15. Looked after patients and worked in shop.

Tu. 16. The same.

Wed. 17. Read, wrote letters, looked after patients and worked by turns.

Th. 18. The same. The wolf gnaws about my heart incessantly both night and day.

Fri. 19. River rising rapidly. Spreads over a vast expanse between us and the river making it look like sunset on the Atlantic.
Many families are moving from the low grounds and the papers teem with accounts of death and destruction by water in almost every direction.

Sat. 20. Warm and bright. River at 49.25 ft. on the gauge. It has reached nearly to N. Second St. and the backwater has passed under the culvert and would require about two ft. more of rise to go out into the lowest part of bottom. Busy looking after patients, writing letters and working in shop and yard, fixing fountain, trimming vines and cleaning up the yard. I am very weary tonight.

Sun. 21. Looking after patients, reading and playing with the children. The big river is subsiding.

Mon. 22. The weather continues pretty and I continue my spring work. Spent night at Perkins.

Tu. 23 The same.

Wed. 24. Worked in the forenoon. In the afternoon drove to

Mar. the city.

Th. 25. Working in shop and looking after patients.

Fri. 26. The same.

Sat. 27. Repairing fence.

Sun. 28. Reading and writing and looking after patients.

Mon. 29. Working in shop.

Tu. 30. Working in ~~shop~~ and went to city to get Centennial season ticket.

Wed. 31. Working about yard and in shop.

Apr.

Th. 1. Working about the place and visiting the sick.

Fri. 2. The same.

Sat. 3. Rained all day. Spent the time with Mr. Jno. C. Glenn of Humboldt, Tenn. who was trying to buy the Bon Aqua Springs property from us.

Sun. 4. Busy with patients most of day. Rained hard in A.M.

Mon. 5. Working in shop and yard and visiting the sick.

Tu. 6. Took Wesley and went to Bon Aqua where we spent the day with Mr. Glenn and wife and Mr. Overby. Mr. G. and wife were favorably impressed with the property but she refused our demand for

Apr. security. We left them at Dixon on our way home appearantly much in earnest. We reached home at half past ten P.M.

Wed. 7. A typical lovely spring day but to me one of pain and distress. I could not even work a little to drive away the pain about my heart while a terrible aching pervades my entire body. toward evening it gradually wore away leaving me in serene possession of myself. Still I could not restrain the feeling that I had some how wasted a day I could not use. Letters from our former neighborhood received today indicate that hell has run rampant there. Surely we did well to exchange our site of turmoil for our pleasant home here. I spent two hours lying on the old rustic seat (made from a horse-trough nearly 100 yrs. old) in front of the fountain listening to its merry tinkle and watching the birds among the green leaves.

Th. 8. Worked in shop at my favorite big rustic armchair which is nearing completion

Fri. 9. Cold, gloomy and cloudy with rain. Writing reading and working in shop with occasional visits to patients.

Sat. 10 Worked in shop in the forenoon and in the afternoon we all went to the city in barouche. The children enjoyed the trip very much, Hettie climbing in and out every few minutes and indulging in bursts of shout and laughter.

Sun. 11. Read and walked.

 1897.
Apr.

Mon. 12. Working about yard.

Tu. 13. The same.

Wed. 14. The same.

Th. 15. Looking after patients & clearing up the stone from the lot.

Fri. 16. The same.

Sat. 17. The same.

Sun. 18. Read wrote letters and walked.

Mon. 19. Working about the ground and visiting patients.

Tu. 20. The same.
Wed. 21. The same.

Th. 22. Went to Lischey's nursery in the morning for some plants. After my return took Wesley & Hettie and drove to city where I sent telegrams to Mr. J. T. Overby, Lyle, Tenn. & Mr. Jno. C. Glenn of Humbolt, Tenn. to meet me here Sat. and close the deal for Bon Aqua Springs.

Fri. 23. Still working among my trees with an occasional little sally into the house cleaning department which does not appear to agree with my health. I learn this morning that our old friend and patient Grandmother Dunn whom I have treated ever since I came here died in the night. She was a steadfast friend, proud and pronounced and while she lived the flower of her people.

Sat. 24 Spent the day at home and in city arranging with Mr. Ozerby and Mr. Glenn the transfer of Bon Agua Springs to Mr. Glenn. I was very weary when the night came on.

Sun. 25. Cloudy and cool. Reading, writing and walking about the place.

Mon. 26. Working with my hands most of the day though I made a trip to the depot early in the morning to get a deed which I had given Mr. Ozerby for Mr. Glenn and which I wished to correct.

Tu. 27. Worked in the yard. I am quite lame.

Wed. 28. The same.

Th. 29. The same.

Fri. 30. Rainy and cold. Read and wrote.

May.
Sat. 1. Cold and windy. This was the opening day for the Tennessee Centennial. It was too disagreeable to attend.

Sun. 2. A light frost this morning. A high cold wind with a cloudy sky reminds one of Autumn. I am hoarse and lame.

Mon 3 I am a little better and resume my work

Tu. 4 The same. Still cold and windy. Went in P.M. with Mr Crandall out near Jewish Cemetery

Wed. 5 Still cleaning up about yard and fixing floor at Spring pump.

1897
May

Th. 6 Warmer and pleasant. I work at my vines. Had a good dinner which all enjoyed together. The boys seem to be full of wild abandon and hilarious life. The flowers are opening, the birds are nesting and all seem to unconsciously praise God. After dinner we all drove to the city—all came home happy. Thank God It was a day of unalloyed bliss

Fr. 7 ~~Fr. 7~~

Fr. 7 I go on working among my flowers & grass. Thank God—all well.

Sat. 8. Hettie and I kept house while all the rest went to the Centennial Exposition grounds

Sun. 9. Looked after patients and read. I am most wretched and my heart troubles me most distressingly. I get little relief from any thing.

Mon. 10 Walked to City and back to attend to some vexatious business. Of course I am weary

Tu. 11 At work and reading by turns. Showery.

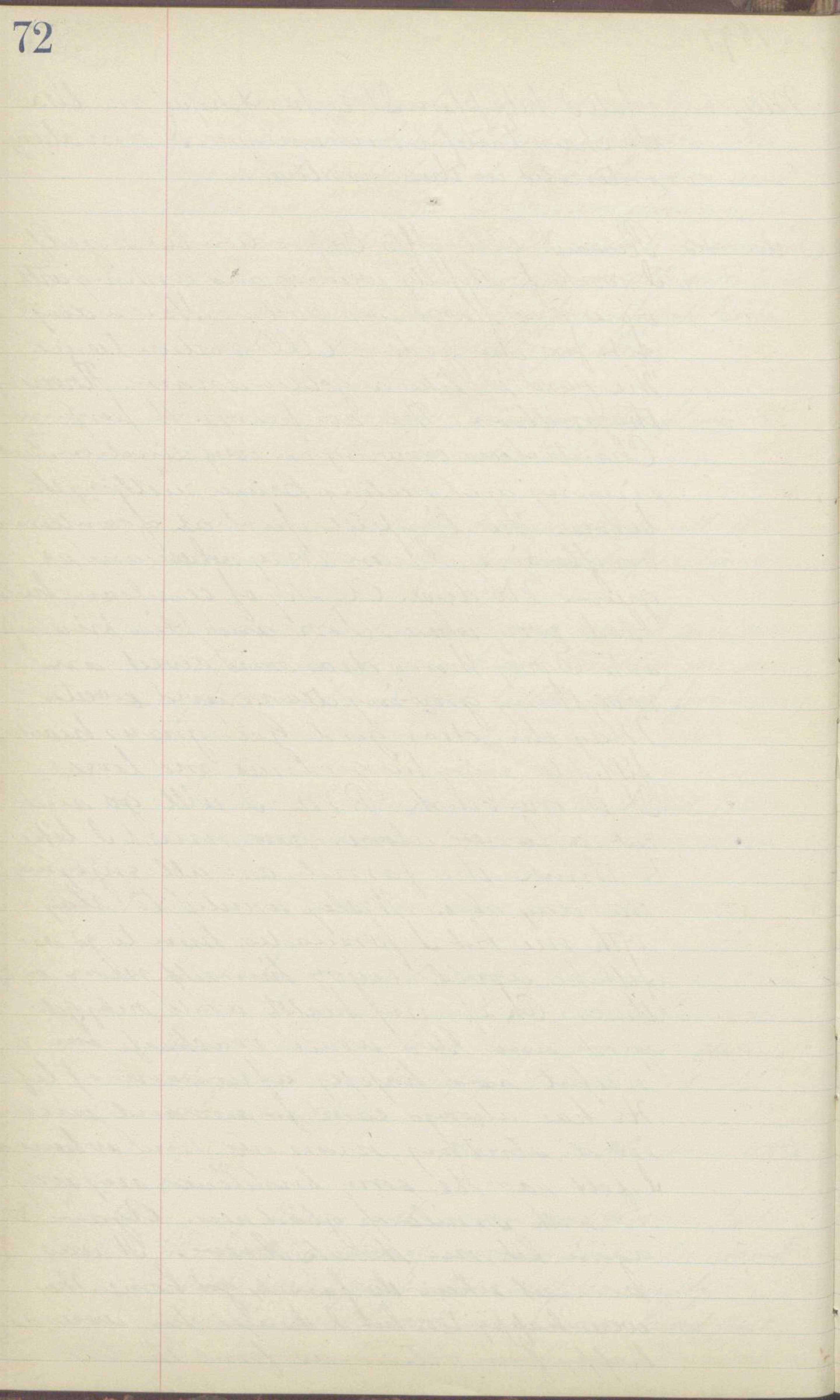
Wed. 12. Cut lawn and wrote letters and drove to City to make deed for lot in Columbia Tenn. A very busy day but I am feeling better and am happy. Thank God the rest are happy too.

Th. 13 Rainy. Read and worked by turns.

Fr. 14 Busy with vines and flowers. Cool We have a fire of wood in N. parlor around which we spent the eve pleasantly. Annie and I are making a head rest for big rustic chair. She does the work

May while I help plan. It is heart shaped and like the chair tasteful and unique. I am always interested in these novelties.

Sat. 15 Pleasant. All off to Exposition but myself. I work faithfully weeding and working with vines and flowers and writing. It is a day fit for the gods. All nature teems. The yard is like a golden dream. Flowers by the million. The air heavy with perfume. Chanticleers crowing in every direction. Birds singing and nesting. Breezes rustling the leaves. The limpid pool at fountain overflowing. Green every where and so green. No dust. A sky of cerulean hue. God every where. Love and bliss triumphant. Every-thing dear and sweet and everything growing dearer and sweeter. May the dear good God give us hearts fitted to enjoy his goodness and love. It is one oclock P.M. I will go and eat a lunch alone. How much I like to think the family are all enjoying the day also. Wesley wanted to stay with me but I persuaded him to go as I felt he would enjoy himself more out there. Oh if my health would only get good and God would vouchsafe me a useful and happy afternoon of life. He has always cared for me and mine in a striking manner and whenever I felt sad He soon brightened my way as with smiles of gladness. Again & again let me thank Him. It was sunset when the family got home. They were happy too but I thought they were as happy from return as from the trip.



 1897
May

Sun 16 Cool and windy. I read a good deal and spent some time with my patients. At evening we had a wood fire made from tough pieces of cuts from the old barn As it roared and blazed I told the evening story, all all went happily to bed leaving Annie and me by the fire. She was tired and sleepy and I read while she slept on the lounge till 11 P.M.

Mon 17 Some warmer. Went to city to see some parties about selling some peas and then went on to the Centennial grounds where I stayed till 4:30 P.M Then came home weary and pained and found nearly everything had gone wrong during day. I was of course sad at heart and retired early.

Tu. 18 Looking after patients and working about yard

Wed. 19 The same. Am having a good deal of heart trouble and quite lame today.

Th. 20. Quite busy with patients and callers.

Fri. 21. Kept very busy all day and most of night with charity patients.

Sat. 22. Hot and sultry. Feel much depressed from last nights experience but go on with patients as before.

1897.
May

Sun. 23 Busy with patients and reading.

Mon. 24. The same As I had a disagreeable experience with a would be suicide last night I feel much exhausted today.

Tu. 25. Still looking after patients. C. V. Harris Editor of the Athens, O. Journal took dinner with us today.

Wed. 26. Working about yard, looking after patients and reading. It is very dry, dusty and disagreeable.

Th. 27. We took Hettie and Wesley to the city to see the show parade in the forenoon. In the afternoon looked after my patients.

Fri. 28. Still very dry and warm. Grass and trees dying. Annie has gone to Centennial with Hettie. Wesley and I keep house till the boys come from school when we all have some bread and butter during the eating of which I am called up by a new patient. After dinner the boys spend the afternoon on the tight rope in the South yard which they walk from end to end.

Sat. 29. I continue my work with my patients and the yard.

Sun. 30. Time spent with patients and books.

Mon. 31. Looking after my hands, and patients.

 1877.
June

Tu. 1. Spent most of forenoon with one of my hands and when the two older boys returned from school I took them and a basket of luncheon and joined the rest of the family at the Centennial they having preceded us. We spent the remainder of day here but I felt so badly I did not enjoy the trip very much.

Wed. 2. Pursuing my usual routine at home.

Th. 3. The same.

Fri. 4. Cloudy with a little bit of rain. The wind this morning is from the North-land, is fresh and invigorating. I pursue my regular trend of duties.

Sat 5 Took Annie and Hettie and went to the Centennial leaving the three boys to keep house. We had a pleasant day and got back to find all right at home. We all enjoyed our day and our supper especially the boys who by mistake overlooked the bread and only had three slices - one each. We closed the evening work and I sat with my wife and discussed the merits of the pictures we saw in the Parthenon.

Sun. 6 Reading and visiting patients

Mon 7 Drizzling slightly. Went to the Centennial. Spent a weary painful day. Glad to get home.

Tu. 8 Busy at work and with patients

Wed 9 Hot. Gatewood and I stayed at home

1897
June

while rest went to Centennial. We got our dinner and I ran about all day to see patients and wait on visitors. It was a dull unpromising day. Mail brought a letter from Dr Lyne stating he and Hugh Gormley would be here tomorrow. Well. I do not feel that either are very friendly to me but are to my hospitality. So I will not hugely enjoy their visit.

Th. 10 Hot and dry. I continue to look after my patients and await the coming of the Stockport magnates. Night came on serene and beautiful. The moonlight made the surroundings look like a veritable fairyland. Our visitors have not arrived and we worship and enjoy alone.

Fr. 11 This is red letter day at the Centennial. President McKinley and a few governors with staff - the U.S. soldiers &c &c are to parade. The weather is fair this morning with a good breeze. Hettie is not well. I will keep her and let the rest go.
All off at 9 A.M. but Hettie & I.
11:45 The cannons are booming. H. & I have been sitting under the big elm where for a time I swung her "high into the tree" Now she lies asleep by the swing. I am glad the rest are now enjoying themselves. and thank God I am able to contribute slightly to their happiness. We spend the day together and at eve Annie & the boys return and we all lunch in summerhouse by light of Wesleys chinese lantern

Sat. 12 Our visitors having arrived last night we sat up late talking. In the morning I went after my patients and later I went to Centennial and spent the day with Mr Gormley and Mr Lyne. We came back at 5 P.M. and sat in yard and talked till midnight.

Sun. 13 Hot. 94° F. We all sit in shade and talk.

Mon. 14 The visitors go to the Centennial and I to see my patients. At sunset they return and after supper leave for Ohio. Again we are alone in our home free to worship or work or play at will.

Tu. 15 Went out for a while to the Centennial but was not well and did not enjoy the trip. Very lame but worked some on return.

Wed. 16 Read and worked about home and with my patients.

Th. 17 Went to Centennial with Annie and Hettie. Had a pleasant day and came home in a pleasant frame of mind.

Fr. 18 All day at home with my patients and my plants and my books.

Sat. 19 Annie and Wesley E. & I go to Centennial again. We spend the day pleasantly and lunch in the Agriculture building near the stand where an old man sells milk and cider which we buy to wet our repast. We enjoyed the trip very much especially to the Parthenon

Sun. 20 At home as usual. Hot and dry.

Mon. 21 I am spending my time between my patients, my books and my plants. We have had showers which mitigate the heat.

Tu. 22 The same.

Wed. 23 Went to Centennial but did not feel well and came home early

Th. 24 Very sick all day. I lay in hammock suffering so I scarcely cared to live.

Fr. 25 The pain not so intense as on yesterday but still sick. Ate a little and in P.M made two trips to see patients.

Sat. 26 Annie and Connell went to Centennial and I went with Walter Crandall to Capitol to see a man about boring a well at the New Penitentiary. I came home at 1 P.M. and C. got our lunch ready and we ate in the kitchen. He then cleaned up the dishes and swept the walks while I wrote. He is a lively little boy to work. At night Annie and Connell stayed at Centennial till concert and fireworks were over.

Sun. 27 Hot. Walked a good deal among patients

Mon. 28 A little rain in morning. Went out with Walter Crandall to site of new penitentiary. Home at 3:30 P.M. and very weary and hungry

Tu. 29 Busy with my patients. Not well. Hot.

Wed. 30 Hot and dry. A little professional work - some reading. Hot winds - awful

Th. 1 Went to city and looked after my patients.

Fr. 2 Hot. Read and visited patients and operated on case of talipes (varo-) equinus

Sat. 3 Went with Walter Cundall to the packing house and then by car to Centennial where the boys had already preceded me. I only stayed till 3 P.M. when I left them in charge of Mr Pennock and came back.

Sun. 4 Hot. Among my patients and books Rain in eve.

Mon 5 Drove with all the boys to town to get fire-crackers and candy for a Fourth of July celebration which they held in front yard with Prof. Webbs children later in day.

Tu 6 Up all night last night and so feel much exhausted. Was up all night in confinement case at Robt Traughbers on Josephine St. Had a hard busy day It is very hot.

Wed. 7 Hot. Read and visited patients most of day. In P.M. had a fine rain.

Th. 8 Same.

Fr. 9 Cooler. Still looking after my patients

Sat. 10 Hettie and I stay at home while Annie and boys go to Centennial to attend childrens concert by Mr Innes I go to see patients and Hettie stays alone contented till I come. I wrote four letters in summer house and she took them to mail box at corner of Meridian and Arrington St. while I got our dinner ready

1897
July

Sun. 11 Cooler. I go to see some patients and adjust cast on childs foot. Later read and write letter to Jas Bozman

Mon. 12 Cool. Took Wesley and Hettie to Centennial. Both grew hungry at 10 A.M. and it was pleasing and amusing to see the two who would only eat sparingly at home & that after solicitation slyly removing part of the little lunch we had taken along and eating it as we walked through the building. We lunched early in shade near the Nursery and then we walked about till 5 P.M. and came home.

Tu. 13 Another good rain. Reading and writing

Wed. 14 Took entire family to Centennial & spent entire day. It was a cool and pleasant day. The children enjoyed the trip very much. I went with Annie to Parthenon and studied the pictures. The children came and went at will. We lunched near the nursery and the children used the swings while they ate. All were very happy. It was a pleasant day to all and such a day as I hope God may often send. We all were happy and free from care and all were thankful. God bless the day. A day among flowers and fine pictures by the lake. I hope to go again soon and take all to enjoy in common the pleasant scene and the pleasant things found there.

Th. 15 A gray sky and a little rain all through the day at times. I read and write. Thank God all are well.

1897
July.

Fri. 16. Looked after patients and worked among my trees.

Sat. 17. Annie and I went to Centennial. The day was very pleasant and breezy. We spent most of the day in Parthenon with the pictures. Reached home after sunset and found the boys had done the evening work and were delivering the milk. They were glad to see us back. They had got their own dinner and had a picnic in the summerhouse. Ample evidences of their repast were visible, but the dear children were happy and we were happy and soon all gathered in our wonted place on the upper veranda where I told the usual story after which they were soon wrapped in pleasant sleep.

Sun. 18. Looking after patients and reading

Mon. 19. The same.

Tu. 20. The same.

Wed. 21. The same.

Th. 22. Attended some patients and worked about yard till 2 P.M. Then went to Centennial

Fri. 23. Working with trees and reading.

Sat. 24. Felt badly in morning but concluded to take the two youngest to the Centennial. We went and though the day was replete with incidents of an amusing nature there seemed to be so many conflicting desires that we all failed to give satisfaction to each other. The tub races and swimming races in the

Ju ly. lake amused the children very much. I suffered a good deal all day and we each desired to start home early.

Sun. 25. Sick all day but spent most of day with patients. Had another fine rain in evening.

Mon. 26. A rainy morning. Still sick but managed to look after patients and do a little work.

Tu. 27. The same.

Wed. 28. Read and looked after patients in the forenoon. In afternoon I took the children to the Centennial where we spent the remainder of the day and were joined by Annie at nightfall. The children enjoyed the mimic taking of Ft. Sumter and fire-works very much.

Th. 29. Spent the day in reading and visiting patients.

Fri. 30. The same.

Sat. 31. Worked in the forenoon. In the afternoon took children to the Centennial where they enjoyed the Concert and parade. At night Annie came bringing Conrad with her and we all stayed till the great spectacular musical concert "War and Peace" was nearly over and then came home. The crowd was huge and dense and made so much noise that the music was only heard with difficulty. It was the last appearance of F. N. Innes with his great

July band and the enthusiasm with which he was greeted plainly expressed the deep regard in which he is held. He has impressed himself deeply and pleasantly on the popular heart as well as imparted a decided impetus to the cause of music. It was near midnight when we reached home.

Aug.

Sun. 1. Reading and writing.

Mon. 2. Reading and looking after patients.

Tu. 3. Working about the yard and reading.

Wed. 4. The same.

Th. 5. The same.

Fri. 6. Same in forenoon. In afternoon drove to city. At Hettie's suggestion we "took the big buggy and let them all go." We brought back some melons, peanuts and candy and at twilight had a feast on the rustic seat by the fountain.

Sat. 7. A little work, some writing, reading and walking.

Sun. 8. The day was spent as usual in conversation with the family and visitors. In the evening took a walk.

Mon. 9. Looking after my patients reading and writing letters.

Tu. 10. Same in forenoon. In afternoon received telegram from John McDermott at Cincinnati asking me to telegraph him $150.00 Walked to the city but returned without sending it and mailed him a check in the evening mail.

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Aug.

Wed. 11. Went to Centennial. Came home at dark exhausted.

Th. 12. Spent the day as best I could suffering much.

Fri. 13. The same. John McDermott came in afternoon and stayed an hour.

Sat. 14. Sent children to Centennial and later went there with John McDermott and remained until after the evening exercises reaching home near midnight.

Sun. 15. Very warm. Attended some patients and read.

Mon. 16. In consequence of letters and telegrams received from his mother and brothers I spent a good part of day trying to find John McDermott who came meanwhile to our house borrowed $2.00 from Annie and went away.

Tu. 17. Spent the day at home with patients and books.

Wed. 18. Spent the forenoon with Hugh Gormley who had come down with Frank McDermott to look after John. In afternoon looked after patients.

Th. 19. In the forenoon went to city. Spent the afternoon at home with Frank McDermott.

Fri. 20. Suffered all day. took Hettie and Wesley with a pack of lunch and went to Centennial. Got home at dark

Aug. so weary that life was not sweet. Went to see some patients and at last stretched my weary self upon my couch too much exhausted to sleep.

Sat. 21. Spent the day with my patients and books.

Sun. 22. The same.

Mon. 23. The same.

Tu. 24 The same.

Wed. 25. The same.

Th. 26. Went to the Centennial, from thence to Belle Meade by car to attend the ceremonies of unveiling the monument to the horse Enquirer after which witnessed a deer drive in the park and took train for city reaching home at sunset, thanking God that this experience was past.

Fri. 27. At home with my books and patients.

Sat. 28. The same. In the morning before breakfast we finished putting away the blades which the children had gathered for cow feed in the winter.

Sun. 29. Very hot and dry the leaves scorching up on the plants and trees. But little breeze and that hot and disagreeable. Spent the day in reading and entertaining callers.

Mon. 30. Still clear and dry. I took after patients and read.

Tu. 31. The same. The children are blading the corn - six rows per day being their allotment.

Sept.

Wed. 1. The same. In the P.M. the boys walked to city for some groceries. They enjoy these walks and beg for them.

Th. 2. Day spent with patients and books.

Fri. 3. The same till nine o'clock then tied up corn blades till night. It was very hot and I was soon drenched with sweat. The work was very hard for me but I delighted in getting it done and felt thankful I could do it.

Sat. 4. Boys walked to the Centennial where I joined them later by car. We spent the day and evening there staying till after the fire-works. I was less exhausted from this long trip than from any I have made there. As the evening drew near, we rode on the little steam boat Huck Finn around the lake.

Sun. 5. Waited on patients who came and read many pages of Nicholas Nickleby.

Mon. 6. Still engaged with patients, but spent most of day working hard at tying up and housing cornblades.

Tu. 7. Day was spent with books and patients. In the evening went to Centennial to attend Victor Herbert's last concert. The Auditorium was packed. One encore followed another until the exercises were greatly prolonged. When at-

Sept.

last he appeared with his violin-cello the audience went wild. When seated an intense silence supervened as if each member of that great audience feared to lose a note from the magic master. His performance was indescribable. The soft sweet strains seemed still lingering after he had ceased to move the bow. Then a roar of mighty applause like the roar of a blast-furnace drowned every other sound within and without. Again, again and yet again the wizard of melody charmed the crowed hall. It was with extreme reluctance that they gave him up and for many minutes after he had disappeared with his instrument the applause continued only to break into a mighty roar of wild delight when he reappeared to direct the final number. As they stood and rendered "Auld Lang Syne" the audience were swayed as if by a mighty tempest. At the conclusion hundreds swept about the stand to congratulate the great leader who with his pleasant associates had held them in the thralldom of a refined and lofty eloquence the eloquence of harmony - of sweetest strains for the short space of a few weeks, too short to that frenzied throng of music lovers. Yes, Victor Herbert and his band and Victor Herbert and his 'cello will long be remembered by the people of Nashville. He is said to be the finest player on this instrument in the world. His rendition of Love's Dreamland was the sweetest performance I ever heard upon an instrument. He can make that instrument subservient to the expression of every thing sweet and pure. Though it sheds

Sept. no tears, it wept. Though it spoke not it expressed a language sublime beyond words. I enjoyed the evening very much though I left home with reluctance and attended it only at the solicitation of my wife. who could not go but would have appreciated it far beyond my best conception of it.

Wed. 8. I return to my duties, my books and my patients.

Th. 9. The boys walked to Centennial in the morning. Annie and I drove out to look for a girl and upon returning I was engaged with patients till 11 A.M. Then Hettie and I took car to Centennial. We all returned near sunset.

Fri. 10. Engaged with my patients.

Sat. 11. This is Nashville day. I did not feel well enough to go nor care to be mixed up in the great crowd so I read my papers wrote some letters and rested in my own shade. It is very hot and dry.

Sun. 12. Spent the day with my books and papers.

Mon. 13. Took Wesley and Hettie and went to City. Got back at noon. In afternoon read and helped make wine.

Tu. 14. Read and looked after patients.

Wed. 15. The same.

Th. 16. The same.

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Fri. 17. Wrote letters and carried and wheeled in some bundles of fodder tops.

Sat. 18. Took children to "Centennial." The boys walked. Hettie and I went by car. It was "Mother Goose Day" and Gatewood and Wesley each had a part. I sent them to some of the shows on Vanity Fair and they managed to get scattered and caused me a great deal of trouble to find them. This delayed our eating dinner till three o'clock and greatly marred our pleasure. We stayed till after the evening fireworks and got home at nine o'clock and found Mr. L. D. Powers and wife waiting for treatment. I was very much exhausted and retired at 10:30 I later had a severe chill followed by a night of feverish unrest.

Sun. 19. Cooler with North wind. Spent the day at home. I feel better though very lame.

Mon 20 Read and worked a little all day. Lame.

Tu. 21 Went to city in morning with Mr Powell. Worked some and read

Wed 22 Read and in P.M. went to city with Annie & Hettie

Th. 23 Went to Centennial

Fr. 24 Spent day at reading Millennial Dawn by Russel. It is very interesting and gives me a new light on many Scripture subjects

Sat 25 The same except that I helped boys at fixing stable. We are all happy

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Sep.

Sun. 26 Reading at home all day. Connel complains of throat this eve and has a high fever.

Mon 27 Connel claims to be well and is off to school. Later he is home and drowsy and dull. The dear boy takes a long sleep after which he rises cool and seems much better and says he is well. I write and read all day.

Tu. 28 Beautiful day. I attend Centennial alone. At the Parthenon Mr Clendenning told me the bas relief, Moretti's "Head of Christ" was sold to a N.Y. man. I felt greatly disappointed. I had hoped to get it for Annie. We had first studied it together and later separately and both admired it very much. I had privately written its author a week ago offering $100. for it. The price asked was $150.— and considered very low by artists. I came home and on my way I often thought about this sweet gem and hoped God had placed it where its influence would be best. On arriving at home I found a letter from G. Moretti accepting my offer. I was much pleased.
I found Connel down sick Temp. 104 F. with diphtheria. After some delay I got antitoxin and injected his side. Sent rest to bed and took up my vigil with him and my book Millennial Dawn. Read, wrote and waited on the dear boy till dawn.

Wed 29 Spent the day at waiting on Connel & reading. He seems a little better but has a bad looking throat. He wants a good many stories. At night I napped beside him on lounge and waited on him. He was restless but slept some

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Th. 30 The same. My dear boy is better.

Oct.
Fr. 1 The same. The brilliant dry weather continues.
Sat. 2 The same. At 3 P.M. I went to Centennial and stayed to hear the spectacular and concert by Contini's band Home at 11 P.M.
Sun. 3 Reading and resting.
Mon. 4 Went to city in A.M. and got the city officer to come and fumigate the room my sick boy occupied. He is playing about yard. Dear God I thank thee.
Tu. 5 Went to Centennial with Gatewood Got home at 11 P.M.
Wed. 6 Read and walked. Dry and brilliant Dust everywhere. Am reading the Millennial Dawn with a good deal of interest
Th. 7 The same. Sent the boys to City to see Buffalo Bill's show parade They were too late. Came back disappointed and Gatewood complained of a headache and fever with slight soreness of throat. On investigation I found it was a case of diphtheria I put him in room his brother had occupied and took up my vigil. He rested fairly. I read watched napped and visited a patient and so the long night of unrest and anxiety was passed.
Fr. 8 The children had based great hopes

on going to Centennial today to see the parade and hear W. J. Bryan speak. The day was golden, I could have gone but did not feel well and was unwilling to leave my sick boy. I could only spend a very anxious day. The other children too would have been sorely disappointed if left behind. My boy seems better this P.M. In A.M. I went to City got anti-toxine and used it hypodermically. I am suffering and weak but thank God my boy is better and we are all together. Father let us long live and serve thee together.

Sat 9 Wrote letters, read, beguiled my sick boy with stories and walked with the two well boys and their little sister

Sun. 10 The same.

Mon. 11 Looked after patients and went to Centennial with Connel. We came home soon after dark. He admired the piece I had bought from Moretti "The Head of Christ" and said he would rather have it than any in building.

Tu. 12 Busy with patients all day. In eve Annie who had been doing phenomenal work all day was taken sick & in 2 hrs was relieved and rewarded by the birth of a little daughter. As before she bravely bore her travail and desired no other help than mine. By midnight we were both asleep beside the

sweetly sleeping infant. May God keep and bless it and consecrate it to His service.

Wed. 13 At work with my wood and patients

Th. 14 The same

Fr. 15 Took Hettie and the three boys to city and had their photographs taken in a group. Returning put the rest of day in at attending the sick and splitting wood. Was very tired when night came.

Sat. 16 Took the three boys to the Centennial and stayed till after the fire works at night. The boys all admired "The Head of Christ" and each one expressed his preference for it above every thing they saw. Only Conrad knows it is mine. I sent them into the show "Scenes among the Alps" They were much pleased with it. They did not admire the brutal foot-ball game.

Sun. 17 Spent the day at reading and writing letters.

Mon. 18 Worked at my wood and read. It is quite warm

Tu. 19 Went to Centennial and listened to addresses in Auditorium before the Congress of Religions. The addresses were scholarly liberal and in tone and spirit charitable. In the P.M. addresses were made in the assembly room of the Knoxville Building. Mr. B. F.

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Oct. Mills electrified the audience by a beautiful sweet and charitable address.

Wed 20 Attended the Centennial and after the addresses at the Liberal Congress of Religion I spent the time at the Art Hall and at the Commerce Building examining the paintings. I received a letter today from Caroline A Lord, Cin. O. accepting my offer of $100. for her picture Hungry & Cold which has been exhibited in the Salon of the Champ Elysees, Paris & the National Academy, N.Y. While really unable to buy this piece it was one both Annie and I admired and it tells such a sweet lesson that I felt tempted to add it to our little collection hoping its influence would be benign and that in the end these relics of a long series of happy days spent together at the Centennial and at home may be prized and kept and their influence hallowed among the children.

Th. 21 The same. A dense crowd it being Director Generals Day. Stayed at night with the boys to let them see the splendid fire works. We came home in a jam.

Fr. 22 Still attending Centennial & the Liberal Congress.

Sat. 23 The same.

Sun 24 At home. Read, wrote, and attended the sick.

Mon. 25. Went to the city in the morning on some business. I happened to find a man in a stairway selling shells. I have always admired pretty shells and though I felt I could ill afford it the beauty of the shells and their cheapness caused me to buy a basket full and return home where I spent the remainder of the day at work.

Tu. 26. The glorious weather still continues. I took Hettie and went to the Centennial returning at sunset. The crowds are increasing and all seem sad to think of its closing so soon.

Wed. 27. Went back to Centennial alone. The weather is ideal. Only a few leaves have fallen as yet. Everybody seems cheerful - a hum of voices fills the air wherever one may go and voice of the spieler rings out with new energy. It is a very pleasant sight to see hundreds scattered about under the trees eating their lunches. The buildings are thronged and many are beginning their purchase of souvenirs.

Th. 28. The same. This is Maj. J.W. Thomas's day. The school were suspended and nearly every business house was closed. The boys started early and walked out to the grounds where I joined them a little later. Though it sprinkled a little once the day was very pleasant. The grounds were thronged the buildings and walks could only be traversed with difficulty. The procession was ~~so~~ long that it could not

Oct. all be handled in the grounds without disbanding. It was over seven miles long and consisted of hundreds of floats, strange devices, curious banners, floral displays, industrial exhibitions interspersed with bands military organizations, civic demonstrations, school children, business men horses, cavalry, ponies, even pet coons and many other peculiar features. Over ninety thousand people passed through the gates. A great many novel attractions had been provided. Among others a sham battle at close of day. To avoid the tremendous jam on the cars I brought the boys back about three o'clock. They left reluctantly.

Fri. 29. Went with the boys to the Centennial. The crowd was large but very small compared with yesterday. We took our dinner together under the shade of the trees as before. After dinner the children went to different places on the ground as they wished but spent more time in the Parthenon than usual gazing on the pictures and asking questions and seeming much impressed with the idea that they were soon to be deprived of the pleasure of visiting this hall of beauty and art. First among the things they admired was Moretti's "Head of Christ" and next the picture "Hungry and Cold" about which I had woven a story of "Aunt Mary" (Nixon) and little "Caroline" a waif who fitted into the circumstances of the story. The painting was the work of Caroline A. Lord of Cincinnati who in a letter told me it had

Oct

been hung in the Salon of the Champs Elysees, Paris and in the National Art academy, New York. As I had become the possessor of both these pieces it was pleasant to find such a concensus of favor and approval. It had also interested Annie who had admired it at first sight. I had some hesitancy in making these purchases and it was only after a great deal of contemplation that I did so. I have always had a great fondness for beautiful and masterful pieces of art and feel very fortunate in having secured these two. The speaking power of each is very striking. If I could afford it I would purchase some one of half a dozen pretty pieces which are offered at a comparatively low figure. I should like to own one landscape but must forego that pleasure now. At sunset we took the crowded car and reached home with a few more pretty shells which I had purchased during the day. We spent a pleasant evening and after the boys had heard their story and retired I sat and read far into the night while Annie cared for little Helen. Surely we are blest.

Sat. 30. The beautiful weather continues. The day was a repetition of yesterday, the boys walking out and coming back with me on the car at dark. It is the last day of the Centennial. A great crowd was in attendance and many were the regrets to be heard at its closing. Though long ago announced it seemed to have come too soon. Even the little boys seemed to feel sad as we walked toward the

Oct. gates. Time will tell how much good this exposition has accomplished and how much evil it has entailed. To us it has been instructive and elevating and will leave many pleasant memories for years to come. The grounds are now a blaze of flowers of every hue. As we left the music from Belstadt's band in the Auditorium was swelling grandly out over the throng that crowded the road to the gate. Tonight it will play for the last time here and many who have listened to its sweet notes will recall it as a pleasant memory. The old "dripping, dropping, rolling wheel" was slowly, almost mournfully turning as we passed by. The fountain was throwing its misty spray high in air for the last time. Mingled with the pleasant medley of voices as I came through the gates were the lingering notes of the band and the patter of the fountain. We took the car and soon arrived at home where we spent another pleasant evening.

Sun. 31. Spent the day with my books and patients and with the children. It was cold and gloomy with rain in the afternoon. It seemed as if the golden weather and the Centennial went hand in hand. They parted in sunshine which was followed by cold and gloom.

Nov.

Mon. 1. Rainy and gloomy. The Centennial being open to visitors during the next few days I ~~intended~~ wanted to go out but remained at home on account of the disagreeable weather. It rained all day.

Tu 2. Still raining. I went out to Centennial. It was a scene of desolation pitiable to witness. Packing boxes with packing, goods, trash many kinds of debris filled the palaces of order and beauty. The pretty walks were cut to pieces with many heavy vehicles and teams and draggled drivers ploughed through the mud in every direction. The floors were filthy with grime and refuse and a heavy offensive odor pervaded all the buildings save the Parthenon. It was closed but I got in by the assistance of Director General Goshorn and spent an hour there among those beauties of a thousand brains and hearts. The hall was almost silent except for the hum of the few guards and two boys and one of the show-girls who remained to guard this temple of beauty. Their presence seemed almost like sacrilege. I did not wish to remain long and soon went over to the Commerce Building where I purchased a few souvenirs and returned home.

Wed. 3. Bright weather again and I go back to the Centennial Grounds and spend part of the day amid the spoliation of buildings and the packing of goods. Everything is being despoiled. Even the flowers are being dug up and shipped away. I purchased a few more souvenirs and returned early.

Th. 4. Went to the city in the forenoon and after transacting some business took the car and went to Exposition grounds. Purchased a pair of antique bronze candle-sticks and returned early. Again it threatens rain.

Fri. 5 Rainy and disagreeable. Spent the day at reading and visiting patients.

Sat. 6. Bright and warm. Took Hettie and the three boys and drove to the Centennial for the purpose of bringing back my two art pieces The Head of Christ a marble bas-relief by Moretti and the painting Hungry and Cold. When the latter was taken down from the high position on the wall it proved to be much larger than it looked and would not go into the barouche. Its narrowest measure was only about six inches less than the distance between the wheels and it was nearly six feet high. I was compelled to leave it but brought home the marble piece. As I was coming out of the Parthenon Mr. Clendening informed me of the receipt of a telegram from Harvey Joiner, Louisville, Ky. directing them to turn over his two pieces to me in accordance with my proposition. I at once concluded to return with a wagon for the three paintings. After purchasing a few souvenirs in the commerce building we drove home with our treasures.

Sun. 7. Spent the day in looking after patients writing letters and reading.

Mon. 8. (Warm and sunny. Wesley and I borrowed Mr. John's little)

Mon. 8. Rainy and disagreeable. Looked after my patients and read.

Tu. 9. The same

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Nov.

Wed. 10. Bright and sunny. Wesley and I took Mr. John's little wagon and drove to the Centennial grounds where we packed the pictures with quilts and drove home against noon. The afternoon was spent in hanging pictures and waiting on patients. Hungry and Cold was after some difficulty hung in the northwestern corner of the north parlor. "The autumn Afternoon" was hung over the hall door in the South parlor. Night found me almost exhausted with work and worry.

Th. 11. In the morning hung "South Fork Creek" in North parlor over the folding doors. These two oil paintings are great beauties. I picked them out after frequent comparisons with the works of other artists. The remainder of the day was spent with patients and in assisting my hired hand. At dark I was called to visit Mr. T. J. Brown, 118 North High St.

Fri. 12. Visited patients, wrote letters, and went to Nursery at Dischey's.

Sat. 13. The morning was bright and warm and I took the entire family and drove to Taylor & Wrye's art galery where the four older children sat for their pictures. I tried to interest them in a make believe attempt to bore the artists ear with a knife blade while he took the snap-shot. The proof will show how I succeeded. From there we drove to the Centennial grounds where we spent two hours looking at the spoliation of the former beauty which had attracted us so often. We then drove home, little Helen sleeping all the way. After dinner, I drove to see a Mr. King.

Nov. 1897.

Sun. 14. Still warm. The day was spent with patients and books.

Mon 15 The same

Tu. 16 Am not well but still looking after my patients and working some at times.

Wed 17 The same. I can barely go.

Th. 18 The same

Fr. 19 The same

Sat. 20 I read and rested as well as I could. I ache like I was taking a fever. The boys went to city to get their photographs but were disappointed. At night we are all snug about the fire and our hearts are thankful. I tell the boys a long story and they are happy.

Sun. 21 A day of dullness and pain. Reading.

Mon 22 Still looking after patients and working about the yard.

Tu. 23 The same

Wed 24 The same

Th. 25 Spent the day with the boys and I hope we all enjoyed our Thanksgiving.

Fr. 26 Still looking after patients and reading.

Sat. 27 The same

Sun 28 Reading and writing letters.

Mon. 29 The same

Tu. 30 Working a little. Reading a good deal

 1897
Dec

Wed. 1 Planting trees. Worked hard all day and am very tired tonight. Still I sat and read the Bonnie Brier Bush till 10 P.M. and enjoyed the treat.

Th. 2 Rainy. Connel got a fall at school cutting his forehead open on the step. I brought him home in the buggy. In P.M. amused him with books and stories. Dismal day. His friends continued to call and inquire about him till 9 P.M. He seems to be what his teacher said "a favorite."

Fri. 3 Finished planting some trees in bottom. Read most of day as it rained hard.

Sat 4 Read and wrote letters. Colder. Wet.

Sun. 5 The same. Spent night with a patient Mrs Wm Hubbard.

Mon. 6 Reading and writing most of day

Tu 7 The same. Finished tree-planting.

Wed. 8 Went to city and paid taxes which are enormous.

Th 9 Went to nursery and got some evergreens for yard.

Fri 10 Planted the trees I got yesterday and went back with the three boys after dinner to see a cow which the nursery-man offered for $12.00. The boys wished to invest their money in her. We bought her and came home.

Sat 11 Went to city with Gatewood in A. M. In P. M. looked after patients and read while the boys tried to get

Dec. on friendly terms with "Jennie" their new investment. Each paid $4.00 from their savings. At night went to New Masonic theater to hear Modjeska in Lady McBeth. She was very ably supported. Mr Haworth as McBeth was to my mind the better actor. If Modjeska were not a countess it would be harder to set the audience in a roar. She acts well, is very graceful recites clearly and is withal very punctilious. Yet in Lady Macbeth one would expect to see a more vigorous and aggressive character than is shown in Modjeska. One who can plan and push murder so foul must needs be of a bold and enterprising nature. Modjeska is more insinuating and artful and less stern than I would expect to see in a female who proposed to use the dagger herself and could so lightly regard the blood of murder.

Sun. 12 At home reading.

Mon 13 Bad weather. Reading and circulating a petition for new story on Caldwell School house.

Tu 14 The same

Wed 15 Very hoarse. In doors all day. Reading

Th 16 The same

Fr. 17 The same Better of my cold

Sat. 18 Looking after patients and writing

Sun. 19 At home with the family. Reading

Mon 20 Stormy. Visited poor Hugh Cundall and read and wrote letters.

Tu 21 Read in A.M. In P.M. Wesley & I went to city and got a few Christmas things.

Wed. 22 Two inches of snow. I read in A.M. In P.M. while Annie goes to city I take care of baby Helen and the boys coast on the hill. Little Helen is very sweet and good and gives me little trouble.

Th. 23 Snow melting. I took a hatchet and went to the hill beyond the old fort and got a cedar tree for a Christmas tree. Carried it home and mounted it while dinner was preparing. After dinner took the boys to the city I have never seen it so crowded. It was very difficult

Fri. 24. to get along the sidewalks. We traveled about until it was growing dusky when I sent the boys home and proceeded to purchase a few things for their Xmas. Returning spent the evening with the children.

Fri. 24. Spent the day at home at reading and making little preparations for Xmas. In the evening the three boys went to the entertainment at the Form church while little Hettie wearied with the active exercises of the day went early to bed leaving us free to prepare the Christmas tree. We placed it in the North parlor and worked with all our might to get it done before the children came home. They were late coming and after completing it we sat down to read and talk and await their arrival. They soon came and were almost delirious with joy. They spoke gleefully of

Dec. what Santa Claus had brought though Wesley seemed to be rather incredulous about the reality of Santa Claus. He made some intimations which seemed to indicate he thought I was the Santa Claus. This however was strongly refuted by his two older brothers. They walked about the tree and cheered and capered like colts until they were urged to retire. Even at that late time they must have their "Willow story" before they would go. I wonder when the dear boys will be willing to renounce these stories. Their interest in them deepens as the days go by. They are never willing to accept a substitute either read or told.

Sat. 25. Spent the entire day at home reading and enjoying Christmas. The children are very happy.

Sun. 26. Spent the day at home with my books and papers.

Mon. 27. Spent the day with the children at home. They are all noisy and boisterous except little Helen who smiles and crows and sleeps sweetly through the din.

Tu. 28. The same. Some time however was spent by the boys and myself in circulating a petition for a new story on the Caldwell school building. The two boys have taken considerable interest in this movement.

Wed. 29. The same.

Th. 30. Went to the city with the boys and purchased a book for them ~~and~~ Mr. Webb's two boys to give to their teacher Miss Lizzie McBride. They took it

1897.

Dec. and went on to her house and I transacted some other business and returned.

Fri. 31. Cold and spitting snow. Visited some patients in the forenoon. In the afternoon Mr. Penmark and I walked to town to ~~appear~~ appear before the board of Public Works and Affairs and urge our petition for an electric light at the crossing of Meridian and Cleveland.

1898.
Jan.

Sat. 1. Cold and windy. Spent the forenoon in reading and visiting the sick. In the P.M. took care of little Helen who was not well but did her best to be good.

Sun. 2. Quite cold. At home all day with books and callers.

Mon. 3. At home with my books and papers.

Tu. 4. Read and visited the sick.

Wed. 5. Rainy. Spent day at reading and writing.

Th. 6. Went to city with Mr. Crandall and came back by car. Spent remainder of day at reading.

Fri. 7. Looked after patients and read.

Sat. 8. Wrote letters and read.

Sun. 9. Visited patients and read. Went to see Mrs. J. W. Curtis one mile beyond high brigde.

Mon. 10. The same. Very rainy.

Tu. 11. The same.

Wed. 12. Went to see Mr. Ousby and Mr. Glen in City. Came back weary and disgusted.

Th. 13. Spent the day with patients and parties on business.

Fri. 14. The same. Rainy all day.

Sat. 15. In the morning went to see some patients then went to the city with Lynch Bennett and walked home to find Mr. Ernest Curtis waiting to see me on some business. Mrs. Robinson and Augusta Dunn also here. When the former had almost talked my arm off with dull empty repetition I slipped out to the stable and began cleaning out the stalks - a job I always disliked but now extremely welcome because it afforded me relief from this abominable humdrum monotony.

Sun. 16. Spent most of day in visiting patients. The weather is warm and the grass is growing. Late in afternoon we all went for a little walk I carrying Helen. She was anxious for the trip but absolutely opposed to the veil which was drawn over her face. She fought this obstruction during the round trip. When we got home she took her bottle of milk greedily then a big romp after which she went off into her usual smiling slumber while the boys gathered about with little Hettie to hear a Wilton story about Junius and his dog Faithful after which I sat by the fire cracked hazelnuts and read the paper while Annie wrote. We enjoy our quiet evenings immensely because we are seldom disturbed though last night I had a call out to see a Mrs. Wagoner who had accidentally taken poison.

Mon. 17. Warm and sunny. Visited patients and worked some about the yard.

Tu. 18. Visited patients in the forenoon. In the afternoon went to city as witness in the case of Augusta Dunn vs. Jno. D. Sharpe. The case was postponed. After some errands were completed I walked home.

Wed. 19. Rained all forenoon with incessant fury. Visited some patients and at noon being subpoenaed anew in the case of Miss Dunn vs. Jno. D. Sharpe I went to the city and testified. I only remained a few minutes afterward but long enough to hear some very hardy violence done to the truth by Mrs. Nancy A. Sharpe and Mr. Laura Stanfield. This evidence seemed to be purposeful, premeditated and not lacking in vicious animus. On reaching home I got my dinner at sunset. It was still raining. I took a car and went to visit Mrs. Mary Bang on Russel St just above the Warner school. I returned at 8 P.M and found the children were still waiting for their evening story which I gave after which they knelt around my knees and we all joined in thankful worship. They then retired while Annie and I sat and talked by the bright fire till 11 P.M. while the storm still raged without.

Th. 20. Still looking after my patients and reading.

Fri. 21. Worked some about the place and visited my patients.

Sat. 22. Another stormy day. Visited patients and read and helped the children some in their studies.

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Jan.

Sun. 23. Visited patients and spent remainder of time at home with the family.

Mon. 24. The same. The boys received their reports on examination today. Both are promoted though working under great difficulties.

Tu. 25. Went to the city and walked about from place to place in the rain till I was exhausted and disgusted. I was trying to secure a loan for Jno. C. Glenn to enable him to pay for the Bon Aqua property which he had purchased from Mr. Awsby, Mr. Bennet and myself. At last I walked home. I felt gloomy in mind and sore in body. The bright fire-side the shouts of the children, the coo of Baby Helen and the long talk later with Annie dispelled some of the disagreeable memory of the day and at a late hour I retired to rest as usual.

Wed. 26. Engaged with my patients and books.

Th. 27. The same.

Fri. 28. The same.

Sat. 29. Read and worked and walked with the boys till noon. Then drove to city and bought shoes for the boys.

Sun. 30. Looking after my patients and playing with the children.

Mon. 31. Looking after my patients and working about the place.

Tu.	1.	The same.
Wed.	2.	Same.
Th.	3	Same. Weather is quite cold. Very busy with patients and callers.
Fri.	4.	The same. A little warmer.
Sat.	5.	Cut down and worked up one of the old locusts into stovewood. The boys helped me and we made a little party of it.
Sun.	6.	Kept very busy with callers till 2 P.M. Then went with Lincoln Curtis to see his mother. Came back at 7 P.M. and went direct to see Florence Hampton.
Mon.	7.	Worked about the forenoon. In the afternoon went to Curtis's and Hampton's. Home at 7:30 P.M. Poor Mrs. Curtis! I scarcely think she can live through the night.
Tu.	8.	Walked to the city and did a great deal of running around and walked back at noon. In the afternoon worked and wrote and played with little Helen.
Wed.	9.	Went to the city in the forenoon to meet Wm. Crosby. In the afternoon worked about the yard.
Th.	10.	Worked at wood and walked to town and back.
Fri.	11.	Worked, read and visited patients.
Sat.	12.	Cut wood and looked after patients.
Sun.	13.	Spent the day with my books and papers.

Feb.

Mon. 14. Walked to the Decatur shops to see John C. Glenn about his deferred payment on Bon Aqua. Waited till 11 o'clock and not finding him wrote him a long strong letter which I left on his desk and then walked home. Stopping as I came back through the city at the new Masonic theater to purchase a ticket for Shore-Acres, a domestic play which I desired Annie to see. After I got home I sawed wood with little Wesley till night. Stopping when he grew tired to rest him while I used the ax. Though I have done a good deal today I feel stronger than I usually do after half this amount of work.

Tu. 15. Looking after my patients and cutting wood.

Wed. 16. Looked after patients and cut wood in the forenoon and took care of Helen in the afternoon while Annie went to town. At night took care of Helen while Annie and Gatewood went to see Shore-Acres.

Th. 17. Still working at my wood and looking after patients.

Fri. 18. Went to No. 903 South Cherry and wasted several hours to procure a fruitless interview with John C. Glenn. Mr. Bennett went with me. After my return I cut some wood.

Sat. 19. Put the day in at work about the place and visiting some patients.

Sun. 20. The weather which has been warm and sunny is bleak and disagreeable. The day was

1898 Feb — broken up by callers but spent some time at reading.

Mon 21 Called out of bed early to go to see Mr Bennets little girl. Spent the day in looking after patients & working some about the yard.

Tu. 22 Cold and windy. Write visit patients and work about home.

Wed 23 The same

Th. 24 The same

Fr. 25 The same. Called peremptorily to see Mrs Sharpe. Went reluctantly and relieved her and left promptly. All the time traducing me till they need my services and soon as I leave the house "Richard is himself again"

Sat. 26 Warmer. I work visit patients and play at football kicking with my children in the south yard. In evening called to visit Mrs Kirkwood on N. Second St.

Sun 27 Reading visiting patients and walking with the children.

Mon. 28 Working about the place and reading & teaching my children Hettie learns very fast. Wesley surprises us by the amount he does unaided.

Mar.

Tu. 1 The same.

Wed. 2 The same.

Th. 3 Went to city in A.M. In P.M. I worked about the yard with my plants

Fr. 4 Still at my plants and

Mar. trees. Wesley and Hettie accompany me when lessons are over. Got a long letter from Leslie asking my advice as to his recent determination to locate in the West. Wrote a long letter of approval.

Sat. 5 Took all the boys and went to city Got a few things for the children & attended to some business and came back. Walked both ways and spent the time in telling them stories & questioning them on elements of Geometry Busy all P.M. with patients and callers

Sun 6 Reading and walking with the boys. At night I kept Hettie and Helen while Annie and the boys went to hear Sam. Jones.

Mon 7 Went to city in A.M. In P.M. I worked about yard.

Tu. 8 Working about the yard & visiting patients.

Wed. 9 The same. The bursting buds hurry me forward with my trimming.

Th. 10 The same

Fr. 11 Cleaning yard and visiting the sick.

Sat. 12 Trimming trees and vines and fixing my fountain. Very weary at night.

Sun. 13 Read and walked and visited patients At night I went to Sam Jones meeting.

Mon 14. Looking after patients. Wet.

Tu 15. The same. I suffer immensely.

Wed. 16 Spent A.M working at a rupture to which I applied a sponge and bandage for a truss. In P.M. worked in yard

Th. 17 Working in yard among my trees.

Fr. 18 The same.

Sat. 19 Went to city with the family in the morning. In the P.M. played with the children and "baited" the cows in the yard while I told them a story. Mr L. A. Powel sent me some millennial literature this P.M. I am interested in the subject

Sun 20 Dull and cloudy - some rain I read and slept.

Mon 21 Dull and some rain. Visited patients in A.M. In P.M. worked in yard and took care of Helen.

Tu. 22. Dull disagreeable weather. I feel very weak and depressed and spend my time at work to drown the despondency at the present

Wed. 23 I am still at work with my patients and my trees. After school I play a little with my boys in the yard.

Th. 24 Worked at my fountain and water pipes and lawn mower. My yard is ready for the mower. Was called to meet Dr Miller today in consultation over a child in convulsions. He did not seem very courageous or masterful

Mar in attacking the case. Went to city and walked both way

Fr. 25 Brighter. Still at work about the yard and looking after my patients.

Sat 26 Fine day Worked about the yard and read and visited patients I am feeling a little better but am so heavy and dull and weary I can scarcely attend to my duties.

Sun 27 Read most of day. In P.M. Annie and the three boys walked to Tabernacle to hear Rev. Chittenden of N.Y. I kept Hettie and Helen. I sat and read till 10 P.M. after feeding Helen and putting her asleep. It was quiet and cosy by the bright roaring fire and I felt happy and thought they also were happy. It is pleasant to feel we can be helpful to each other.

Mon 28 Cold & drizzly. My books and paper hold me in pleasant confinement

Tu 29 The same

Wed 30 Working about yard and visiting patients

Th. 31 The same. Florence Thomson developed

Apr

Fr. 1 The same. Warmer.

Sat 2 The boys and Annie cleaning upstairs I care for Helen and "bait" the cows in the yard.

Sun. 3 Reading. At night went to wait on Mrs Walter Cundall. Up all night

Mon. 4 Cold wet and dull. Got home at 9 A.M got my breakfast and read awhile.

Tu 5 About my duties as usual. Another cold day. Ice and frozen ground

Wed. 6 Still cold and frosty. I read and work a little. Am not feeling well. Went to city

Th. 7 Took Wesley and walked to city to auction at A. J. Wheelers book store. We stayed till 5 P.M. and bought a number of books. Walked home again very hungry and weary but could not eat well.

Fr. 8 Took Annie, Hettie Helen and Wesley over to city. The auction began late and it was an hour or two later than I expected to start back. Annie and Helen were tired and did enjoy the bringing back of my nice lot of books. I also bought a very large cherry book case for $12.00 as she had expressed a desire for another small one sold yesterday. It's size displeased her somewhat and I spent an hour trying to sell it again. It was perhaps a blunder on my part to get it without her seeing it but that was out of the question. I am sorry she disliked it as she usually likes the things I get. Will try again tomorrow to sell it. Many want it but can't get it into their homes. Got home and after dinner brushed up our books and she seemed better satisfied with them, but so well pleased as with the small or single purchases I often make of books. I had so much trouble getting even poor books when a boy I scarcely can let such chances escape

I worked on till night and felt very weary I hope to feel better tomorrow and to sell my "big white elephant". I am so lame again

Sat 9 Took Gatewood and Connel and drove to A. J. Wheelers. Tried for an hour to sell my big case but failed. Bought some more books and then at starting a lot of books were sold at 3.50 nearly all school books which I bought with only one motive — that of helping some one who might crave books of an educational kind I brought all I could put in buggy home with me leaving a few. These seemed to be positively displeasing to Annie. I hope she may one day see deeper into my heart. I was sorely disappointed in this case but as it cannot prove mortal I will I trust at last get it fixed right. She has had so many good and pretty books she does not seem to regard a plain or cheap case. I will move them from her sight soon as I can and perhaps leave the most of the future book buying to her as I cannot afford to be so much disappointed. Sat down and wrote a letter to my sister offering her the books at cost. I hope to get them off without great loss. I have loved books so fondly that I am really disappointed to find her annoyed at this purchase Somehow I will dispose of them with little loss but I hope great profit to some book hungry student.

Aching, weary and disappointed I worked on till evening and told the usual bed-time story and after the children retired I sat and read a while and then retired to listen to the strange thunder-storm that resembled the explosive sounds of artillery more than any I ever heard. It was very singular & striking.

Sun. 10 Easter Sunday - Cloudy windy & disagreeable I feel badly. Have a bad cold. My heart is still sad in a way I can scarcely account for. It is not usual for me to care much what any one thinks about my acts if I feel they were prompted by proper motives. The children are off to sunday school and I am alone in my library. What will the morrow bring?

Mon. 11 Annie seemed desirous of keeping the case & I abandoned my intention of going to city before breakfast to sell it at auction room and notify the transfer company accordingly before they started to bring it. I took a saw and cut out the bar over the door of library and removed the transom. It arrived at 1 P. M. and the men carried it in readily and set it up. We cleaned it up and it looked so bright and pretty we were all pleased. I put back the transom and the change will not be noticed. Worked rest of day at my books.

Tu. 12 Polished up the book cases and helped Annie arrange the books in them. It took nearly all day to make the changes. It was however a labor of love which we both enjoyed. Strangely our minds and hearts run together in all our little plans and as we look back on them they grow dearer and almost sacred. It will always be a green spot in life to look back on and its memory will be freighted with sweetness.

Wed. 13 Still working among books

Th. 14 Recd letter from Sill accepting the offer on books and began to plan delivery

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Fr. 15 Arranging and packing sisters books. We put in some other books and made the lot more desirable. Very weary but happy. Gave the boys a a long play and a long story at night. In P.M. Annie went to city and got some rugs for library She and Hettie went and I kept Helen while the boys played ball in the south yard. We put Helen in the buggy and she sat and laughed at the scampering boys as if she understood the play. Annie seems more infatuated with the library than ever and shows unusual taste in adorning it. I am glad she likes it for it is to me a sanctum where I often look at the books and think what souls are there. I hope the family will all love it while I remain and afterwards for its pleasant memories of me and the hours we all spent there.

Sat. 16 Still at my books. Took Gatewood and Helen for a short drive to City in A.M. In P.M. visited patients and read and played ball with the boys.

Sun. 17 Read and wrote in library which is prettier than ever before Am writing a description of it to my sister.

Mon. 18 Rainy. Reading all day.

Tu. 19 I vary the routine but read most of day. It is cool and gloomy.

Wed. 20 The same. Soldiers are pouring through to Chicamauga and all is enthusiasm and pomp.

Th. 21 The same All are moving toward Cuba.

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Apr.

Fr. 22 The war is practically on the gunboat Nashville today captured a Spanish ship loaded with lumber. No bloodshed yet.

Sat. 23 Very wet. Work and read and write letters.

Sun. 24 Cloudy and dull. Read and wrote and walked with the children

Mon. 25 Cut grass in yard. Worked pretty hard all day.

Tu. 26. Worked about yard in the forenoon; in afternoon drove to city taking Annie and Helen.

Wed. 27. Working and reading.

Th. 28. The same.

Fri. 29. The same.

Sat. 30. It is quite warm and pleasant. The children being home from school Annie & the boys are cleaning house up stairs while I take care of Helen and graze the cows in the yard. Sometimes I set her up in front of the fountain and let her splash water with a switch. It is a favorite place with her. The flowers are bursting out; the leaves are fresh and green and the yard looks so pretty I begin to see some reward for the hours of sweat and toil and disappointments that I have put in in planting and cultivating it.

May.

Sun. 1. Resting, reading and writing in the library.

Mon 2. Still cool. I read and work about house In P.M. drove to city.

Tu 3 Warmer. Worked in yard and among patients

Wed 4 The same.

Th. 5 The same. Mowed lawn

Fr. 6 With my books and papers. In P.M. went with Mr Crandall to locate a well.

Sat. 7 The same routine of work with books flowers and papers.

Sun 8 Reading and resting

Mon 9 Worked in yard and nursed little Helen who has an inflamed ear. Wrote a long letter to Jane Wootten to cheer her up.

Tu. 10 Was getting ready to go to 917 Russel St. to see Mrs Mary Hooper—a trip I very much disliked when she came in to my great surprise and relief. She wished a tumor in her side opened and I removed it.

Wed 11 I work some but feel much oppressed I am lame and "the wolf" gnaws around my heart.

Th. 12 The same. Our yard is a dream of beauty. Thousands of flowers and the song of nesting birds all around.

Fr. 13 I am sorely distressed. The wolf gnaws about my heart and sharp pains pierce me in every direction. I

May looked after some patients in the forenoon in the afternoon drove with Annie and the little girls to city. Came back exhausted.

Sat. 14. I resolve to make a strong effort to throw off my depression. I took a shovel and spaded up a bed for flowers and Wesley and I planted them. Then I kept little Helen in the summer-house while I wrote some lines on "The Love of the Flower," for Annie. We had worked together so much with flowers and the thought was pleasant to me, besides embodying some novel ideas. I thought they would be a pleasant remembrance of happy days at Fountainbleau. Much as I enjoyed the work of embodying these thoughts between the playful diversions with little Helen I found myself utterly worn out when dark came. During this time Annie and the children were cleaning house. However after the children had retired Annie and I sat and talked till near midnight. The air was laden with the fragrance of flowers and a cool breeze wafted through the screen of honeysuckle which undulated like the waves of a great ocean thickly studded with fragrant blooms of white and gold. For the sake of preservation in a convenient form I give below a copy of the lines above referred to.

The Love of the Flower.

Dedicated to my wife. May 6/98

What does he plant who plants a flower?
He plants a love in every hour.
He plants a hope in every breast
That gladdens toil and sweetens rest.
He plants a promise and a seed
To grow a blessing. In the deed
He scatters blessings all around
In perfumed air and shaded ground.
From sun to sun, in shine or shower,
He praises God who plants a flower.

What does he plant who plants a flower?
He plants the promise of the bower
With song of bird and chirp of young -
The song of love, by lovers sung.
The breezy rustle of the leaves
That clust'ring round our homestead eves
Plays patter-music with the shower
Or silent concert with the hour ~~o' sunshine.~~
Of sunshine; still in shine or shower
He praises God who plants a flower.

What does he plant who plants a flower?
He plants with Love a heavenly power
To lift the heart. Its own sweet soul
Speaks oft to his. With love's control
Its petaled finger points above.
A breath divine - a perfumed love
Fresh blown from God - a breath of Heaven
The soul of Life divinely given
To live for Love instead of power.
He praises God who plants a flower.

What does he plant who plants a flower?
He plants its love which hour by hour

Comes sweetly back to bless his own
And make his heart its sacred home
Where human love and love divine
May find for each a common shrine.
He plants a blessing on all life.
He plants its love - a sacred wife
With mission sweet and silent power
He praises God who plants a flower.

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May

Sun. 15. I rose feeling what a task it was to move. A tremendous aching pervaded my entire frame. I spent most of the day in lying about and reading so depressed and pained that I would fain have shuffled off the coil. I could get no relief anywhere. As the night drew on I grew worse and the night proved one of the longest to me I ever experienced. I was so weak I dreaded to move yet the pain was such that I could not long remain in one position.

Mon. 16. At last the long night dragged away but day only brought me a slight relief. I spent the day in lying upon the lounge or walking about the house or trying to play with little Helen. I grew some easier toward night and spent an hour in the library with Annie and Helen.

Tu 17 Am still stronger and working in yard My heart is full of thankfulness for my returning strength.

Wed 18 The same

Th 19 The same. Cooler and a northern breeze speaks of days lang syne.

Fr. 20 Showers. Still improving.

Sat. 21 Read and helped at house cleaning I took down and put up all the pictures. Visited some patients in A. M.

 1898
May

Sun 22 Visited patients and read. I am not so well today but the cool weather and showers are very pleasant and refreshing

Mon. 23 Went to city in A.M. All P.M. I hung screen doors.

Tu 24 No letters - no news. Dull & warm.

Wed. 25. Did some work about the yard and finished hanging the screen doors. After this I went to the summer-house and began some verses for Annie on "The Dear Old Yard." I do not presume that they will be entitled to any literary merit, nor am I anxious that they should be classed among pretentious efforts. I shall rather attempt to embody in simple rhyme some of the dearest sentiments of my heart which I believe are held in common with my wife and though perhaps unconsciously by the children.

While the subject is attractive it will present many difficulties. The vastness of its associations, its many peculiar features with which we are particularly identified and which would not be attractive in the same degree to others together with the varied phases one would wish to impress, the necessity of condensing in order to embody much with brevity; these and many other difficulties more formidable than apparent rise up to meet me. As I have no reputation to suffer and no ambition to secure popular favor I shall have a corresponding liberty which upon necessity I might push to license. I have long thought of writing something upon this subject only for my wife and children

but had never formulated ~~an~~ any particular thought. Perhaps however my critics will be restricted to a narrow circle. Whatever may be the result it should be regarded merely as a sentimental contribution to the cause of devotion.

Th. 26. At 8 A.M. I had just finished another verse of "The Dear Old Yard" when a telephone message from Mr. Bennet at Franklin called me to join him and go to see Mr. W. A. Denham at Groveland, Tenn. I took the 9 A.M. train, reached Columbia at 10:30 and we drove in a buggy 7 mi. to Groveland where we took dinner with Mr. Denham. Then we went to look at some oak timber belonging to Mr. Denton. We climbed over hills through dense thickets of bush and bramble and vine and saw some very fine oaks, from three to four ft. thick. Returning to Mr. Denham's we drove about ½ mi. to look at some timber on the farm of Mr. Fergus. We spent an hour in a 15 A. grove of the finest oak I ever saw. Their mighty trunks loomed high overhead and their great spreading tops allowed the sun only occasional glances at the ground beneath. It seemed so quiet and secluded and reminded me of walking in some great temple whose pillars were formed of the trunks of these majestic monarchs. It was a lovely and worshipful place and I often wished the family were with me to enjoy this grandeur and quiet splendor. I could spend many hours in pleasant meditation in this great temple of time. Great vines clung about the massive trunks in loving embrace. The quietude which

reigned here was as restful as remarkable.
"There was no whir of grasshopper
Nor song of any bird.
And the beating of my own heart
Was all the song I heard."
At four o'clock we left Mr. Denham at the gate leading into the woods and got into the buggy and drove back to Columbia where taking the train I reached home at nightfall having had a breezy and pleasant trip; and what was best of all an outing in the woods.

Fri. 27. Reading and writing and playing with Helen.

Sat. 28. The same in the forenoon. In the afternoon drove the family to the city.

Sun. 29. The day was broken up by callers between whom did some writing and reading. Also finished copying my act of the "Dear Old Yard." Perhaps I could improve its arrangement expression and force and I may at some time see fit to modify it materially. One thing however is certain most of its sentiment will remain and I only wish I possessed sufficient capability to properly express the ideas it contains in a manner commensurate with their beauty and importance. For the purpose of preservation a copy of the lines is herewith inscribed.

The Dear Old Yard. ---- At Fountainebleau.

For Annie.

Among the dear places enshrined by the graces,
And sacred to sight and to sound
Is the dear old yard with its bright green sward,
With the children playing around.

There's something divine in its shade and shine
That all of the song-birds know;
With never a fear, from year to year,
They build in the same old bough.

When the morning sun has only begun
To scatter his shafts above,
They come to play in the fountain's spray
And sing their song of Love.

When the noontide ray in its fiercest play
Is painting bright rainbows, then
These angels of air are caroling there
The song of the covenant given.

Throughout all the days these notes of sweet praise
Swell up to the Father above,
And mingled with these in the voice of the breeze
A thousand sweet accents of Love,

Say our dear old yard with its bright green sward
And our children playing around
Is a boon from Heaven, divinely given,
A happy and sacred ground.

There we share our joys with our girls and boys
And fling our cares away
At the rustic seat, where, at twilight sweet
We often kneel to pray.

There's the grave of dear Grace whose sweet sunny face
Will welcome us home in the morn.
The children were right in choosing the site.—
Thank God that the dear one was born.

Her lifework was done where ours begun.
Her mission was sweet as the flowers
We planted above her to tell how we loved her.
Her memory grows dear with the hours.

How often we've missed her—the dear little sister,
Whose mission was bright as the sun;
But we never do grieve because she did leave
When her mission had only begun.

White arches of stone with roses o'ergrown
We placed with our own hands there,
As emblems of love no splendor could prove
Nor granite nor marble could share.

There's another dear spot although it is not
As sacred. The summer-house—true
It is novel and plain and lets in the rain
And sometimes the sun shines through

The roses I planted; but I never wanted
To shut out these old friends of mine.
So, I took the old lattice which I could have gratis
And built for the rose and the vine.

Here I read and write and often at night
I watch the moon steal through
And kiss the flowers. In these sweet hours
I often think of you.

Here I sit some-times and make a few rhymes-
But then I always lack words
And often I long to sing the sweet song
That pours from the throats of the birds.

How sweetly it voices, how oft it rejoices
My heart with all nature aflame.
I think it's more wise - perhaps more precise
Than human - I'm sure not the same.

'Tis a medley 'tis true - yes, it always is true,
And not like the songs of our words,
But pure, sweet and free as the breeze in the tree,
And straight from the hearts of the birds.

One's hammock swings now from the box-elder bough
Over Helen's who sleeps just below.
Twin emblems of love! His kindness they prove
Whose eye watches over them now.

There's the old elm-tree where Gatewood and Lee
And Wesley and Hettie play round
While Annie and I with Helen close by
On the old log seat are found.

Here the old rope swing - 'tis the schoolboys wing,
Fixed high to limb over head
Sweeps far back and forth from the South to the North
But still by the tree over-spread.

There the old, old trees, kissed by the breeze
Of years long past - What tales they tell.
There's the place to play at ball and cro-quet.-
Near the door is the dear old well.

over.

There's the fountain's spatter - its dreamy patter -
Its twinkling moonlit spray -
Its tinkling drops fall over the rocks
And dance in the pool away.

The old brick house square, with its space to spare,
In rooms and verandas wide,
Kept safe from the shine by many a vine
That climbs and blooms by its side.

The wisteria weaves high up to the eaves
And spreads out its branches wide
Till it firmly entwines the honey-suckle vines
In loving but innocent pride.

Now, this vine-clad shrine holds treasures of mine
Quite priceless - my wife, girls and boys,
A few works of art and many of heart,
My books and my innocent joys.

The rose and the vine round the windows entwine
Beside the door two roses more
In colors so bright - one red and one white -
Are always blooming, o'er and o'er.

There the jasmine, too, I planted for you,
Sweeps round your window wide.
Its snowy flowers perfume the hours
It is pure as a stainless bride.

There's the library too where so often with you
I have kept from the world apart,
Talked of books, ~~or~~ flowers, or sweet happy hours
With children, with nature or art.

Verse on opposite page goes in here

There are other dear places but memory traces
More kindly than pencil or pen;
There's our sweet shady walks, our long evening talks
And other dear things that we ken.

over

Time never effaces what memory traces
If 'tis one made dear to the heart;
We look back to bless it, and sweetly caress it
And from it we never depart.

God grant us this blessing, each true heart expressing
Its thanks for Thy Infinite Love;
Make sacred our duty and love for Thy beauty
Abounding below and above.

O, bless this dear place, the gift of Thy Grace -
Keep sacred to sight and to sound
Our dear, dear old yard with its bright green sward.
Keep our children playing around.

In the summer-house 5 P.M.

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May.

Mon. 30. Boxed trees to prevent their destruction by the cattle.

Tu. 31. Worked at trees and went to city.

June.

Wed. 1. Read, boxed trees and looked after patients. This is the last day of school. The boys came home early with their reports. Gatewood as usual leading his class. His average in scholarship was 89. Connel came next in the class with 83. They are both promoted to the 7th B. Grade. Their record is quite good considering their youthfulness, Connel being the youngest in the grade and Gatewood younger than any other. They have worked pretty hard on their lessons and have established quite a reputation as students in the school. Of course we all feel a common pride in their achievements.

Th. 2. Worked and read and took care of Helen.

Fri. 3. Annoyed with company but getting away we all went to the city and passed through the trying ordeal of buying a suit of clothes. I came home miserable and depressed and was called to meet Dr. Lofton in consultation on the case of Mrs. Cundall. He took the precaution to inform me what I should find. I failed to find what he directed me to discover and got away as soon as possible.

Sat. 4. Worked about the yard and took care of Helen. The evening was delightful. The moon full the air sweet and fragrant. Some annoying company, book-agents, &c. but nothing serious.

Sun. 5. Reading and playing with the children who insist on a liberal quota of stories.

Mon 6 Drove the family to town to get some things for our trip North. It was a trying day Warm and filled with vexations. As I draw nearer to the time of starting I am more and more filled with a deep & ineradicable dislike to the trip. Anything with my family and all well is preferable to a visit among heartless ingrates.

Tu. 7 About home writing, arranging for my trying trip and trying to make the boys happy at play and stories. God bless them all How dear my wife and children are to me beside the rest of the world. Even little Helen seems to cling closer to me as the time approaches for my departure.

Wed 8 Still preparing for my disagreeable trip. Would to God it were over. I have little hope of any good from it. I must be brave in facing it and remember that God has often surprised me & always kept me.

Th. 9. Drove to the city in the forenoon with Annie to get some things for my trip. Came back and spent the day at making preparations and working with callers. Some-times I played with little Helen who clung to me more closely than usual. How bright and happy she seemed when I played with her. I would to God this trying trip were off and I were back again at play with my little

child on the grass or with the children at their games or at our old past-times with my patient wife. I can only hope that God will make it more favorable than I now dream it can be. I go to it with extreme reluctance but yet I reflect that God has always been with me and kept me and with this faith I can at least be stoically brave.

Fri: 10. Off in barouche to depot where I left all but Gatewood who accompanied me and took train at 7:35 at Link's depot en route for Stockport, O. Reached Louisville at 12:30 left Gatewood at the depot and walked to the Courier Journal building where I found Mr. Harvey Joiner the landscape painter in his studio which was kept in great disorder. I had but two hours which I employed in studying his work and methods. He seemed not to be familiar with the work of very many of the popular artists of the present day. In fact I was disappointed in not finding him more conversant with the literature and general history of art. He seems devoted to his work though nervous jerky and impetuous in his motions. Seems to have a passion for marine work. A brief study of some of these pieces was sufficient to convince me that this passion was an infatuation rather than the outgrowth of a love of the ocean with which he seemed scarcely acquainted. Having no proper measure it would scarcely be possible for him to reach high excellence in this field.

His best place is in the woods, especially among the beeches. It is among the green and gold tints that his greatest excellence lies. One thing I particularly noticed and now recall with much pleasure was the fact that sunshine appeared in nearly all his pictures - sometimes only a little splash but always evident and pleasant. He is very rapid in his work which considering that his first ten years in painting were devoted to portrait work is rather remarkable. He flings his colors on with careless ease and dreamy abstraction. He was desirous that I should criticize his work which I did frankly - telling him he had no business with the ocean while he knew so much of the woods. Two of his pieces impressed me quite favorably. "Autumn" and "The Beech Woods" - the former very luminous with sunshine the latter radiant with the freshness and tangle of an early summer beechwood. The combination of figures on the landscape had little attraction for him. He seems to paint in certain moods and to be scarcely aware of the importance of auxiliary effect. His figures in landscape are painted with the same careless rapidity and for the time he seems to consider his figures as an inanimate part of his subject. They are dashed in with vagueness and usually occupy a place in the distant background. Taken all in all I conclude he would not be a great painter in a composite field while in his easy reach stands an excellent opportunity of earning a fine reputation as

an artist whose touch in landscape, in sunshine, in atmospheric effect already ranks above that of many noted artists. He has a strange fondness for small pieces. It is to be regretted that he seems incapable of minute, painstaking and combined effects. He lacks in spirituality and subtlety as much as he excels in simplicity and individuality. Altogether it was a pleasant two hours and I hastened back to my impatient boy just in time to catch the moving train for Cincinnati at 2:31 P.M. It began to rain hard as we pulled out of the depot and we sat and ate our dinner and watched its furious patter. It showered all afternoon. The air is pleasant, the streams all muddy. Gatewood says he is lonesome and wishes the rest along. He sleeps a good deal. We make close connections at Cincinnati and are off for Columbus. Storm rages a good part of way to Dayton. Reach Columbus at 10:30 and put up at the Davidson House. Got a top story room with three windows. It was cool but noisy.

Sat. 11. Up at dull dawn. Had slept some and felt slightly refreshed. It was cloudy and threatened rain. For two hours the streets were comparatively empty. We walked to the State House - I bought a newspaper and sat on the steps and read for an hour. while Gatewood watched the numerous squirrels which played around our feet and over the lawn in fearless gaiety. We walked back to hotel, got our breakfast and then took car to 446 South High where we stopped to see Brad Harris who went with us to his house. Here we spent the day

Gatewood going in the afternoon with Maud to Olentangy park while I stayed at the store with Brad. I feel very much fatigued

Sun. 12. The night was so hot I slept but little. At 4:15 G. and I stole out quietly and walked to the State House. I am so very weary and wish so earnestly this trip was done and my we were back in the "dear old yard with the bright green sward." After breakfast G & I went to the O.S.U. grounds and visited the spring and Lake. The grounds are extensive and the buildings fine. Time will make this a sweet place. Back at dinner and then went with Maud and Brad to Minerva park, where Gatewood enjoyed a ride on the Rola costa. Back at 6 P.M. After supper talked to Maud and later to bed where I slept more than for two nights previously.

Mon. 13. Up at sun-up and stole out leaving Gatewood and the rest asleep. Went to the State House purchased a paper and read for an hour. Came to find Brad in bed. After breakfast sat until 9 A.M. and talked to Maud about their business, their prospects &c. She seemed much discouraged and spoke of our visit as a bright spot. She was very sad at saying "goodbye." Reached Union depot in a heavy rain. Off at 11:25 for Zanesville. Rain and sunshine everywhere and every thing green. Streams all muddy - crops fine. At Z. at 1:05 P.M. Saw Mr. Humphrey - a near neighbor of my sister and sent word by him to Jas. Bozman to keep my oldest sister there till came down. She was going to Cambridge. At McConnelsville at 4:30 P.M. Met several old acquaintances. All seemed glad to see me. Went to the Democrat office and renewed

paper. Thence to Worley's where I spent the night. His wife was delighted at our coming and insisted on my talking till 11 P.M. After which I slept little.

Tu. 14. Up early and off for a long walk. After breakfast went to Tom Barnes's store where we had a long chat, after which we went to his house and he sang while his daughter Bessie played for us. The entertainment was very pleasant. I went then to the court house & back to Worley's. Then to train & off to Stockport where I met many old acquaintances. Milt Walker who invited me up. We stayed all night & everything went pleasantly.

Wed. 15 Went to Hugh Gormley's & soon was called to Henry Hooks to sew up a cut leg for his little boy. Dr W. L. Lyne also present acted very selfishly. Everyone was delighted to see me in the case and the Dr seemed very jealous. Then to A. P. Omy's for dinner. Then H. Gormley took me over river across past the old Geo. McVeigh farm and up to Mt. Olivet where I visited the old grave yard and the grove I had planted. The ground is badly encumbered with sprouts, weeds and briars. The grave yard had recently been cleaned up. Some of the trees I had hired planted years ago in front of the church were very pretty. From there we drove up the old ridge stopping for a few minutes at Jno. Gatewood's old home. No one there but Mary and Polly Smith two neighbors of the olden time. Then to Jno. McSwords's where we took supper. After supper went over and took a short survey of the old home. It was wonderfully changed. Scarcely the same in anything. Even the old waterfall had changed. Many of the old trees had disappeared. I had hoped to take Gatewood here

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in answer to his desires but it is so changed that unless an excellent opportunity presents itself later I shall forego that purpose. From here we we went to Frank H. Davis's and on by the ridge to the river just above Stockport. It was late when we got back and though the trip was pleasant and the weather fine, the changed conditions of most I saw left in my heart a feeling of sadness. We passed the old school-house site, a new one has been erected a little piece beyond, where I am told my picture framed from the wood of the old log school-house I knew in my infancy hangs upon the wall. As we drive along I observe that the few remaining patches of timber which were there six years ago are nearly all destroyed. The fences have gone down and the briars up. It makes one sad to think of these changes. Were they all for the better it would be some comfort. I slept better after my long ramble.

Th 16. Up and bathed off and took long walk before breakfast. The trees I planted 20 yrs. ago are very large and fine. There were a good many of them and they are now the most attractive thing about the town. After breakfast did some gynecological work and went with Hugh Gormley to Big Bottom. Called at O.A. Bucks but Mrs B. kept in the background and I did not go in. We went direct from there to Tim. Blackmers and were very kindly received. Also stopped at Mrs McHugh's and was treated in same old manner. After dinner at Hugh G's I went to Ths Daughertys where I spent three hours with some patients. We talked over the old times and incidents some of which were trying, some amusing and some sad. Then spent a short time at drug house—

June — and then to Hugh Gormley's for supper after which I spent the evening at Milt Walker's and slept in the same room.

Fri. 17. Worked about the Town in the forenoon, visiting many of my former patients. In afternoon went up river with Hugh Gormby to see Mrs. Joseph Henry. In the evening met Dr. Peebles in consultation. He is a pompous, shallow, sensualist.

Sat. 18. Quite busy in the morning with patients and then Gatewood and I drove to Mrs. Mellor's where we took dinner with Mrs. Mellor and Annie. We went with Perley to the field to see "Bird". She did not look much older and had a very pretty yearling colt by her side. Its name is "Friend" – a name I had sent on at their request. I recalled many terrible rides and drives with this faithful mare. I was very glad to see her so well situated. After dinner talked till 1 P.M. and bidding "Goodbye" to all returned to Stockport where I worked at splints for club feet I am to operate on next week. I finished these in time to take the 4 P.M. train for Waterford and walked out to Sarah's where we stayed over-night.

Sun. 19. Quite cool. I am hoarse. Spent the day with Jas. Bozman and wife and at noon Elisha came and I tried to enlist him in conversation but could not. He soon went away. Poor fellow! he looks sad. God make his heart lighter. As the P.M. wore away I often

June. wondered if I would ever be back to this place. God keep me and my friends. The evening is quite cool and the night so bright and starry.

Mon. 20. Very cool in the morning but grew rapidly warmer. Talked to my sisters till 9:30 A.M. then left for depot. Took train at 9:53 and soon reached Lowell. Rode to the country with Dr. Harris and spent the evening with him.

Tu. 21. Rainy. At 6:52 off for Stockport. As we came up the river I looked over in Mellor's field and saw Bird, dear old faithful Bird, for the last time. She was grazing. Goodbye old friend, God bless and keep you. Soon reached Stockport and went to work on the operation on Mabel Gormley for talipes equinus varus. The doctors, T. J. and G. L. Lyne assisting. This case has been operated upon over four years ago, when the chances were much more favorable. The right foot was particularly bad and required extensive cutting. I did a novel operation and put the feet up in plaster casts with a strong lateral splint springing from the plantar splint at the base of the metatarsal bone of the great toe. Spent the remainder of the day visiting friends about the town, waiting on patients and driving into the country with Dr. Lyne as far as O. Brokaw's where I waited his return. Poor sad woman. The malignant trouble of fifteen years ago has now involved her entire chin. She asked me to treat it but I avoided the subject and soon the rumble of wheels told me of Dr. L's return and bidding her a

cheerful goodbye I hastily joined him and we rode back together. I am more and more astounded at his mercenary nature.

Wed. 22. Kept very busy at work in town until 2 P.M. O. Brokaw came early and after much solicitation I consented to treat his wife and prescribed for her though convinced this would only require me to make at least another hard trip to Ohio. At 2. P.M. Gatewood and I took team and drove to Jas. Hardin's. Drove as far as J. W. McVeigh's on the way to John Mc Sword's but overtaking him here we talked for half an hour and turned back. Spent an hour today with Mrs. Mc Dermott discussing the peculation of her son. Took dinner at A. P. Ong's and left a quarter by my plate.

Th. 23. Unprofitably busy all day. In forenoon drove with Hugh Gormley to O. Brokaw's and thence to Roxbury to Chadwick's and up ridge to Jno. N. Wallace's and on to Stockport at noon. Dinner at Gormley's and supper at Ong's. Evening at Daugherty's.

Fri. 24. About the town all day seeing and treating patients.

Sat. 25. The same.

Sun. 26. Cloudy and hot in forenoon. Hugh and I went to Abe Brokaw's. In the afternoon Gatewood and I drove to Pennsville and visited Rob James. Returning went over and dressed Mabel's foot. Mr. and Mrs. Wood whom I treated years ago hearing I was here called to see me and

June. expressed great friendliness and gratitude. The operation seems to be doing very well. Many people have solicited me today to return. In a short conversation Mrs. Gormley divulged much of the unpleasant relations of her domestic affairs which I had long suspected. It is gloomy enough. Late in evening I took Gatewood and Ettia for a row on the river. Called at Ang's and had a long talk with Stella. Retired early to be ready for the start in the morning.

Mon. 27. Off at 7:55 a.m. for Putnam where I left Gatewood to accompany the baggage to the depot in Zanesville while I called to see Mrs. Gormley. After 30 min. I took street car and joined him. Then went to see T. J. McDermott in regard to his brother's embezzlement of money belonging to me. He promised to write me about the matter by end of week. At 11:55 took Pan Handle for Cincinnati. It is showery and warm. Crops are very fine. Everything looks prosperous and homes look sweet and clean. I was never more impressed with the agricultural greatness of Ohio. Its varied capacities for producing seem almost unlimited. The streams were nearly all muddy from the recent rains and the drooping willows were dipping their heads. Reached Cincinnati at 6 P.M. walked a long way to buy a cut rate ticket which saved me .95¢ Got back to depot at 7 o'clock and found Gatewood in the lunch basket the contents of which he had almost devoured. I ate the little remaining and then he and I took a long stroll

in the city visiting fountain square, going to a salvation army meeting passing through the arcade and returning we took 11 P. M. train for Nashville. It was a rainy restless night.

Tu. 28. Quite cool and very wet but not raining. I long to reach home. The train was very long and heavy carrying troops and reached Nashville at 9:30 A. M. one hour late. We got off at College St. station took the street car and reached home half an hour before Annie who had driven to union depot for us. I spent the day in resting reading and talking over our trip. Found everything in good shape notwithstanding a storm had broken a number of trees and damaged the roof which Annie had got repaired.

Wed. 29. Waiting on patients, reading and writing letters.

Th. 30. The same.

July.

Fr. 1. The same. Spent some time in caring for little Helen who is tormented with boils.

Sat. 2. Reading, writing and working with the vines.

Sun. 3. Went in the morning to see Mrs. Cundall, came back and played with Helen while Annie wrote.

Mon 4 Showery. The children unite with H. A. & A. C. Webb and carry out a long program in the S. yard at evening consisting of speeches fire-works marching and singing patriotic airs. Their mothers and Hettie & Susanna & I were auditors.

Tu. 5 Took 7:45 train for Columbia where I got a horse at Watsons stable and drove to Hill Station Took dinner with Mr Denham and we then drove to see some timber about 2 miles away Chigoes very bad. Otherwise enjoyed the trip very much as the recent rains made the roads free from dust and I had a good horse. The trip was not very successful in regard to its object I could not purchase Ferguso's timber at any reasonable price. I drove to C. took train & was soon enjoying a breezy rapid trip homeward I sat and looked out on the glinting light as it glanced from the leaves of the trees and the blades of corn while a sweet breeze fanned my cheek and thanked God for the splendid blessings I drank in from every hand. When I started up Church St home the soft sweet sunlight still tinged the steeples of the city. I was calm & happy Nothing had seriously ruffled the enjoyment of the day As I rode along I often thought how much I should enjoy a world so sweet & fairylike as this flying hour with its mixture of green and gold of light & shade. Sweet thoughts would glide into my mind. One was the music which must be felt and had no sound or art in it. Another was the very strange discrimination made by the musical world in regard to the classification of sound. I have wondered if the boy who went to school to the varied sounds of nature did not learn more music than those who had spent the same time on the productions of Liszt, Handel, Beethoven or Mozart. It would be presumption for me to essay even a definition of music which to me would be but the soul of sound. I have long felt this and thought the attempts of the musician to confine his

efforts within the narrow limits of a series of human rules which would probably constitute a fair definition of art was narrow selfish, presumptuous and barbarous. Why should the notes of a reed however artistically made be considered more musical than the whisper of a breeze among the leaves live and conscious and perfect from the hand of their maker. Why should we find more music in the notes of Jenny Lind than in those of the bird which sang over her head so sweetly that it exacted her tribute of respect and approval? Why should we find more music or better in the trained concert than in the infants croon? In sound than in "silence which is vocal if we listen well"? The contemplation of this matter confirms my previous conclusions that the musician was the representative of art, while music was that subtle something closely allied to the spirit of that which was sweet in sound. These fine productions probably stand to real music as a shadow to a substance. I often think it quite possible that all the solid things we see are merely representatives of real things beyond. Perhaps object lessons adapted to our comprehension.

Full of this line of thought I hurried home to hear the noises of the household and enjoy the sweetest sound of all my little Helen's croon which I determined to take as a subject for a few lines of rhyme. Possibly they may some day interest "our Helen". Possibly they may benefit some one and so my time will not be wasted. I am often led to feel I ought to write something in this way.

Wed 6 Fixed new shoes for little Eddie Penwick making and placing new zinc insoles to add to stiffness and maintain shape. The Christian Endeavor Convention begins today and Gatewood and Connel are in the chorus and are kept quite busy attending the exercises

Th. 7 Wrote three verses of "Helen's croon" and took care of her while Annie and the rest attended Convention.

Fr. 8 Same in A.M. Finished "Helens croon" & took care of her. We had a fine time. She crooned and prattled and played around my chair or out on the grass as I sat in summer house At last she plead in her little way to be taken up and I sang her asleep and put her on a folded quilt under the shade of a tree while I wrote and watched and thanked God. How sweetly she slept and when she waked she began the same sweet croon.
In the P.M. the boys and Annie persuaded me to go with them out to the Endeavor meeting at Centennial grounds. We drove out. It was cool and delightfully breezy. Gen. O.O. Howard, Gen. Evans of Atlanta and Gen Jno T. Morgan N.Y. spoke. During the speaking Helen began her playful joyous croon which soon grew so loud we had to take her out as all attempts to quiet her were construed by her into approval and she was correspondingly encouraged. Near time to close the boys went to the "Terminal Station" and stayed an hour contrary to orders. Gatewood being to blame for this I on returning sat him down with a great tin bucket over his head and required him to

occasionally call out "Terminal Station. He was disgusted. I think he will not forget his trip to the Terminal Station

Sat 9 I stayed at home and kept Helen while the rest attended the closing exercises of the C.E. Convention

Sun. 10 Writing and reading. In P.M. we all went for a long walk.

Mon 11 Stayed with Helen while the rest attend the closing of C.E. Convention. We had many plays and romps and I got to fix some about the flowers but Helen usually considered me her personal property and demanded my attention. The rest were late in returning and I took a bucket and milked enough to feed H. and then put her asleep.

Tu. 12 Cool breezy and very bright - a typical September day in O. Wrote and cared for Helen and looked after patients Got letters from patients in O. saying how much I had helped them.

Wed. 13. Showery all day. Wrote, read and looked after patients.

Th. 14. Split some wood and cared for little Helen and did some reading.

Fri. 15. Still showery. Worked some with my trees, read some and spent some time with callers. The recent showers have made all things look green again and in strange contrast with the appearance a month ago. I will insert on the next page the lines I have written on "Little Helen's Crown". Perhaps they may interest her some day. I like the subject - & the thoughts

Helen's Croon.

I have heard all kinds of music,
All the strains of war and love,
From the booming of the cannon,
To the cooing of the dove;
From the thunder of the tempest,
To the whisper of the breeze,
But the love-laugh of our baby
Is far sweeter than all these.
It is a gift from Heaven
And to me a priceless boon;
High above all other music
Is our little Helen's croon.

I have listened to the song-birds
When their matins filled the grove,
Like a temple built of beauty
With an atmosphere of love.
I have lingered at their vespers
When they softly said "goodnight"
With their hearts attuned to worship.
I have heard with pure delight
Their varied songs; all these were sweet,
But methinks their sweetest tune,
Lacked something of the sweetness
Found in little Helen's croon.

I have listened to the fountains
As they thundered to the sea;
I have stood upon the mountains
When their breezes wild and free
Sang the heart notes of Freedom.
I have wandered by the sea

When liquid laughter kissed the sands
And echoed back to me
The music of its gladness;
But methinks their sweetest tune
Had naught for me, on land or sea
As sweet as Helen's croon.

I have often felt a music
That no mortal ever hears;
The language of the human heart,
Too pure for human ears.
There is music in a love-look,
Or in sunny smiles or tears;
In the bursting of a rose-bud,
Or the twinkle of the spheres;
In the golden glow of sunshine,
Or the silent glance of moon,
And I feel a holy sweetness
In our little Helen's croon.

Give us universal music
And assign to each his part;
A sacred sea of melody
For every ear and heart.
God bless the song and singer,
And consecrate each heart
To a holy, happy mission,
Far beyond the reach of art.
God bless all kinds of music,
From the tap of bairnie's shoon
To the perfect angel chorus.
God bless our Helen's croon.

Sat. 16. The same.

Sun. 17. Wrote letters and read Halstead's history of Cuba.

Mon. 18. Showery. Little Helen is not well and I divide my time between her and my books.

Tu. 19. The same.

Wed. 20. The same.

Th. 21. Mr. Ernest Curtis called for me with his buggy and we drove to Mr. Binkley's in Cheatham County. We went up Paradise Ridge where the fruit trees were literally breaking under their loads. We took dinner at Mr. Binkley's and then drove to see another Binkley where we spent an hour and then came back by another road through orchards breaking with peaches and apples. He drove me to the car line in North Nashville at 7:30 P.M. I took car and reached home about 8:30. Though our horse was a poor driver and part of the road was quite rough and washed the trip had some pleasant incidents.

Fri. 22. Divided my time between Helen, my books and correspondents.

Sat. 23. The same. Near sunset we drove with little Helen to the city. It had just rained and the air was cool and breezy. She enjoyed the trip and seemed to be better on returning.

Sun. 24. Went to see some patients and re-

turning spent most of day with Helen and my books. From 11 A.M. to 12 a heavy rain fell – A good old-fashioned soaking rain. It even soaked the gambling contingent who had gathered as usual in the grove to play cards. They were driven home looking like drowned rats.

Mon. 25. Showery. Spent the forenoon with books and papers and little Helen. In the afternoon Gatewood and Helen & Annie & I went to the city. I went to Mr. Tafel's, the instrument-maker and got a few things to take with me on my proposed trip to Ohio. It rained briskly while there. after which the evening was pleasant and brilliant with sunshine.

Tu. 26. Still showery and I spent the day as usual with my books and papers and patients.

Wed. 27. The same.

Th. 28. Worked at the wood and fixing fence. Spent some time also with patients.

Fri. 29. The same.

Sat. 30. Attending patients and finishing my wood. Between times I read and write letters.

Sun. 31. Warm and showery. Spent a good part of the day in summer-house reading. I did not read during the two hours Mr. Crandall stayed to tell me about "hosses".

Mon. 1 Worked about yard read and drove with Gatewood and Helen to city

Tu. 2 Helped the boys pull weeds and made some preparations to start north. Got a letter from Dr Lyne in regard to M. Gorbsdays feet. He takes a convenient and a very conservative view. Got also letter from childs mother and shoe to be fixed In P.M. quite busy with a business transaction with Mr Binkley

Wed. 3 Rainy. Still making preparations to go north. I am very hoarse and feel so badly I ought not to go but must.

Th. 4 The same. Helped Mr Cundall clean out the cistern and went to see some patients I am much depressed and dislike the trip both on my own and my familys account

Fr. 5 Brilliant day. Visited patients in morning and then Gatewood, Wesley, Helen and I went to city to see about ticket and get some things. Afternoon spent in packing. My little Helen clings about me as if she knew I was going to leave. In the city she would begin a cry whenever I left the buggy and would watch for me on street and go into a paroxysm of joy whenever she saw me coming. In the buggy she would cry to be on my lap as soon as I got in.
In the P.M. completed the packing and other arrangements for my trip North which I dread very much As the time for starting drew near we all took a walk in

the yard and sat down as the sun was declining over the western hills on the log seat under the old elm. Here I told the children their evening story after which we all joined in prayer. Then I talked to the children who promised me to be good boys while I was gone. In reply to my desire that one of them should be a physician each wet face looked up and answered "Dock, I'll be a doctor." Should these little purposes wisely keep we would surely be well supplied with "Dock." Gatewood and Conrad remained to do the evening work while Annie, Wesley, Helen, Hettie and I rode to Linck's depot where I took train for Cincinnati. Cool night. My hoarseness grew worse and I caught more cold. Hettie slept well in the seat stretched at full length with the little pillow under her head. I spent a bad night often thinking of Annie and the flock. How often too I thought of "Helen's croon."

Sat. 6. Morning beautiful. Hettie bright and fresh. We reached Cincinnati at 7:25 and at 8 are off on the Midland for Columbus. We ate our breakfast in the Central depot at Cin. After we got half way to Columbus Hettie fell asleep and did not wake till we reached Newark. Reached Zanesville at 1:12. Went to see T. J. McDermott then wrote two cards and ate dinner while we waited for the Z. & O. train. It is quite hot. So far we have been fortunate, but I am

Aug. so weary I wish I could see the dear old yard and rest. Reached Stockport at 5 P.M. and went first to Millon Walker's. Then down to A. P. Ong's where I talked till near midnight and drank an absurd amount of most excellent coffee which caused me to sweat copiously and relieved my hoarseness to some extent.

Sun. 7. In the morning spent two hours at Gormley's and then remained at Ong's till after dinner. Then walked to Abe Brokaw's and then on to Mellor's where George and I had a long talk. I then walked part way back and was overtaken by George Brokaw who took me in this buggy and brought me back to Stockport. The evening was spent in conversation with the folks. Dr. T. J. Lyne called on me to go and see Leslie Wootton and diagnose a case of lumbar abscess. At the earnest plea of the mother I went and lanced it. Returning I wrote till 11 P.M.

Mon. 8. I am so hoarse I can only articulate with extreme pain. After an hour with Stella's coffee I grew better and I went to work hunting for a suitable shoe and material for ironing it. A sudden idea struck me to go to McConnelsville and get Worley to it. I soon got ready and the people assisted me kindly in many ways. I went up on train at 8 A.M. and setting him at work I went to see my old friend

Aug. Tom Barnes and at his store I made patterns for the work and gave to Worley. Then I returned and talked till noon and at his earnest solicitation took dinner with him. He is in great distress of mind and body. Has been treated a good deal and despairs of relief. At his request I agreed to put him under treatment. It rained very hard all P.M. At the Malta depot saw Brad and Maud waiting for train to take them home to Columbus. I reached Stockport at 5 P.M. very hoarse. Took supper at A.P. Ang's and drank huge draughts of coffee. It was still raining slightly and quite dark when I was called to see Edna Beswick of flabby purpose and indolent habit. She seemed desirous of getting my opinion on her case though dressed to go on boat to see Dr. Naylor. Both her looks, actions and speech disgusted me. On my way thither I met Deanie who formally inquired why I did not come around. I made him no promises. Retired late and slept sweetly. Hettie is somewhat homesick which locates itself first in her eye and then her toes.

Tu. 9. Dull, grey, gloomy and wet. Went about seeing friends. The shoes did not come as I expected by train. Had a long talk with Lizzie Gormley and learned the cause of my not having care of Matt's case at first. Also some of Hugh tactics and his

Aug. financial status. In the afternoon I took train for Waterford and met Jas. Bozman at the station. Hettie and I went out with him and I at once busted the box of clothing and gave him his part. He seemed well pleased. Talked till ten P.M. and then I retired with Hettie on a big feather bed. I soon found I could not sleep on feathers so I got up and went to the lounge in the next room where I had a very good and pleasant nap. Rain! Rain! Rain!.

Wed. 10. Up and after a long talk took buggy and went to station and then train to Lowell where we met Dr. Harris and went home with him. After dinner we drove to Mr. Mc Farland's, to see case of talipes equino-varus on which we propose to operate. The distance was eight miles on a rough road. Saw the case which was a very bad one and arranged to go in the morning and operate. Came back by way of Cat's creek and stopped to see wood carving by Nicolaus Bazil and then drove back to Dr. Harris's. Then went to see Lucilla at Swayne's. Then we make splints for the little feet and got ready to go in the morning.

Th. 11. Cooler. We drove to Mr. Jno. Mc Farland's and operated on child's feet. The right foot was very bad. The left better. We got back at noon. Hot and threatening

Aug. rain. I postpone my trip to Stockport till tomorrow eve. and sent cards to Stockport stating cause of delay. Sneider who got Dr. Krapps to attempt operation on child for hair-lip because I would not do it for $25.00 came in this evening and wanted to talk it over and get me to do it at a reduced price. As soon as he announced his purpose I at once turned and walked out of office leaving where I had found him in conversation with Dr. Harris when I came in. He waited quite a while but I remained in conversation with Mrs. H. till he had gone. Later he returned and passed and repassed the door to get to see me but I avoided him.

Fri. 12. Cloudy. Sneider went this morning to Marietta to see Krapps. We went up to see our little patient with the crippled feet. It had bled after the operation yesterday until it stained the casts. I feared this would blister the little feet. The casts were badly stained but the little feet looked well and retained their position very well. We were much pleased at the way the people received us and the mother's gratitude. She called her husband saying "John, just look at its little feet standing forward. I never expected to see them look so well." Then with tears gushing down her cheeks she said "Dr. Gatewood I will always pray that God will bless you!" She seemed to be much

interested in the story of my children and was highly pleased with all I told her. I came back feeling thankful to heaven for this opportunity of doing good. I playfully told Dr. Harris that I had set her to work for me. Took train at 3:21 P.M. and went to Stockport where I got letter from Annie and two from Zanesville. Went to see Mabel and arranged to operate on her foot in the morning. Stella seemed glad to see us and the evening was spent pleasantly in conversation. As usual I retired very late.

Sat. 13. In the morning Dan Barkhurst called for treatment. I then went to see Mabel and operated upon her right foot. This time I cut deeply and freely and in rather a novel method, sometimes making two cuts in entirely different locations through the same opening. I severed the entire plantar fascia in front of heel and at middle of foot. Severed the tendon of the abductor policis, the tibialis posticus and anticus and the tendo Achilles. Besides making some other subordinate incisions. I then forced the crooked foot around into good shape. I returned to A. P. Ong's for dinner and after dinner went to see the patient and to see Lue Donovan and then Tom. Daugherty's after which I returned to Ongs for supper. After supper spent the evening in discussing authors and literature till late when I retired to toss restlessly for half an hour when according to my usual custom I abandoned the constable of

Aug the dream-god by arising and writing letters till he came around.

Sun. 14. Walked up to Mr. Cory's and applied medicine to his cancer. on the right cheek. Add and Stella and I had planned a trip over to her mother's and down the ridge they were to come on with the surrey bringing the children and pick me up at Cory's gate. I waited an hour and they did not come. Then I walked part way up hill and climbing on the high rock above the road I lay down in the shade of the bushes to rest and wait their coming. Below me was the rotting trunk of a great beech under which I had passed scores of times both day and night, sometimes on professional duties, sometimes to the old brick church and sometimes to Stockport and still more remotely as a school-boy I had roamed the deep gulch below hunting for blood-root with which to stain my crude pictures. It was a fallen monument of better days. Around me still lingered many of the living sentinels. At last the surrey came and as soon as it passed by I stepped behind it and got in with them. Mary and Hettie laughed continuously and wildly enjoyed the trip. It was a pleasant day but warm. Reached John McLeods at 11 o'clock. John's countenance showed plainly that he was not glad to see me and though the rest insisted on my staying for dinner I promptly left on foot and was soon on the

Aug. old home farm. On reaching the site of the old home I turned down the stony road up which my youthful feet had walked so often from the old spring. Reaching its site I found it was covered up by the wash of the stream. Great briars and bushes grew about it and but few of the living landmarks about it once remained. I went on to the other old spring in the corner of the field beneath the crumbling rock. It also seemed neglected. The trees which then grew about it were gone and I was just turning to climb over the fence again when I saw the decaying top of the old pear-tree, under whose branches I had so often sat to eat the fallen pears. Thither I went at once. It was forked and one half had blown down. The other half remained though decaying. The ground was covered with fruit and the tree was loaded. Though I had no occasion to go up for fruit I felt a boyish desire to climb it again and looking up it seemed to me it wanted me to do it. With some difficulty I ascended. I plucked and ate and gazed over the surrounding landscape as I had often done in childhood. I came down and gathered my pockets full according to my ancient custom before bidding it "goodbye". There was the decaying trunk of a decaying apple tree close by which reminded me of a time when I climbed it and looking down saw a great snake which I descended to kill. I recalled also my attempt to alarm the cat by holding it and thrusting its nose down on

Aug. the dead reptile. I looked down on my arm which still bears the white evidence of that cat's displeasure. I have survived the cat, the reptile and the tree. Close above the old pear-tree was the spot on which our first log cabin stood in which I was born. As if in sympathy with its memory the grass there was greener than any place in sight. No an omen of that house could have been found there even half a century ago. I turned regretfully from the place, walked down the slope I had so often ascended for fruit, crossed the deep gulch and ascended the opposite hill looking back often and recalling little scenes of boyhood. It was a very pleasant pastime. Presently I reached the hickory tree which stood on the top of the hill. It had grown immensely since I saw it last, but still retained its old form and power of awakening youthful memories. I walked on to the barn and through it recalling the hours of toil and sweat when I helped build it. There over the stable were the round joists, hewn on one side the largest one of which I had carried on a banter from my two brothers who demurred at jointly carrying a smaller one. There was a ~~towering~~ walnut tree which as a sprout from the nut I had contended to preserve in my early boyhood. In the yard were the trees I had planted nearly thirty years ago, loaded with fruit. A great cedar

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Aug. stood by the path which I had planted forty years ago, when not six inches high. The auspicious appearance of these trees aroused in me more strongly than ever my passion for tree-planting which I seemed always to have possessed. I looked about for a short time in the old yard and then took my way across the orchard to the field back of it where I stopped to admire the two beeches I used to play under and climb. They are so vigorous and intensely green. Their growth has been wonderful. Here I induced "Bob" McSunds who accompanied me to go on to his fathers and get his dinner. Then I went down to the grotto where I had so often gone to bathe and read and rest. The silvery little stream still poured over the rock and splashed in the pool. The breeze murmured in the maple overhead. On a flat rock I undressed and was soon laving my sweaty frame in the clear pool This aroused the memories of many hours when I scarcely could drag about and constantly had recourse to this healthy stimulus. After completing my bath I exercised for a little time on the maple limb which had formerly served as a horizontal bar. I walked around the pool and bathed my naked skin in the bright sunlight as of yore. Then I dressed and wandered quietly down the hollow where I had spent many a Sabbath hour before. Most of the great trees had been cut away, the thick under growth had been removed and only a few of the great trees remained like silent sentinels dressed in green keeping watch over this scene of desecration

Aug. The great pools were gone, the bed of the stream seemed to be filled up and instead of the faint path along which I used to ramble a broad stony wagon road had been built. I passed out through the corn field below and looking at its luxurient growth I recalled the time when I broke the primeval surface with a shovel plow keeping timely watch for the broken beech-roots which were wont to play a tat-too on my shins. The ground is now owned by one of my youthful enemies though our feud is long since dead and we met with friendly salutation at the edge of the corn. He offered to take me back to Stockport but my course lay the other way and passing his house I went up the road, my mind thronging with sweet memories till I had crossed the little branch from the east where I turned into the fields and climbed up to the old home of my brother. The house was closed and the family were absent. Taking a large picture of my home I wrote a few lines on the back of it directing Emmet to go to Jas. Bozman's and get some things I left there for him. This I stuck in the door. I then went on to Bob McSwords's where I stayed for half an hour and as Stella and Add had not arrived I walked on down the ridge stopping for quite awhile at the Olivet church yard and visiting the little grove I had planted. I met a number of old acquaintances with whom I stopped to talk awhile and then went on till I reached the spring beyond Mill run where I rested and bathed my burning feet. I then walked on to Blackmer's

Aug. where in answer to a pressing invitation I stopped and ate some melon. Mr. Chas. Fonts, the husband of Annie Blakmer kindly took me in his buggy and brought me to Brokaw's stopping a little bit at Millor's. After a short stop at Brokaw's I walked on to Stockport, beating the vehicle. Though I had a long walk I did not feel unusually tired.

Mon. 15. Busy all morning with patient. Took small tumor from Ruth Cory's scalp and spent an hour with Abe Brokaw. Then wrote some and looked after patients all day except an hour I spent with Mrs. McDermott. Mabel's feet are quite sore on top having blistered from excessive pressure. We are forced to remove the cast and make a slow fight on an ulcer. The weather is still fine. I am still at A. P. Ong's and Hettie is happy with the children. Stella is very kind to us.

Tu. 16. I am very weary and much annoyed at getting so little done. The heat is very op-opressive. Spent most of day at writing letters and visiting patients and aquaint-ances. When up train left went to the post-office. Got a letter from Sill saying Bozman had been badly hurt by a fall. Ran back to Ong's and told them I was going to Waterford. In a few minutes took the train to Waterford and walked out. I found him suf-fering acutely. The left arm and three ribs were said to be broken. Drs. Hayward and Kelly were dressing the injury. He seemed very despondent. I took up place beside him and sent the rest to bed and watched all night. He rested fairly though he waked very often to quench his thirst with water which I supplied

Aug. fresh each time from the spring.
Wed. 17. I stayed long as I could and cheered Bozman up. Among other things giving him some recitations. Dr. Kelly was in his office as I walked to depot. I called and talked the case over with him. Dr. Hayward walked to the depot with me and talked of Bellevue, he having graduated there only a few years ago. Reached Stockport at 8 in the forenoon. Went to Hugh Gormley's and stayed till after dinner. Went back to Aug's with the intention of changing my boarding place on account of their recent accessions. To this move Stella vigorously objected. Mrs. Glass consulted me in regard to epithelial cancer on left cheek. A long discussion followed. This ended with her employing me to remove it. Later went to see Mabel. Sultry. Thunderclouds fill the evening sky. I stay up awhile to see the celestial display. Then I took a bath which Stella had kindly provided and stretched my weary limbs on the broad bed and slept in dreams of flame.

Th. 18. Up early. A gray sky and falling rain. In wet streets I walked to see my patients and I came back weary. More pictures of Helen and one of home by mail but no letter. Busy till two P.M. when I lay down and slept in the broad room on the bed undressed. I slept only a half hour but I did it well. I lay long after and listened to the patter-music of the rain on the vines. It was delightful and brought into my mind the days of boyhood. Later I visited Mabel and returning to Ad and Stella till very late.

Fri. 19. Wet morning but cleared and soon grew hot. Went about town till weary and lay down on lounge and rested. Then rose and worked till noon and then taking a horse I drove to McHugh's and Brokaw's and Mellor's. It was a pleasant trip but muddy. Had a very pleasant conversation with Mellor's family in which George took occasion to remind me with refreshing but almost brutal frankness that he considered my worst fault my revengeful disposition, which he did not think was as furious as formally. I naively reminded him that Doctors had less time and opportunity for discipline than ministers and possibly greater provocation. I had great difficulty in getting started as they all importuned me to stay for supper. I came back and worked in town with patients till night. Got a letter from home. Glad they are getting on well. How strange that I should be here so long, yet I feel that my mission is some way blessed.

Sat. 20. I visited patients and wrote till dinner. After dinner I took Olive and Mary Aug^a and Hettie and drove to John Fleming's, where I spent two or three hours pleasantly. I gave the children turns at driving and we all enjoyed it greatly. Home at sunset. Spent the eve in conversation. Slept poorly.

Sun. 21. Pleasant but warm. Spent an hour with two cancer patients in the morning then put cast on Mabel's feet and discussed religious things with Mrs. Gormley till noon. On returning to A. P. Ong's he told me G. W. Oliver

Aug. would call to see me. I ate quickly and fled from the town to escape being bored. Walked down the railroad enjoying the dancing water and brilliant wild flowers. Turning at trestle I went up to Donovan's where P. B. Mellor and wife and Sue and her father and I sat in veranda and yard and talked for three hours. On various social and religious topics. Sue seemed in a constant burst of delight. I surprised her constantly. She was much interested in my assertion that the solution of the social and industrial tention lay in greater thankfulness and gratitude. In answer to their desire for explanation I remarked that if people lived according to their thankfulness they would dress naked and live hungry. We all enjoyed the afternoon and when I rose to start Sue insisted on showing me her flowers which were blooming in lavish splendor among the products of the garden. She plucked forty or fifty kinds and gave to me. I combined them in one monstrous boquet and carried back to the wonder of spectators. On my return I was bored with soluable and unthankful and unprofitable patients.

Mon. 22. I am growing weary of the delay in departure and long to be at home. Too much empty life and too little of my home. Hettie is contented and the people are very kind, especially A. P. Ang and wife, but my constant fear of wearying is deepening day by day. Forenoon is spent in visiting patients and working with the cast on Mabel's feet. In the afternoon I felt so badly I went up over trestle and then

Au 9. through the high weeds around the back water and on to Bald Eagle at bridge where I crossed and keeping up to near the Sanborn place where I took a bath which I enjoyed very much. Then down to where Deanie and J. T. Kean are making the water-fight each trying to turn the creek on the land of the other. Brady was at work on it and had a bottle of "snake medicine" close by from which he drew frequent liquid inspiration. We had a long talk and he frequently reminded me of curious and peppery things which he claimed I used to say about him. He reminded me that I had the Stockport crowd so thoroughly subdued that if I stayed there fifty years they would never dream of attacking me. Leaving him in the enjoyment of liquid bliss I climbed the short hill and took my way through the corn back to A. P. Ang's for supper. The wolf which had gnawed about my heart had not gone but seemed to be resting from his excessive labor.

Tu. 23. The morning is bright and very warm. My old enemy gnaws viciously around my heart. Attended my patients and went about some but suffered so much I could scarcely do anything well. I lay down for awhile. Sat up till late with the family at night. Letter from Annie and the boys. All want us to come back as soon as we can get away.

Wed. 24. Hot again. Spent the day in town and about Ang's. Saw several patients. My cancer cases go on so slowly. Letters from home with pictures

of Annie and Helen. I am growing so weary of Stockport and its unblushing nastiness.

Th. 25. The same. A heavy rain last night made it more pleasant but still hot. I feel a little better but my wolf still gnaws me sorely. My cases go on slowly. Last night I tried to exact a promise from Stella that she would draw her children nearer to her by saying their evening prayers together. She assured me she could not and that she could not grant the promise. I then told her she would do this inside of twenty-four hours. While she assured me it was useless for me to think of her complying I still felt that she would. During today I frequently reminder her that the day was passing. At sunset I reminder her again and she looked almost sad but still persisted in standing out. An hour later as I was going out I again reminded her that the day was about gone. She raised her hand slowly but with deliberate determination in the presence of her husband and his sister and said "Yes, Dick, I will promise you." A few moments later she took her little ones and began the fulfillment of that promise. What a field of great possibilities. May God bless and keep her firm and faithful and may this work so auspiciously begun teem with manifold blessings to her and others. How strangely she seemed to regard me throughout the ensuing evening. Retired late and slept badly.

Fri. 26. Hot. Forenoon spent with patients and friends

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Aug. in town. In the afternoon I went with Add and Stella and the three children as far as Abe Brokaw's where I stopped and they drove over on the ridge for peaches. It was Mrs. Brokaw's 72nd birthday and she was hulling grapes. I took off my coat and helped her. I stayed quite a while and then walked back to town, where I visited my patients and returned to Augs at dark and found the family and Hettie had just returned. I ached so badly I lay down for an hour.

Sat. 27. Hot. Spent the forenoon in work about town. In afternoon took 4:15 train for Lowell. Walked over to Dr. Harris's. They were surprised but glad to see me. We talked till late and then slept. I am now so weary of staying from home that I grow impatient for the day to come when I can start.

Sun. 28. Warm. Spent the day with Dr. Harris. He seems to have a good many patients and is content to continue here. His wife is a gentle, quiet and kind little woman of excellent sense and they seem to be very happy. He is suffering with hay fever.

Mon. 29. Up at dull dawn and walked down the canal. I was forcibly struck with the lack of fine scenery which usually presents itself at almost every point on the Muskingum. At 6:53 took train for Stockport. The sun was climbing through the gray clouds flinging here and there a splash of shine or a broad mantle of gold over the forests that lined the slopes beyond the river. Sanes of

Aug. sunshine and shadow played wanton hide and seek over the slopes and along the shore. The recent rains had colored the water which now looked like an ocean of cream and gold. As the little waves danced over the surface of the full bosomed river. The willows were dipping their heads in the most graceful and modest beauty. Fantastic forms of trees draped in green vines which trailed to the water's edge. We soon reached the hills I frequented as a boy. Some of them had been disrobed of their green vesture while some still towered high above the river and verdant as in my boyhood. The winding river was bathed in golden glory. Enchantment seemed to have borrowed a magician's wand to produce this beautiful scene. Arrived at Stockport I at once went to see patients and kept busy till noon. After noon Tom Mc Hugh took me out to Tom Hoopre's and George Updike's. Both were away from home. Stopped for a few moments at Perley Daugherty's. What tales Tom tells of Stockport.

Tu. 30. Out early and making preparations to go to Nashville. An urgent call to go eight miles and see a Mr. Seyler ~~who~~ is suffering with spinal necrosis. Also a call to go twelve miles to see a case of epilepsy. I had intended to stop over one day in Columbus but thinking I could do more good to throw that ~~stop~~ away and make this trip instead I hurried Hugh Goomby who was to take me and we were soon on the road to Seyler's. Reaching Seyler's I found him in a very unfortunate

Aug. condition, with great spinal curvature, inability to stand without support and afflicted with a psoas abscess. He was needing the application of a plaster cast which having been imperfectly applied previously had caused great distrust in his mind in regard to it. Seeing his condition I determined to return to him later in the day with the necessary material and apply the cast. We then drove on five miles further to George Holletts where I treated a case of epilepsy. From there we drove to Roxbury crossed the river and came up to Stockport at 2 P.M. Got my dinner, hunted up the material necessary and drove to Seyler's. Applied the cast and drove back to Stockport a little after dark. Sat in the moonlight on the veranda and talked till 10:30. Then the rest went to bed but I stayed up till one o'clock writing and making preparations for my return.

Wed. 31. Very busy with patients till near train time. Stella helped pack and fixed up a nice lunch for us. A great many plead with me to return and locate in Stockport. They seem to have awakened at last to their own interests. Many got on to go to the State Fair. We had but twelve minutes at Zanesville to wait. Reached Columbus at 12:30. Ate our dinner and went to Maud's where we spent an hour. Took a three o'clock train for Cincinnati where we arrived at 7:20 Left Hettie with the basket at the L & N. depot and took car to the Central near which I bought a brokers ticket for Nashville and returned. We left

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Aug. Cincinnati at 11 P.M. and Hettie went promptly to sleep.

Sept.

Th. 1. We had a very dusty smoky night and reached Elizabethtown, Ky. at day. The journey was uneventful and Hettie slept, till the morning was far advanced. We reached Linck's depot at 8 o'clock but could not get our baggage without going to the Central station. Found Annie and Helen & Wesley and Connel here with the old barouche to take us home. We went to the central Station, got the baggage and after some trouble among the Railroad officials got ticket extended and sold it and came home. I had eaten smoke, breathed smoke, smelt smoke, carried it loose in my pockets and my clothes and frame seemed to be super-saturated with it. Took a bath and later a nap and settled down to the duties of home. When the night came we all gathered in the same old place and worshiped together. At last we were all at home again. The children soon retired and Annie and I talked far into the night.

Fri. 2. Spent the day in correspondence and reading.

Sat. 3. The same in morning. Then went to city and later in day went to see some of my tenants.

Sun. 4. Spent the day in reading, writing & dictating.

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Sept.

Mon. 5. Reading and writing.

Tu. 6. The same. The day was warm and bright with only a few clouds. I had several patients and Mr. Graham came and talked for about three hours. The rest of the family drove with Prof. Webb's family to White's Creek for a day outing. I took occasion to write a few lines in verse during their absence which I herewith subjoin.

The Rest Are Away.

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The rest are away at White's Creek today,
To enjoy a sylvan retreat,
Filled with humming bees and whispering trees,
And the sound of voices sweet.

The song of the birds, the low of the herds,
And the ripple of the stream;
And the golden hours and the smiling flowers,
And childhood's sunny dream.

They've taken a lunch to feed the whole bunch,
And corn for quiet Queen Anne,
So that they can stay and spend the whole day
With nothing to hinder their plan.

I hope they'll have fun with many a run,
And splash in the dimpled pool,
And each attain some goodly gain
That abounds in Nature's school.

I hope they will stay till weary of play,
Yes, weary of wave and of wold;
I hope they will play till weary of stay,
Yes, weary and long for the fold.

I hope they will mind and always be kind,
Forbearing though free as the wind;
That pure as the doves they will keep their loves
For the one who stayed behind.

I pray that to each the Father will teach
A lesson of sweetness and love,
Which they will apply as the years go by
With a wisdom directed Above.

That the loves of home, wherever we roam,
Outclass all the loves abroad,
And are pure and free for you and for me
And come from the heart of God

Who planted them then in the hearts of men,
Who, tempted and tossed by the world,
Will surely come back o'er the shining track
Where the banner of Love is unfurled.

Let us love our home wherever we roam
With an ardor no time can efface;
Love its words and songs and all that belongs
To this alter of heavenly Grace.

Let us keep it pure that we may insure
Protection and blessing and love,
The gift of His grace - the smile of His face,
And a home in His home above.

When the rest are away we always can say
Be it one or many we miss,
"Wherever you roam we love you at home
And keep you a heart and a kiss."

over

Now, if for a day, I wander away,
On business, or pleasure or rove,
I hope they will say "the rest are away"
And keep me a home in their love.

And I promise them true, whenever I am through,
I will hasten right back to the fold,
To gather their kisses and loving caresses,
More precious than jewels or gold.

It was nightfall when they reached home weary and hungry and ready for recounting and rest.

Wed. 7. Went to the city in the forenoon. In the afternoon wrote letters and read.

Th. 8. Was annoyed with company all day so that I seemed to get little done. I finished placing wires for my vines on the South and trimmed vines between interruptions. A typical bright cool September day.

Fri. 9. Wrote letters and read in the forenoon. In the afternoon drove to city.

Sat. 10. Wrote letters and read in the forenoon. In the afternoon we all went to city. Had a pleasant drive and returned at sunset. At night took care of Helen while Annie sat up with Mrs. Perkins.

Sun 11 A dull day. Several callers and many interruptions. Wrote between calls, visited some patients & late in evening took a drive.

Mon 12 Worked at a pump and fence on Lischey Av. Feel very tired tonight. Boys all in school today

Wesley was put into the 2nd B. Grade and came home heart broken. He put his arms about my neck in the summer house where I sat writing and amid sobs told me of his assignment. I consoled him by promise of a new assignment as the principal Mr Manlove suggested. The other boys went to Warner School. They do not like it as well as they did Caldwell School.

Tu 13 A rainy day. Worked in yard between showers. Wesley assigned to 3rd B. Grade

Wed. 14 Worked at my trees and vines. Mr Hobson helped me.

Th 15. Visited patient and went to city. After a good deal of walking I took car to Cor. Indiana an Ninth Sts. W. Nashville to see a cow but was disappointed. Spent an hour waiting and returned by car at 1 P.M. to the Square. Walked to Perry & Lester and thence to Cor. of Woodland and Third Sts to see another cow but was disappointed again. Walked then via Warner School to my home very weary. Rained hard late in P.M. after which everything was very fresh cool and sweet. Read in the yard after the rain.

Fr. 16 An ideal Autumn day. Morning foggy and cool. Later the day was delightful with only a slight breeze. I spent most of day in yard reading the back numbers of New Unity and writing. In P.M. went to Corner 9th & Indiana St. to see a cow

Sat. 17 Attended patients and drove Annie & baby to town. Returning visited patients and read. Spent evening with the children. Helen enjoys the ripe grapes I bought very much

Sun 18 The day was spent with patients and books and pen.

Mon 19 Busy with patients and correspondence. Mr Hobson is fixing fence for me on Lischey Av. and I am called over there. Quite warm

Tu. 20 Wrote and went to city. Worked some in yard

Wed. 21 The same. Bad news from some of my patients in O. Common sense seems a lost art. Gratitude is an unknown quantity

Th. 22 Wrote most of day. Late in P.M. went to cor. Indiana St and Ninth St. W. Nashville to see a cow which I purchased.

Fr. 23 Golden day
I played boy with Hettie and Helen worked a little in yard read wrote and after dinner went to city. It is breezy and bright and great golden splashes of sunshine fall over the green grass. The great white clouds drift idly or lie like ships anchored in a sea of blue.

Sat. 24. Warm and brilliant. A few leaves tumbling from the trees tell of Autumn yet the day is warm as summer. Spent the day in visiting patients, reading walking, &c. The evening was delightfully pleasant & we spent an hour with the children in the bright moonshine under the elm. At times all five of the children were in the swing at once and at times each lesser number. Those who were not in the swing rollicking meanwhile on the grass, or climbing over Annie or myself in the seats. Sometimes I played hide & seek with

Helen and listened to her soft gladsome laugh when she found me. At last we adjourned to the upper veranda where I told the children a Wilton story and a New York story after which they went to bed and we sat for sometime enjoying the moonlit scene.

Sun. 25. Spent the day as usual at home partly with patients and reading and writing by turns.

Mon. 26. Called early to a confinement case and later looked after patients and wrote letters.

Tu. 27. Looking after patients and working about yard.

Wed. 28. The same.

Th. 29. The same.

Fri. 30. Rainy. Drove children to school, went to city, got some grapes which on returning I helped shell and while Annie worked them up wrote letters to patients in Ohio. At night while copying some verses on "A Love Divine" was called out to see Elmo Guthrie who had been taken with a sudden hemorrhage from bowels. Came home and dictated two copies which Annie wrote to inclose in letters to our friends. I went back to see him again at eleven o'clock and found him sinking rapidly.

Oct. Sat. 1. Elmo died this morning. Spent the day at repairing and fixing and writing.

A Love Divine.

God, lend me now a seraph's tongue
To voice the song by angels sung
And may its sweetest accents prove
But echoes of the purest Love
Our hearts can know.— A Love Divine.

Dear Love above all words of mine
As my poor heart is less than Thine
Unseal my lips, my tongue inspire
Endow my heart with sacred fire
To sing thy Love— A Love Divine.

Teach me to live that I may prove
The presence of thy sacred love
In thought and word and deed, Teach me
A childlike trust, dear Lord in Thee.
A trust in Love.— A Love Divine.

I care not for a human creed
Of which I never felt the need
I only ask to be forgiven
And plead for Love — the Love of Heaven.
The Love of God— A Love Divine.

I ask not place, I ask not power,
I ask not wealth of earthly dower,
Or ease, or human faith, or fame;
I humbly ask, ask in His name,
The Love of God— A Love Divine.

I care not though another teach,
Thy vengeance, Lord, for each and each,
I look to Christ whose lessons prove
The boundless wonders of Thy Love
For all who seek a Love Divine.

Give me that Love. Its sacred thrill
Will teach my heart my Master's will.
That Love will guide my wandering feet
In paths of peace. That Love so sweet
Will make me free. — A Love Divine.

Give me a use that Love to serve
Content with what I may deserve
A patient heart that I may still
Some humble work of His fulfill;
Some work of Love. — A Love Divine.

 Oct.

Sun. 2. Spent the day in reading, talking to the children and caring for little Helen.

Mon. 3. Spent most of the day at correspondence and reading.

Tu. 4. Drove the children to Warner school and then took the hand saw and sawed off the big gum tree about twenty feet from the ground. It was a tiresome job which I have disliked. Finding my cross-cut saw was unfit for work I took it to the bench and began the tedeious job of setting and filing it.

Wed. 5. Finished my saw-dressing and began sawing up the fallen tree, using the cross-cut as a hand-saw. I would saw off a log, then repeat a verse of poetry, then another log, then read a page of Macbeth and so on alternating the work and the recitation. It was very warm and the work was warm but I put in nearly all the rest of the day at it. Though quite tired I felt a pleasurable glow which minded me of the youthful days when labor was pastime.

Th. 6. Finished sawing and removing the wood from the yard. It was now past noon. The day was very pleasant and breezy and brilliant and the sky was partially filled with soft fleecy beautiful clouds. This is the twelfth anniversary of our marriage. Nearly all the preceeding ones have been bright and lovely as if by appointment These twelve years have hurried by almost like a golden dream, yet so much has been

Oct. crowded into them. Five busy active lives whose words and acts have daily blessed us. One little green grave between the white arches near by whose memory blesses us and whose mission was as important and perhaps as full as those who gladden our hearts with song and sunshine. Three little boys away at school active in life and limb. A busy little brown-eyed fairy who plies me hourly with her lesson. A little brown-eyed, sprightly crowing baby girl a favorite with the fold. God bless them all and consecrate their missions to noble purposes. Sitting down to rest in the summer-house and reflecting on the pleasant memories of the past twelve years it occurred to me that I might embody a few thoughts on the subject in verse for Annie who was preparing our anniversary dinner. The time was very short if I prepared it before dinner. I would have little chance for selection or rejection of word or thought. Besides Hittie persistently interjected her lesson. The result was the following lines after which we all enjoyed our dinner. The day was ideal and all ~~were~~ happy.
Looking back over the years with its labors and duties I feel thankful to the greatest for the loving kindness which has so signally blessed us. May the years to come deepen our thankfulness, our usefulness and love.

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Oct. Th. 6. Twelve Years Ago Today.

Do you remember, dear,
When the golden days appear,
And the autumn haze is here,
And all Nature wears her garb of sober
Green and gold, the brilliant day,
Twelve happy years away,
Filled in with children's play,
Twelve years on sixth October?

As if a quiet sweetness,
Contentment and completeness,
Had paced the years in fleetness
We count the dear days over;
So full of sweet enjoyment,
Of duty and employment,
As if by Heaven's assignment,—
Twelve years this sixth October.

Twelve happy years today, dear,
Whose skies were bright and clear,
Throng on my heart. Years of cheer
Where both have played the lover.
I think how fast they flew;
And their memory is new,
As my love has been for you,
Twelve years this sixth October.

May all our days be bright;
God keep our hearts as light
As the sunshine. May the night
Be but the star gemmed cover
Which angel hands have spread
Over happy heart and head
Of the happy pair who wed
Twelve years this sixth October.

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Fri. 7. In the morning Miss Bettie Anderson called and stayed about eleven o'clock. It then set in to rain and continued most of day. Annie and I spent some time in the summer house, I dictating, she writing. Remainder of day spent with my books and pencil. This latter is an agreeable amusement to me and as I try to avoid putting anything bad or impure in my verses they probably do me a little good. I have no ambition in them except to hope that they may ~~some way~~ do a little good. The following was an impromptu experiment today.

I Have No Time.

I have no time for sadness,
And grumbling at the badness,
Of the time.
I give no voice to madness
But sing a song of gladness
Which is mine.

I have no time for dreaming
Over empty and unseeming
Things of life.
I have no time for playing,
No time for idly saying
Words of strife.

I have no time for gleaning
The empty and unmeaning
Words of vice.
I am busy with the moving,
With the earnest and the loving
Which suffice.

And as my time is going
I am busy with my sowing
Seeds of Love.
I may not do the mowing
When the harvest field is glowing
From above.

But am promised that He's keeping
A sure harvest for my reaping,
If I stand.
Then, I have no thought of fainting
But am patiently awaiting
His dear hand.

I am sure He is but proving
If I am true and loving
In my life.
So, to my task addressing,
Let me earn His daily blessing
Which is life.

Let my heart be daily growing,
Let my life be daily showing
Something pure.
While I wait for Thy appearing
With a confidence endearing,
Sweet and sure.

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Sat. 8. In the morning worked in the yard till the mail came. Then Annie and I drove to city. After returning split wood till night.

Sun. 9. Spent the day with my books and children till dinner about 3 P.M. Then we all drove out the White's Creek Pike, crossed to the Dickerson pike and home.

Mon. 10. Cool, breezy and brilliant. Sawing the gum tree in South yard (which I had sawed off about 25 ft. high) into stove wood. I would saw until quite tired and read a page of Macbeth.

Tu. 11. Rainy. Took the children to school and then went to city, got some books and provisions and came home. This is Bateman's eleventh birthday and he seemed to enjoy the dinner and prize the Oxford Bible which we had placed on his plate. I hope he may always prize it and remember the verse I wrote upon the fly-leaf.

Wed. 12. An ideal day of brightness and quiet splendor. The air was cool, bracing and pleasant. I worked at my wood and tree trimming till after the boys returned from school and as this was little Helen's birthday we concluded to take her for a drive. We took a long drive returning at sunset. All seemed to enjoy it immensely and none more than little Helen, who constantly sought to climb to my shoulder and prattled about the horses and cattle every one of which she called a

"Posie". I think sometimes these drives will remain as bright memories in their little hearts.

Th. 13. Worked about the yard clearing the wood and brush away, setting posts to some of my trees and with the assistance of a negro tramp who called hunting work which he seemed desirous of not finding I straighened up some of the things which had got out of shape. At two o'clock it began to rain and I was compelled to suspend outdoor work for two hours, after which I cut wood.

Fri. 14. Cool with a little frost. Took the boys to Warner school and then went on to near the Rosebank nursery where I visited Mr. Bowers, a patient with cancer of the under lip. He is in a deplorable condition. From here I drove back to city, bought a few things and returned, Hettie accompanying me all the way. In the afternoon worked at my wood.

Sat. 15. Cool and bright. Worked at my wood and made a rustic seat near the large arches which I intend to make serve as a trellis.

Sun. 16. Cool, windy and bright. Read till dinner after which we all drove out to see the unfortunate cancer patient, Mr Bowers. Returned at sunset. The evening was spent pleasantly with the children at story telling recitations &c

Mon. 17 Rainy. Very lame. I remained indoors most of day writing and reading.

Tu. 18 Working at the wood and at rustic trellis at middle of South side of yard. It is a novel thing made of locust limbs fastened transversely to two large locust limbs set in the ground. It is a difficult task in fitting as they are large and stiff.

Wed. 19 Cool, frosty and clear. Took Hettie and G&L. and drove past Warner school leaving G&L. and going on to Jno Bowers where I removed a part of lip and then drove to town. It was a show day and Hettie enjoyed the parade

Th. 20 Trimming trees, chopping and repairing

Fr. 21 Spent some time in writing the verses on opposite page (see below) and cut wood & read.

Sat. 22 Cold and windy. Wrote a good part of the day on "one of my trips" and read some. Later in day worked at the wood pile.

I wish no Fame.

I wish no fame, but let my name
Be linked with something better,
In other days than words of praise
That sound in word or letter,

But make for good but little food—
In life no sad heart brighter
That please the ear but fail to cheer
Or make a life-work lighter

But if a word of mine transferred,
Should thrill another's heart
To greater scope or sweeter hope,
Or some good thought impart,

I would be pleased though never praised.
Could I but write, above
The reach of fame or empty gain,
A word to kindle love,

I would be pleased. If my hand eased
The poorest mortals pain
I'd prize the touch that gained so much
More highly than all fame

But tongue affords no glowing words,
Though nicely ranged in rhyme
With splendid art, to guard the heart
Against the storms of time.

And keener still must be the thrill
Of him who wastes his dower
And feels disgrace of misused place,
Or means, or time, or power.

All earthly gain could I obtain,
And grasp all earthly power,
And reap the fame of every name,
I would regret my dower,

And deeper still my heart would thrill,
And fret to break its fetter,
And burn in shame of empty name,
And long for something better.

So let my name, unlinked with fame,
In some fond heart be treasured;
And let my line, by hand divine,
In future life be measured.

Sun. 23. The day was ideal in brilliancy and loveliness - not a cloud could be seen and a soft bright sunlight filled the clear atmosphere with golden splendor. Most of the day was consumed by callers and patients. After dinner which was late the boys eagerly embraced the opportunity for getting a ride and promptly put Queen Anne into the old phaeton and we all drove out the Dickerson pike as far as Trinity Church and then crossed to Brick Church pike and drove home. It was a pleasant drive which all enjoyed and none more than little Helen who was not content till she got between my knees and nestled down where she remained till she reached home. In the evening she became hoarse and we sat up with her till one o'clock. She was restless and croupy. I am fifty-three years old today and feel thankful that God has spared me another year and I hope given me some usefulness. While I do not feel satisfied with the measure of my years work I hope He will bless it as he has so often blessed me beyond my merit. Looking back to my last birthday I can not contemplate the work I used to do each year but hope and pray that He will bless it and continue His benevolent kindness through the year to come. I have no ambition but to be useful and the measure of that usefulness seems to me rather circumscribed. My health is probably about the same. I amuse myself

sometimes by writing crude verses into which I try to put only good thoughts. They have little merit but as they interest my wife she has copied most of them into the journal. Our home life is happy and mutually helpful. We have enjoyed it very much. It has run on with the same even tenor and our evenings are spent in the same old way with song and story and books and papers, far into the night. After our evening prayers, the stories are told then all the children retire while Annie and I spend the evening pleasantly together while little Helen sleeps softly in her crib. Whatever the issues of the coming year may be I rest them contentedly with the Greatest.

In the morning at breakfast I found upon my plate as mementoes of their love two books among the leaves of which were scattered little tokens of love. The one "Auld Lang Syne" was from the three boys upon a fly-leaf of which they had placed their names with the inscription "To Dock" and date. The other "The Twentieth Century City" was from Annie. Little Hettie had remembered me by giving two pennies and a book-mark. They concluded that little Helen should also be permitted to share and ran to the yard and brought a holly leaf for a book-mark as Helen's donation. Among other things was also an ivy leaf from little Grace's grave. This affectionate tribute was very pleasant and touching. Upon looking at them I reminded the little ones of God's goodness in thus keeping us all together and blessing us so signally.

Little Wesley was touched deeply and his tears were the first to flow. He paused in his meal, got down from his chair came to my side threw his arms around my neck and pressed me fondly while he kissed me over and over as the tears chased down his cheeks. Then by turns all came to follow his example. Even little Helen leaned forward in her high chair and audibly kissed the air till she was placed in reach that she might kiss me also. God bless them all and make me more worthy of them and may this bright morning with its lesson be typical of our future. Father into Thy care I commend them to be bless according to Thy will and ~~wis~~ wisdom.

Mon. 24. Trimming trees and cutting wood.

Tu. 25. Rainy. Read in the forenoon and took care of little Helen. In the evening chopped wood for awhile though quite lame.

Wed. 26. Wrote letters and cut wood and took care of little Helen who seems to be getting better.

Th. 27. Went to Mr. Bowers' and moved ~~dressing~~ [dressing?] and examined the life which I found ready for painting and directed accordingly. Drove thence to city and procured material for underpinning the little cottage below us. Later in day worked for an hour at preparations for fixing it.

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Fri. 28. Heavy frost but bright morning. At eight o'clock I began work on the underpinning and pushed it with all my might long as I could drive a nail. Thus I succeeded in getting done all I had laid out in the morning. I was very weary but much gratified. Later when the moon had climbed high enough to flood the yard I gathered and piled up wood which I had been cutting for several days. In this way I hoped to accomplish a double purpose, get the work done and prevent the wide-spread stiffness and soreness which was fast invading every part of my frame.

Sat. 29. I was called up before day to go to Mr. Osborne's where I was detained till about eleven o'clock. Then went to Craig's to see a typhoid patient after which I returned the work on the underpinning of the cottage against dinner. After dinner Gatewood, Connel and I went to city.

Sun. 30. A beautiful day but mostly given up to callers. Read some and wrote some.

Mon. 31. Began painting my screens but was soon called away to see Mr. Tom Brown's child. Rode over with him and came back by car. Then worked till night.

Nov.

Tu. 1. Still painting and making snug for winter.

Wed. 2. Went again to see Mr. Brown's child and as usual on my way back stopped at book-store and purchased some books. Worked till night about the yard.

Th. 3 Still working at my wood and preparing for tree-setting.

Fri. 4. Still making preparations for winter.

Sat. 5. Rainy. In the morning went to see Willie Craig and on way back met Mr. Brown and went again to see his dying child. Came past book-store and bought two books. After dinner Annie and I went to matinee at Vendome to see Warde, James and Kidder in Othello. It being a distasteful piece to me I could not enjoy it and possibly was not as competent to judge of the merits of the presentation as otherwise I might have been. As Othello Mr. James presented some features of excellence but I could not help contrasting the heavy tragedian in this play with the same in Spartacus, where I think he has few equals. Warde displayed his usual versatility but his scholarly and punctillious work seemed to me largely lost in his personification of the billious villian Iago. Altogether, it seemed to me the men were out of place to such a degree that nothing but excellent work here would sustain their reputations. Both displayed excellent executionary merit but all in all the play was not in keeping with the excellence of the actors. We came home in crowded cars under a weeping sky. It was pleasant again to gather with the children around the warm fire

Sun. 6. Bright but raw and windy. Spent the day with patients and books.

Mon. 7. Cold and raw. Visited patients, cut wood and read.

Tu. 8. Bright and sunny. Went to nursery and ordered trees, wrote letters and later in day planted ten trees.

Wed. 9. Rainy and disagreeable. Am suffering much. Spent part of the day writing some lines on the Dollar.

Th. 10. Cold and raw. Chopped some wood and worked about the house, occasionally writing a line or two on my "Dollar" piece.

Fri. 11. The same.

Sat. 12. Drove to city with Annie, made some purchases, visited the basement of second hand books at Sutliff's, came home, visited some patients and planted trees till dark.

Sun. 13. Rainy and disagreeable. A good part of day was spent with patients. A part was spent in transmitting some of my verses beginning on the succeeding page, where I give a retrospect of one of my many cold rides. It is not to be expected that these lines will greatly interest anyone else but they possess a vital interest to me. Though these terrible experiences were oft repeated I seem to have carried a charmed existence through them and never was made sick by the exposure incident to them.

One Of My Rides.

The morn was gray and far away,
Gray clouds flew swiftly by,
And faster still with ice and chill,
Gray rain swept ceaselessly
Across my way. Without delay,
For sleep, or rest, or food,
At break of day myself and gray
Were plunging through the mud.

On, on, we went, on duty bent,
Regardless of the storm,
Which fiercer grew and seemed anew,
To gather force and form,
It louder howled, and hoarser growled,
A fierce and biting blast—
Our winding sheet was changed to sleet
The cold grew colder fast.

The roar and howl and awful growl,
Now mingled with the clatter
Of splashing feet; the flying sleet
Put in a telling patter
That cut the skin, while mingled in
This stormy, mad confusion,
Like demon yell, as if from hell,
Bad sounds held strange communion.

But on we pressed, our strong hearts blessed
With faith in high direction;
She trusted mine— my trust divine,
For both, was full protection.
Her storm-tossed mane, with ice and rain,
Whipped wildly in my face;
With nostril wide, in stormy pride,
She kept her ~~rapid~~ pace.

She heard my voice by pleasant choice,
And heeded my direction
By word or touch; she showed so much
Of faithful, fond affection,
And level thought, that I would not
Once* doubt her living future,
Nor her reward — nor her regard —
Nor yet her noble nature.

The icy blast augmented fast
In mad tremendous battle;
Clothes, mane and tail, with icy mail,
Increased the stormy rattle,
While crashing feet, on frozen sheet
Of mud that streched beneath,
Still swelled the din, that mingled in
The chatter of my teeth.

But still my gray knew no delay
And nothing of affright,
As from the North there whistled forth,
Old Boreas dressed in white.
His banners wide, on every side,
Swept earth and sky and air
In sheet of white from morn to night
Nor ceased the tempest there.

Far into night, with raging might,
It howled and yelled and snowed
And well concealed the half-congealed
And very dangerous road,
Which balled the feet with mud & sleet
And snow, and thus enhanced
A cruel care I could not share,
Nor cure as we advanced.

Along our way, all through the day,
I often stopped to see
The sick; but, when I came again,
She fondly greeted me ~~with toss & neigh~~
With toss and neigh, as if to say,
"My friend, I'm glad to see
You back again, to share this rain
And ice and snow with me".

Then sidling round, to make the ground
Assist me to her back,
She pranced away, with step so gay,
Along her weary track,
As if to say, "I know the way
And now will hurry back,
To eat the hay, you keep alway
Provided in my rack."

Once on the way, my faithful gray
Put back her nose to meet
The bite of lunch which she would crunch,
For hunger made it sweet.
One biscuit small and this was all,
Except a slice of meat,
Which fair in twain, I tore again
And gave her half to eat.

She tossed her thanks and through the banks
Of snow, swept grandly on;
She loved me well, but could not tell
How deep her love had grown
By hardships shared, by neither spared,
Nor sleep, nor rest, nor food,
But yielded each, our aim to reach,
In striving to do good.

At midnight cold, my gray had told
A story with her feet.–
Its dates–gray dawn and midnight–on
A page of mud and sleet
And snow. Its scene – where she had been;–
Its end – her humble stall;–
Its plan – the good of others stood
Above and crowned all.

Thus oft in life, the stormy strife
Will almost hide the mud
Of honest work; and those who shirk
The toil will claim the deed
No merit had or motive bad,
And try to hide it well
And thus efface the silent trace
And truthful tongue to tell.

But if my work showed little worth
Or little of avail
On that chill day or since, I pray,
It may be like the trail
Of faithful gray – hidden away
As if some stormy night
With charity and purity,
Had covered it with white.

But looking back, along the track
Of swiftly flying years,
I see the maze of other days,
Its sunny smiles and tears.
In fancy still, I feel the thrill
Of grateful words. I hear
A mother's thanks. I see the banks
I climbed – the waters clear.

I see green hills where silver rills
Go dancing on their ways;
Where flowers bloom with sweet perfume,
And children laugh and play.
I am content; — for with me went
Through life, as on that day,
God's special care, which still did spare
Myself and faithful gray.

Nov. 7, 1898.

Nov.

Mon. 14. Took care of Helen and wrote while Annie washed in the forenoon. In the afternoon planted trees.

Tu. 15. Worked about the ground and read and wrote letters. At night went to the tabernacle with Connel to hear ex-Governor Peck lecture on "Good bad boys and bad good boys." His liberality toward bad boys was very broad and optimistic, yet it had much of pleasant application and logical truth. We walked both ways and Connel seemed tired when we got back.

Wed. 16. Spent most of day with patients. It was rainy and I could not do much outside work.

Th. 17. The day was spent with patients and books and some light outside work.

1898.
Nov.

Fri. 18. The same. Did some odd jobs of work, wrote some letters and read.

Sat. 19. A beautiful golden day which I spent with the children among other things going to Jos Brown's Nursery for a walk and in afternoon took all the children to the market in the old barouche.

Sun. 20. A soft mild golden day. Read and walked and told stories to the boys about Thomas Gillie, one of their favorites. Late in the afternoon we all took a drive out the White's Creek Pike and reached home shortly after sunset. Found Mr. & Mrs. Gardner waiting. The children enjoy these trips and plead for them so often that we grant them for manifold reasons. We hope it will build a pleasant memory of association in their minds. It is one hilarious romp from the beginning to the end. All are happy. Even little Helen was sufficiently happy to pull off her shoes and stocking and cast the latter overboard into the road. I hope bright memories will cling about these drives and that with the stories they plead so much for God will bless both beyond our ken.

Mon. 21. Fixed fence, repaired stable and read. At night Gatewood and I went to the New Masonic to hear Mr. Price lecture on Psychology. We walked as we had to stop at Leahey's grocery. It began raining just when we started and grew harder and

Nov. harder until we reached the theater. I was wet through but determined as much as possible to avoid being chilled. The exhibition was very protracted and we did not get home till near midnight. Gatewood's excitement was unbounded.

Tu. 22. Working some out doors and writing and reading by turns.

Wed. 23. The same.

Th. 24. A bright day. This is Thanksgiving Day The children are home from school and we all spend the day hapily together enjoying our excellent dinner and our plays and stories more than we would superior splendor or wild abandon. In the evening the boy's were greatly interested in a Thanksgiving story in which one of the heroes of their tales Thommie Gilley figured as chief actor.

Fri. 25. The day is spent much as yesterday.

Sat. 26. Cold and disagreeable. Spent the day by the fire with the children. Sometimes I wrote a few lines and sometimes I told another story.

Sun. 27. Disagreeable day. Wrote some verses entitled "While Sitting by the Fire". After the children had their story I sat by the bright fire and wrote till near midnight.

Mon. 28. Raw disagreeable and rainy. Finished "Only a Dollar"

Only a Dollar.

Only a dollar, broad and round,
With shining face and silvery sound,
But, if you care to spare the time,
I will tell my tale in simple rhyme,
From* the day I left the noisy mint,
To compass the world, without a hint
Of the strange companions I would meet,
And the strange possessors that would greet
Me. Now, my trip was long, not slow;
But swift or slow, I had to go
Just where my keeper chose to send,
Or pay, or give, or loose, or lend;
And, as I could not choose my friends,
You must excuse the scant amends,
I make, as I proceed to tell
How often ill, how often well
I fared. To make my story brief,
I will state a few of the chief
Of many thousand strange events
Of the many good and bad intents,
My owners showed in using me
For purpose good, and abusing me
For purpose vile. Then study well
The painful facts, I plainly tell,
And carefully scan my strict account;
And plainly state the exact amount,
Your ledger shows on balance sheet
Of gain or loss; but, be discreet
And count for gain the simple good,
The rest for loss is understood.
Then take such balance as this affords
And write it on the bulletin boards,
Where all the world may quickly see,
How much was gained, or lost, by me.
For simple good, who used me best?
For purpose bad — use the same test,

Then hold my lords to strict account,
Be it much or little they surmount.
Before you praise their generous deeds,
Make sure their motives and their needs;
Note well the hand that stained by toil
And that which work does never soil;
And how these hands, though side by side,
Esteem my worth as on I glide;
How much it costs the first to spend
That which the last with ease may lend.
Or give. But to my tale. I intend
To leave the reader to perpend.

I started out as a souvenir
For a little boy so debonair;
He briefly scanned my shining face,
Then gave me with a noble grace,
For little sister's shoes; and next
I went to pay the merchant's vexed
And growing debt; next, to the bank,
Where, loaned at ten per cent, I sank
A farmer who paid me out for toil,
To a neighbor who paid me out for soil,
To greedy miser who locked me up,
His last ten days, in a rusty cup,
Till his lawyer came with a filching hand,
The lock of a miser could not withstand.
I next was made the price of a vote,
And next, exchanged for a "billy goat";
And then I went for cruel rate
In gambler's "margins" and "rebate";
And then to pay an election bet,
To a smart old deacon who then let
His preacher have me, on the debt,
He never paid. The preacher set
Me going soon; but, could not get

But half-price shoes for his baby pet,
From his merchant who sold at net
Because his preacher never met
Him with a dun and never yet
Had got a cent. He paid me out
For watered milk and got, no doubt,
His due. The milkman gave me to his maid,
In whose honest hands, all night I stayed,
And went with the milkman and his milk,
Back to the merchant to purchase silk.
He gripped me tight, though in his pouch,
Till the goddess of liberty hollowed "ouch";
And then concealed me in his couch,
To cheat the thieves, who, I avouch,
Came in the night with quiet crouch,
But nobler step than had the slouch,
They robbed. They traded me for meat & drink
And thus I found an honest link
In trade. My owner gave me next for books,
For Christmas gifts for girls whose looks
Could not be bought with me. This man
Now kept me moving in the van
Of honest trade, which swiftly ran,
And pleased the buyer and the man
Who sold. He gave me to his little boy,
Whose honest heart now leaped for joy,
And quickly changed me for a toy,
Which, he and sister could enjoy.
My mission next was to decoy
A youth at cards, and to destroy
His foolish hopes, by falling in
A gambler's hand all black with sin
And aces four, which always win;
For an hour then I groaned within
His grimy grasp — then, went for gin
And whisky cock-tails. In the din,
I went to pay for broken shin

And mirrors three, and lawyer's din.
In legal court, I thus begin
Another race and quickly spin
To grace the judge's little twins
With wraps and caps and little pins.
My venture next is marriage fee;
And next for soap and beef and tea,
And then for secret sin, conveyed
To scarlet hand, I briefly played
A filthy roll. I was the price
For plunging babe beneath the ice;
And next am lost at game of dice,
And then I leave the halls of vice,
And go to buy a turkey nice
To place in hungry mouths a slice
Of food. Back to the bank I stray,
Where I am snugly packed away
And idly linger, day by day,
As if my mission were to stay,
Until a debtor came my way,
And garanteed that he would pay,
In time quite brief, if I were lent,
At least from ten to twelve per cent.
Now, I am used to purchase grain;
The honest farmer sows again.
And then I go to buy a calf,
And then to make the children laugh,
At show, where, I am paid for bread,
And quickly deck a daughter's head.
The milliner, next, gave me instead
Of broken word. Next, I am wed
Unwillingly, to miser's clutch,
Whose purpose only death can touch;
And thus, at last, I am released
When greedy lord becomes "deceased."
At last, I reach a noble man,
Who rightly uses me and can

Just fit me in a proper plan
Of use. Not more, nor less, he uses than
His reason says. He sees my good,
In using, not abusing, should
Be his guide and pays me out,
Without a grudge, without a doubt.
He only seeks a level deal,
He says all else is but a steal,
And many things he does reveal,
Of good for me and common weal.
He say, I was not made to hoard,
That good or bad in me is stored
As I am used; that I afford
Rare chances not to be ignored;
That I should never hold the sword,
Am neither meant to be a lord
Nor servant vile; that I may curse
The man who keeps me in his purse
Too long or short — that time to spend,
Or keep, or give, or use, or lend,
Must always, in each case, depend
On careful thought for honest end.
He says, the dollar kept for son
Is never worth the dollar won
By toil; and that no living man
Has foresight, keen enough to scan
The good or evil of my power,
When he is dead a little hour;
That if you slave and save a board
It only makes your children guard,
And severs them with envious heart.
And poisoned mind, and keeps apart;
And to their biased judgments prove
Your lack of wisdom and of love;
While they will show by this device,
You had a nature cold as ice,
And would not listen to advice;

And that your love must have a price;
And thus, for you, in one short day,
Respect and love are thrown away,
And hearts made black with home-made guilt,
Around the altar you have built
For mammon worship, while you think
You but provided meat and drink.
Now, while this risk you should not run
The other extreme you should shun.
Count me a blessing held in trust
And be no more nor less than just;
Remember well my hidden power
To bless or curse a future hour;
That, when I'm spent to ease the pain
Of hunger, I will come again.
In blessings on the donor's head;
Or, if withheld, a curse instead.
Beware, I am no empty trust,
A strict account you must adjust,
Whether I pass for love or lust,
For sparkling gem or beggars crust.
Important, too, this question must
Be met. "How came I in your trust?
Did you dig me out of the dust?
Or secure me by means unjust?
Was toil my price? Or, was I thrust
Into your hands? Was some mistrust
Attend the motive you concealed
Which later still, must be, revealed?"
Now, if your hands are still unclean,
No trifling good can intervene
To cleanse your trust. Go right the wrongs,
Return to each what there belongs,
And when your hands are thus made pure
My purest blessing you insure.
You will esteem me, not by count,
But always have the right amount

For honest use. The mad delusion
Which fills the earth with rank confusion,
Is, how to get me, not to earn
And slowly does the "getter learn,
He needs to warm and not to burn,
The few short days of his sojourn.
The greedy world has set a price
To make a virtue of the vice
Of getting over much. Abuse
Has scotched its name to use.
The man who masses greatest wealth,
Too oft, is he who got by stealth.
Though millions move at his command
And sound his praises thro the land,
His brow should wear the robber's brand,
While Justice, with her sharp demand
Should write his name in drifting sand
Until he show an honest hand.
Then wealth no longer, worth would rule,
Nor be for Knaves the surest tool;
And silly mortals, in this school,
Would learn how well they played the fool
In hoarding for the unknown use
Of scoundrels, who were less obtuse.
Now, as my story nears its end,
A few plain words, I apprehend
If kindly said, will not offend;
And these few words, I will commend
To those who buy, or sell, or lend
Or keep, or hoard, or give, or spend,
On wisest use of me depend.
You only waste when you misspend;
And hoarding, too, is but abuse,
Like manna kept for future use,
As if the Father might forget
And leave his child in want to fret.
In gift be free, but wisely judge

And never give me with a grudge.
Remember, too, my humble birth
And pay no more than I am worth
To get me - just one hundred cents.
In toil, or trade - in lands, or rents;
And he who pays a greater price
Is guilty of as great a vice
As he, who manages the rise
Of labor's bread, or coal, or ice.
My friends, I think that you forgot,
Or gave to me but little thought,
In what you sold or what you bought,
The good or ill that I have wrought;
But, now I ask you, ponder well
Both when you buy and when you sell,
Or gain, or lose, or spend, or give,
In living, let your neighbor live

Moral

The wise are those who reap content
From money gained or money spent;
Because they use it by the scale
That Justice poised: As in my tale
They never rate it by the count,
But strictly rate it by account
On God's own ledger.

 1898. Nov.

Tu. 29. Began writing some more on my "Sitting by the Fire." It is very disagreeable and between times I do little jobs out doors.

Wed. 30. Still writing and doing odd turns.

Dec.

Th. 1. Still raw and disagreeable. Walwood, Lee and Nettie went to Prof. Webb's to spend the evening while Wesley who did not feel well stayed behind to listen to stories while he sat by the fire. He seems quite heavy and complains of his head and ear.

Fri. 2. Wesley was delerious all night and this morning he is so drowsy he can scarcely be kept awake for a little bit. Examined his throat and found he had diphtheria. Went to the city and got antitoxin and returned and injected him and as a preventive injected the remainder of the children. Nettie's throat now began to show membrane. We at once isolated the two placing them in the sitting room where I took my position to watch with them while Annie managed the house. The other boys were taken from school. The children were very restless all afternoon and night.

Sat. 3. Both the children are better. Their throats are clearing and their appetites becoming good. I wait upon them and write at my "Sitting by the Fire."

Sun. 4. Children are much better throats clear, appetites good. Wesley clamors to be out

1898.

Dec. doors. Our first snow fell this morning but melted as it fell. I spend the day as yesterday.

Mon. 5. The same.

Tu. 6. The same. At night Connel and I went to the Tabernacle to hear Justin Huntly McCarthy lecture on the "Victorian Epoch." The building was cold, the speaker's voice was weak and although his lecture was scholarly it lacked animation and emphasis. It was read in an indifferent style. We walked home during which I entertained Connel with a story about his favorite Tommie Colley.

Wed. 7. Wrote and read in the forenoon. In the afternoon went with the two older boys for a walk and to get some mistletoe. We got back just as the man came to disinfect the room in which the children had been confined. After this we ate our dinner all together and again spent the evening together as we had done before. The children were wild with delight at again being united. It has been necessary for several days to keep a close guard over Wesley who has been trying to get out.

Th. 8. Wash-day. While Annie washed I wrote and helped look after the children.

While sitting by the fire.

There is a time when winter's rime
Decks wood and field and stream
With gems of white; then, in the night
I often sit and dream
Of distant days, which, in the haze
Of years, come back to me,
Without a care, and then I share
My inmost thought with thee,
While sitting by the fire

Dear days of old! how strong your hold
Has grown upon my heart;
Your verdant hills and dancing rills
Are bright upon my chart
Of thought, as then; I hear again
The melody of birds
In shady trees – the hum of bees –
The lowing of the herds –
While sitting by the fire

And there abounds a world of sounds
And scenes to correspond
Where oft we played – where footsteps strayed,
But love was always fond,
And true, and pure, and friends were sure
And life was sweet and bright
With friendships dear whose earnest cheer
Comes back to me, tonight
While sitting by the fire

The school-house old, close by the wold
Is standing as of yore;
My school-mates still, upon the hill,
Are playing as before;
My heart is there—with them I share
In every boyhood game
From "fox" to "ball", I knew them all,
And love them just the same
While sitting by the fire.

I hear the bell's sweet tones; it tells
The time for "books" has come
We shout "books, books" like noisy rooks
And chase each other home
Like laden bees, from out the trees,
Up to the school house door,
Where all rush in, with playful din,
To con our lessons o'er
While sitting by the fire.

I see again, thro dingy pane,
The white flakes scurry down,
And long for night when "snow-ball" fight
Will give me new renown
For throwing hard, or some reward
For being good so long.
The time draws near—is almost here—
We sing the evening song,
While sitting by the fire.

'Tis four o'clock, and all our stock
Of patience is worn out.
"You are dismissed" — the girls are kissed
And with a mighty shout,
We rush out-doors where each ignores
The tingle of the storm,
And plays with will and boyhood's skill,
Intending to get warm
While sitting by the fire.

We fling the snow at friend and foe
Till driven home by night,
We feed the stock at six o'clock
And eat by candle-light,
While parents scold, "it is too cold
To go to spelling school
You'll freeze to death — see how your breath
Right here, does quickly cool
While sitting by the fire."

But still we teaze, with "please, please, Please,
Till mother fills our cup
With joy — "My dears, You'll freeze your ears,
"Unless you bundle up".
This little touch, now proved too much
For fathers strong objection.
She fixed our ears, "Goodby my dears",
And gave us full direction,
While sitting by the fire.

Away we rush, with hearts that gush
In spite of wind or weather.
Our path is white, tho hidden quite,
Which keeps us close together,
With little speech until we reach
The old log-school-house door,
Where, safe within, we soon begin
To swell the noisy roar,
While sitting by the fire.

And now a boy disturbs the joy
Of older nymph and swain;
Behind the slab, this little lad
Unites the happy twain
With huge brass pins, till school begins
And choice of one is made,
When all begin to laugh and grin
At business thus delayed
While sitting by the fire

The choices made, the sides arrayed,
The spelling now begins;
That little lad, behind the slab,
Has crept with fifty pins,
And safe from harm or deep alarm,
Exhausts his gathered store
And then creeps out without a doubt
To wish for fifty more
While sitting by the fire.

From side to side, like pulsing tide,
The echoed words ring out,
Just as they know, for some spell slow,
As if in awful "doubt
Some glibly guess and make a mess
Of words like "sassy fras"
While towhead twins, as like as pins
Both spelled alas — a — lass,
While sitting by the fire

At last, recess ends our duress
And lively times begins,
As boys fall back, to loose the slack
Drawn out by fifty pins.
Now, that sly boy was shy and coy
Like cursed with deadly fear
But took a glance and stole a chance
To laugh from ear to ear
While sitting by the fire

We chose again with careful ken;
This time for high renown
In tug of war; the conqueror
Will wear a civic crown.
The words are passed from first to last,
And one by one go down;
Some with a laugh - but others graff
A sigh below their frown
While sitting by the fire.

At length a few - the tried and true
Comprise that Spartan band,
Who stand like posts among the hosts,
That strew this wordy strand;
And then the few wears down to two
Who battle for an hour;
The one is small the other tall
And confident of power,
While sitting by the fire

His head is high for by and by
He thinks to wear the crown
But comes to grief on "unbelief,"
And sees it handed down
To that small boy, so shy and coy,
Who ends as he begins
By earning fame - but just the same
He stole those fifty pins
While sitting by the fire.

That little wraith, was full of faith
That God was on his side,
And thus excelled; indeed, he spelled
As if he had a guide.
But, to be brief, his unbelief
Was sound as sound could be
He never stirred but spelled the word
With i before the e,
While sitting by the fire

There was a shout and then a rout;
Hats, shawls and bonnets flew;
Some got their own, and some well known
Got "mittens" that were new,
Which pleased the boys so shy and coy,
Who *now began to teaze
"Boys when you choose be sure you use
Your "eyes" before your "ears"
"While sitting by the fire"

'Tis forty years - but time endears
Since that eventful night,
And tho those years have brought their tears,
Their memory is bright,
And still abounds, with sights and sounds,
Untinged by human art
That grow more dear as I sit here
And store them in my heart,
While sitting by the fire

God bless those years, their smiles and tears
May thought of them endure
God bless their joys, their noisy boys
And girls so sweet and pure.
God bless their worth, throughout the earth,
And make each heart as light
Where'er they be, on land or sea,
As each one was that night,
While sitting by the fire

God bless those days, their simple ways
And simple wants as well;
Their joys were blent with sweet content,
Their loves I cannot tell
Their faith unmixed was firmly fixed
Their trust in God secure
Their worship, too, was pure and true;
Their conversation pure

While sitting by the fire
4 Dec. 1898.

Fri. 9. Read, wrote and cut wood.

Sat. 10. Went to city and made preparations for Christmas.

Sun. 11. Spent the day quietly with the family.

Mon. 12. Writing letters, working and making some little holiday preparations.

Tu. 13. The same. Went to town.

Wed. 14. The same.

Th. 15. Went again to the city to make Christmas preparations and shipped a box of holiday presents to Stockport which is to be distributed there.

Fri. 16 Working about the place and running after patients, one case of spinal meningitis requiring a good deal of attention.

Sat. 17. The same.

Sun. 18. Still busy with patients. Very disagreeable and wet.

Mon. 19. The same.

Tu. 20. Brighter, Writing letters visiting patients &c
Went to city in A.M. [illegible] P.M. all drove to country for Christmas

Wed. 21. The same. G. and C. went back to school.

Th. 22. The same.

Fri. 23. Annie and I and the three younger

Dec. children went to city to procure additional Christmas goods.

Sat. 24. Boys went to the city to see the Christmas windows. Read, fixed the Christmas tree, and played with Helen. At night after the children had retired I brought in the Christmas tree and Annie and I worked at trimming it till near midnight, after which I sat and ate a lunch while we talked about Christmas and the people whom we had remembered with little gifts. We retired in the wee, small hours.

Sun. 25. A quiet day, but warm pleasant and beautiful. We ate the roasted goose and cranberry sauce and many other nice things together and enjoyed our Christmas more perhaps than the ostentatious aristocrats whose dinner will be spent in hurried formality and less gratitude. God has been very kind to us and while we celebrate this day we should be both thankful and thoughtful. We should remember what it commemorates and place ourselves in closer touch with the sentiment of "Peace on earth and good-will to men."
On rising in the morning the children greeted their well laden Christmas tree in the North parlor with exclamations of wild joy. Throughout the day they frequently surrounded it and pointed to the different articles with great pleasure.

 1898

Dec. So great was their curiosity that they could not refrain from frequently taking off articles for examination. While not a loud and noisy Christmas it has been a bright, quiet and happy one such as we wish may be oft repeated.

Mon. 26. Took care of Helen while Annie washed.

Tu. 27. Off at dull day for Centerville. The trip was dull, tedious and uneventful, reaching Centerville about 10:30 A.M. It is a little, dingy, battered and unpretentious villiage of five or six hundred inhabitants. It is perched on a high hill just beyond Duck river and is reached by climbing the rocky height or taking the longer circuitous route of the wagon road which leads up the hill. We invaded the town through a ragged, straggling road which seemed to lead from a big cattle lot into the public square in the middle of which was the dilapidated and illy-constructed old courthouse which seemed to have slept there for a century. On the sides and through the middle, naked brick columns had been built to sustain the crazy old stairs leading above. In little boxy, dingy offices on each side of the open way the business of the county is transacted. In one of these we met the seedy looking attorney who was to take our depositions and after convincing him I was not wholly stupid he became gracious and proceeded with the work. This occupied till three o'clock

after which we repaired to the little depot where we procured tickets, reaching home at 9:30 P.M. finding most of the family sick with La Grippe. I spent a horrid night.

Wed. 28. Divided the time between reading, writing waiting on Connel and amusing him with long stories.

Th. 29. Am suffering with Grippe and put in the time as quietly as I can though disagreeable to myself and everyone else. I am so depressed that I almost wish I could fall asleep and not wake.

Fr. 30. The same. I tried to do a little work in yard but gave out and lay down to rest.

Sat. 31. I am some better and my appetite appears to be returning with little taste in my mouth. It has grown colder and a light snow has been furtively driven through the air all day. I have felt so wretched that I have been out but little. I can not write without great effort. I have two silent but rather malignant companions that seem to be on guard to restrain me from the merest personal activities. One is a boil under my right arm and the other is its twin brother in the end of my nose. This latter has positive objections to my use of the olfactories for any purpose but very limited smelling. This with manifold aches and pains

constituted and unenviable condition at positive war with amiability. I do not know what the new year has for me but hope it will be little of this condition and much of usefulness.

1899.
Jan.

Sun. 1. At home with my books and papers.

Mon. 2. The light snow is melting off. I spend the day at my books. Am reading Hall Caine's Christian, which does not impress me favorably.

Tu. 3. The same.

Wed. 4. Writing letters.

Th. 5. Reading and looking after patients.

Fri. 6. Being much behind in my letter writing I spent the day in catching up. I seem to have no energy or power to accomplish anything and the days drag by without showing anything accomplished.

Sat. 7. Went to the city in the forenoon and in the afternoon sawed wood. At night Connell and I walked to the tabernacle to hear Bob Burdette lecture on "Twice told tales, or the Rise and fall of the Mustache". It was a very entertaining lecture and seemed to be intensely enjoyed. The lecturer seemed to take certain and immediate possession

1899

Jan. of the entire audience and amused them at his will. He is a humorist, graceful, witty, often sarcastic speaker, but upon the whole the mirth predominates. He is a rapid speaker and long experience has given him perfect ease and control. He enjoys the enviable distinction of being the only lecturer who prevent Connel from going to sleep. However the sleep Connel took before the lecture began must be taken into account. After the lecture we walked home beating our car.

Sun. 8. The day was spent with the children and with my books and papers. In the afternoon the boys went to the tabernacle the choir meeting preparatory to the revival services of J Wilbur Chapman.

Mon 9 Wet and dull. Writing and reading

Tu. 10 The same

Wed 11 Suffering with neuralgia and get little done

Th 12 Spent part of day on some lines entitled Are You a Christian. Suffer a good deal

Fr. 13 The same. In P.M. the boys went to a choir meeting at the Tabernacle and I trimmed trees and did up the evening work.

Sat 14 It was this P.M. the boys went to Tabernacle My pain has somewhat disturbed my notions of time

Sun. 15 Still suffering but wrote most of day. In P.M. Annie and boys went to hear J. Wilbur Chapman at Tabernacle and I kept Hettie & Helen Ev. wrote

Are You a Christian?

Are you a Christian? No? Why not?
Come state the facts. Come tell me what
Your reasons are? Have you not thought
Of this quite oft? Is it so fraught
With mystery that you have failed
To find the truth? Have you assailed
The simple tale which others hailed
With joy? In truth, have you prevailed
In trying to convince your mind
The Christian's faith is wholly blind?
An imposition on mankind,
Of vage assertions, not defined;
And purposeless and undesigned;
Unfeeling, empty or unkind;
Devoid of sweetness, unrefined?
Is this the reason that you find
You cannot be a Christian?

Are you a Christian? No, you say
Have you a faith? How do you pray?
Come tell me just what you believe
What is the faith to which you cleave?
What is its base and what its crown?
Is it your power or renown?
Rests it upon your treasured store?
Or, on a life of garnered lore?
Or, is it built on human love
Which death can shake? How do you prove
Your faith? with stake or martyr's tears?
Will it withstand the crash of spheres?
The sting of scorn, the lash of years?
While poverty and pain endears
Its patient rule? Does it suffice
In all the tests of sacrifice?
Does it survive the passing breath,
And triumph in the jaws of death?

What is your faith? I want to know
On what it rests and how you know
You cannot be a Christian.

Are you a Christian? Do you pray?
Are you ashamed to frankly say,
That when your heart is sore with grief,
You often wish and ask relief,
Of something greater than yourself?
Is this a demon or an elf?
Say, is it real, is it fraud
Is it a god or is it God?
Does it possess the love and power,
That every place and want and hour
Demand? Methinks, I hear you say
O, no, O, no! But still you pray
And cannot fling your faith away,
And are not willing to obey
The Christian's faith which time has shown
Has never yet been overthrown,
But with each want has simply grown;
And tho superior to your own,
You cannot be a Christian!

Are you a Christian? No, you say,
You cannot reason out the way
To faith in Christ, and just believe
What facts calm reason will receive;
And thus your judgment, I perceive,
Must measure all you can conceive
Of worth or truth! If we admit
Your rule for you, you must not sit
In judgment on another man
Whose faith has proven better than
Your reason; You ask for bottom cause
And prate a deal about the laws
Of matter. When did they begin

To reign? Was matter but a twin
To mind? Who gave the law to each?
If answer lie beyond the reach
Of reason, no answer can you find,
But faith — perhaps of some strange kind
But still a faith tho not defined
More clearly than the faith maligned.
Is it more chaste or more refined?
Has faith and reason grown so blind
You cannot be a Christian?

Are you a Christian? No reply?
Now if you can please tell me why
This faith tho smitten still has grown
Like mustard seed wherever sown
And still a vigor quite unknown
In flame or fortune it has shown
While scholar, sage and seer have found
With humblest minds a common ground
Where all may worship all may prove
A charity and hope and love
With faithful sweet self-sacrifice.
Why does the Christian's faith suffice?
When you apply the crucial test
To every faith is this the best?
You need a faith where reason ends;
A living faith that comprehends
The love of Christ. In this abide
And you will have God on your side
And be content. Now thoughtful friend
Are you convinced and just pretend
You cannot be a Christian?

1899

Jan. Mon 16 My neuralgia is much intensified. The light is very painful to my right eye. I lie about and get up and sit and try to think of something to help drive away the awful pain. All are kind to me but nothing seems to wholly relieve me. I take huge doses of medicine with little apparent effect.

Tu 17 Yesterday multiplied by some large number. My dark room affords little respite. Annie is very kind and reads to me.

Wed. 18 Awful day - Some patients and callers intensify my trouble.

Th. 19 Same. Forty doses of medicine in 8 hrs has small effect.

Fr. 20 A little better. Annie is quite a treasure but I cannot help feeling I am putting a great burden on her. I think my very keen pain is making me cross and irritable and weak. I steal some glances at headlines in paper but am sharply reminded of my transgression and imprudence

Sat. 21 The same fiery role. My comfort is chiefly in the assiduity of my faithful wife and the prattle and playful attention of little Helen who now just begins to toddle and hies away to bring the cuspidor soon as she hears me hawk.

Sun 22 The same

Mon 23 Improving a little I get out doors for five minutes and suffer five hours.

 1899 Jan

Tu 24 Better. I go next door to see a sick child Suffer worse later.

Wed. 25 The same. Go to barn and straighten up after the boys.

Th. 26 The same. Read a little but find it painful. Have been composing some poor verses on a bad boy while sick to try to divert my thoughts. Out most today

Fr. 27 Went to see Mrs Hill and on to Drugstore and kept out doors most of day at work

Sat. 28 Walked to town attended to business till 2 P.M. and walked home very weary. Am so lame rest of day I keep quiet. Bad evening I can not write much nor read much & so am quite uneasy. My sleep is much broken and I feel weak.

Sun 29 Cold and a little snow. Write up journal for last two weeks and write some letters but it is quite a task. My eyes ache severely but I like best to do my own work if I can.

Mon. 30. Colder. I read what I could but it is a painful work. Late in day it began to snow and snowed far into night.

Tu. 31 Snowed a greater part of day and was quite cold I read some but had to quit. Snow is about 5 in. deep.

Feb. Wed 1 Bitterly cold and blustery I sit by fire read a little and listen to Ann who reads for me. It is very disagreeable but we keep up a good fire and the boys after the days study enjoyed the evening story.

Th. 2 Some warmer. The same routine. In evening Annie and Gatewood go to Tabernacle to a lecture

Fr. 3 I am very much indisposed. I suffer a good deal but write a few lines and some letters.

Sat. 4 I remain alone reading and writing while all the rest go to city to J. C. Grahams picture gallery. A dull cloudy day. I really enjoy the quiet around me as it rests my tired head. Wrote a few lines of verse.

A dream of golden hours.

I am weaving a thread of the golden hours,
Which stretches away thro a land of flowers;
Where birds are singing and skies are bright,
And fountains are leaping in silvery light.

Where babbling brooks dash in feathery foam,
As they play hide and seek on their journey home;
Where the hues are all splendid and beauty alone,
Is regnant in all things, from the rose to the stone.

Where the breeze always whispers its love to the trees;
And the flowers are wooed by the hum of the bees;
Where the sounds all are music and noise is unknown,
All music is worship - each heart is a home.

Where life is all gladness, unkindness - unknown,
Ambition has never demanded a throne.
All life there is sacred - all love is divine,
All worship is infinite - pure and sublime.

Sun. 5 Cold dull and disagreeable. I write some and try to read but my eyes are very painful

Mon 6 . Colder and sifting snow By fire all day except when I feel I start out to expand my piece on "John Albricht" expecting to introduce another character and run it to fifty verses

Tu. 7 Very cold and stormy. I write

Wed. 8 The same

Th. 9 The same. Made on visit out.

Fr. 10 The same. Very cold.

Sat. 11 By fire and made two visits. Snow is 5 in. deep. Thermometer 11° F. below 0.

Sun 12 Colder. By fire Finish my piece of verses which reach 99.

Mon. 13 Visited some patients. 13° F. Read a little At night attended Mrs Hitt. Very low

Tu. 14 Moderating. Went to see my patients of yesterday. Mrs Hitt died at 4:30 this A.M. Spent day in doors after my return to save my inflamed eye.

Wed 15 Annie went to Mrs Hitts funeral at Goodlettsville & I kept Hettie and Helen and tried to write some. It is thawing and cloudy and looks like rain. I will start to copy John Allbricht for Annie as it is long but my eyes may compel me to quit very quickly.

Feb. 13 –

John Albright.

John was a lad, who never had
Much use for manners mild;
To tell the truth, he was a youth
Who, simply, had run wild.

No matter what, he always got
Whatever he desired;
Which if withheld, he simply yelled
Until he had acquired.

If wanting in, he raised a din,
Loud as a lion's roar;
If wanting out, he howled about,
And kicked against the door.

When meal time came, it was a shame,
To see this urchin vile
Pull both the cloth and dishes off,
And smash them in a pile.

While mama dear, set out to clear
Away this shattered mass
He took pa's cane and broke a pane,
And smashed the looking glass.

This indulged lad had grown so bad
He, nothing now did fear
The poker hot. he quickly shot
Right into pussy's ear.

She soon replied and sent a tide,
Of crimson down his face;
And then he howled, while pussy growled
And scratched another place.

John was aroused and now espoused
Each brilliant new diversion.
It was John's day — he had his way,
And never feared coercion.

He took a stone and pounded on
His mother's new piano;
It was his drum, he made it hum
And screamed in bad soprano.

His joys were loud and drew a crowd,
His pa among the rest —
Who saw, indeed, an urgent need
To check the youngster's zest.

His youthful zeal heard no appeal,
It had so mighty grown;
He seized pa's thumb just like a crumb,
And bit it to the bone.

Pa had enough, and with a snuff
John went on with his show;
The little pup, he doubled up,
And plunged it in the dough.

The coffee mill, he next did fill,
With pills and dirt and snuff,
And ground them fine then in the wine
He poured this awful stuff.

Then grandma came. This sturdy dame
Now took him by the neck,
And whirled him round and round, and round
Till he was quite a wreck.

Then in the dough she plunged him so
His head was white with batter;
Then in his eyes, despite his cries,
Some snuff, she threw there, later.

Then took the cat that little brat
Had burned to desperation;
Swung by the tail, just like a flail,
It filled with consternation.

While thus attached it spit and scratched,
And struggled for release;
But, in his face, she rained her grace
And tore his frontispiece.

Then, John lay down his little crown,
Resigned his regal splendor
Gave up his sword without a word,
And made complete surrender.

And thus John learned that manners earned
Are surely most abiding
And grandma's tact, a stubborn fact
In many things, deciding.

And there he lay, for half a day
In drowsy thought abiding;
Then peering thro, he said "'tis true
"My grandma is presiding"

She brought some food, in gentlest mood,
And manner most devout
John turned his head and faintly said,
"Please let me do without.

She washed his face with gentlest grace
And placed him in her chair
And, kneeling down, she prayed for John,
An earnest simple prayer

She "prayed for him, "forgive his sin"
And tears rained down her face.
John was amazed and, as he gazed,
He felt the touch of grace.

What! was he loved? Her prayer proved
What he had never felt,
And made her throne his very own,
And with grandma he knelt.

His words were few but earnest, true—
"Dear God, can you love John?
I will love you, and grandma too,
And thus he prayed right on.

John rose up changed, no more estranged
His heart began to thaw.
He tried the right, and every night,
He ~~knelt~~ prayed with his grandma

No more a fool, he went to school
And made a famous teacher;
To college next, where, nothing checked,
He came out "Grandma's preacher".

John Allbright's name hence forth became
The watchword of devotion
He sought no fame; when chances came
He took no higher promotion.

His Grandma's church was in the lurch;
A charge without a preacher
He strove to get it out of debt,
And furnish it a teacher.

And as he moiled his Grandma toiled,
Without complaint or pause.
She sat all day and knit away
And sold it for the cause.

Her finger-ring, she last did bring
And gave with this command,
"Take it, dear John, and put it on
That debt — it must not stand".

"The ring is gold and I am old
And cannot use it now;
"With it" she said, "my heart was wed"
With it that church endow.

"When grandpa, dear, was with me here
We kept it free from debt
His task was hard, but his regard
I cannot now forget."

"We loved the Kirk, and tho our work
Was such we could not save
We thought of Him who died for sin,
And of the life He gave.

We always walked, because we talked
More closely, as we trudged;
Thro cold or heat, these walks were sweet
And never once begrudged.

A score long drawn, since I, with John,
Trudged there one stormy day;
It was his last and tho long past,
I yet can hear him pray.

"God bless our work and keep our kirk,
When our frail hands shall fail;
Raise up a hand from this small band,
Whose efforts shall avail."

That night, beside his bed, I cried
In deepest grief alone;
With bitter tears, I saw the years,
That since have come and gone.

But John was brave, and, at his grave,
I pledged me to the work —
When he was gone to work alone
To keep our little kirk.

I prayed and worked and nothing shirked
But still I prayed alone,
Until the prayer beside my chair
Joined in by little John.

I named ye, John, and looked upon
Ye as the "raised up hand"
To still defend, which God would send
From out our "little band".

But, as I prayed, dear John, ye strayed,
And almost broke my heart;
I prayed in faith that "He who saith,"
Will surely "do" His part.

My faith, dear John, was almost gone -
How could I give ye up?
It was a test, and God knew best,
When He should "fill my cup."

That morn, I brought with sober thought
Some force with my persuasion,
Of such a kind ye could not find
A chance for smart evasion.

My prayer was heard; my heart was stirred;
My tears came down like rain;
I blessed the years of toil and tears,
Which God had blessed again.

I saw my prayer was answered there -
I had not prayed in vain;
My Scottish blood was at the flood,
I prayed, and prayed again.

Since then, my dear, I had no fear,
But faith in his protection;
If you have fears go pray with tears
And he will give direction.

Then o'er and o'er my scanty store
With happy heart I gave;
My spinning wheel - my old time reel -
This ring is all I saved.

Now, take it, John - when I am gone
Its mission, too, is done -
'Tis fit, I know, that it should go,
To close what I begun.

"'Tis almost paid, grandma," he said,
"I sold some books, you know—
I sent away my watch today"—
"No, John—this maun be so."

Her word was law and this John saw;
He took her shining dower—
That little ring—a mighty thing,
So fraught with love and power.

"When this is paid, dear John," she said,
"Then ye may go and teach;
I could na bear to hear ye there—
Ye practice as ye preach."

John hied away, for on that day,
He meant to scrub the floor
And fix the flue and window, too,
And mend the broken door.

Was grandma's prayer out in the air,
Stirring up the neighbors?
Yes, they were there, to help and share,
With John, in all his labors.

They all worked hard and cleaned the yard,
Fixed fence and broken gate;
Then all went home but John alone—
'Twas cold and growing late.

Is fixed the flue and grandma's pew—
The rest will soon be done.
I fix the door and scrub the floor,
Now, while I am alone.

But, as he scrubbed, and rubbed, and rubbed,
By that bright glowing fire—
Hello in there! Hello in there!
He heard some one inquire.

He stayed no more, but rushed out door—
A friend stood at the gate;
Why, is that you? How do you do?
God bless you, too, my mate.

I almost froze my nose and toes;
I want to borrow fire.
Come in, my friend—I've fire to lend—
As much as you require.

There! use that log, just like a frog—
My friend, I have no chair.
No need; for this great block of bliss
Is long enough to share.

Both took the seat to warm one's feet—
Why, Billy, where's your shoes?
O, I don't know—I let them go
To save a fellow's toes.

When I get home, I'll buy me some,
Which, he could not, you know;
Why, John, his thanks were worth the banks,
In old Aladdin's show.

Come, John, no tears—let other years
Cast up my small account;
My greatest fears are that my tears
Will say, "what small amount."

I like this place — so like the face
Of some old-fashioned friend,
Whose grace has grown, though time has flown,
Yes, John, I comprehend.

You're scrubbing out, I'll cast about,
I want to see it all,
And have a chat — what's that? what's that? —
That thing upon the wall?

Why — why — that thing is grandma's ring.
I hung it on that nail
"Lest it might lose" — he could not choose,
But told the entire tale.

I've not been down to Jersey town —
She gave it but today;
I'll sell it there to please her, dear —
What's that? I shant, you say?

No, No! No, no! It must not go.
Just leave it on that nail —
Excuse my tears — hurrah! three cheers
For grandma and her tale.

Hurrah! hurrah! for dear grandma;
Their hands now wildly swing —
God bless her work to save the kirk —
God bless her wedding ring.

....

When boys at school, I broke the rule,
And whispered to you, John —
"If you should teach, or ever preach,
I'll go to hear your sermon."

"And I will sing like everything"—
Then you got whipped "for laughter".
But now, I'll come and make it hum—
I'll shake the very rafter.

"Goodnight! goodnight!— yes, I'm all right,
And I'll be there next Sunday."
When John got done, he trudged on home,
But 'twas no longer, Monday.

Throughout the week, he went to seek
Acquaintance with his altar;
For much he feared, as Sabbath neared,
His courage, then, might falter.

But when he feared, that ring appeared
To glow with light divine!
A beacon light, in darkest night—
Was this his friend's design?

Why did he bring and hang that ring,
Right there, against the altar?
Was it mere chance? Why did its glance
Proclaim a heart's lost offer?

"I see", he said, "her heart was wed,
Before this very altar;
Now, I have both, should I be loth,
Or once in purpose falter?"

He knelt down there, in earnest prayer,
And gave up everything, for
For love of Him who died for sin—
Then rose and kissed the ring.

When Sunday came, his heart was flame;
The neighbors, all were there;
And grandma, too, was in her pew,
And made the "opening prayer.

O, what a prayer! no cheek was there,
But felt the rain of tears;
So sweet; so kind; it brought to mind
God's blessings, all the years.

She blessed them all – the great, the small;
The careless and the cold;
She prayed that Love, like Israel's dove
Might rest upon the fold.

John rose so calm, and read a Psalm.
Then paused; "A schoolboy friend
Will sing a song." From out the throng
Came one whom all eyes scanned.

His pleasant face still bore the trace,
Of grandma's inspiration.
He took his place, with quiet grace,
And prayerful meditation.

He sang "of Love like Israel's dove",
And melted every heart.
Made each rejoice; his loving voice
Was sweet as David's harp.

He sang of Faith in Him who saith,
"I'll not forsake the flock"
Of faith in prayers and mother's tears,
Which rested on a Rock.

He sang of hope which had a scope
Beyond all human art.
He calmed each string of suffering—
With hope he thrilled each heart.

From heart to heart with magic art
He poured a flood of feeling;
Faith, Hope and Love came from above,
To every heart appealing.

All were amazed and tearful gazed.
He paused— he ceased to sing—
In silence sheer, with falling tear,
He bowed and kissed the ring.

Then turned to go, but did not know,
That John was standing there
He clasped his hand, a moment, and
Both bowed their heads in prayer.

The simple text which John read next,
Had two words—"Jesus wept.".
His voice was kind, and thro each mind
The love of Jesus swept.

The simplest words, which tongue affords,
Were tongues of fire there;
And never yet, can one forget,
That sermon, song or prayer.

All hearts were one when he had done;
All crowded round the stand,
To get near John, to speak to John,
To take him by the hand.

Grandma pressed through, to see him, too,
God bless and keep ye, John.
God bless the Word which I have heard,
God bless that song and sermon.

But I must hear who sang it, dear;
Come, John, pray tell me quick.
Why — grandma, dear — why — yes — he's here,
My friend — young Billy Dick.

Then three hands clasp in fervent grasp;
Three friends sit down together
The rest go home — they talk alone —
God bless their hearts forever.

Now, these three talk while fairies stalk
Throughout the glowing room,
Where shadows fall, and dance, and crawl, —
Then guard them safely home.

....

A legend says, when winter has
Spread all the hills with white;
When all go home, the fairies come
Back to that church, at night.

Then on that block, that little flock
Sit in the wood-fire's charm;
The open door lets in the poor,
And travelers, to get warm.

While these three stay the fairies play
With shadows on the wall,
And dance and sing, around the ring,
And o'er the altar tall.

Time has a touch, which changes much;
A touch that will not fail.
But, I am told, that band of gold,
Still hangs upon that nail.

Th. 16.

Th. 16 Another day of suffering to pay for my imprudence of yesterday. I manage to put the day in with Helen and little diversions, with occasional trips into the dark corner to rest my eye. I could not refrain from occasionally stealing a glance at the Journals.

Fri. 17 The same. I manage to write some lines on Springtime shutting my eyes frequently to rest them. Also look after some patients.

Sat. 18. The same. My springtime piece is nearly finished. I began a short piece "A scene I can not paint" but quit it after writing these two verses which are not corrected.

A Scene I can not Paint.

When the hazy days are stealing,
Like a silent dream of night,
And the fancies are appealing,
And the heart is feather-light;
When the fairies whisper round me
Their music, sweet and quaint,
I always see around me
A scene I can not paint.

Its colors are the hues of light,
Blent by a brush divine;
Its figures all are chosen right;
Its lesson is sublime.
Though thousands mock its touch or tone,
In striving to acquaint
Their human touch — still I have shown
A scene I can not paint.

1899
Feb
Sun 19 Spent day at reading and writing a part of a piece in verse which I give below

I want to see the Springtime come

I want to see the spring-time come;
I want to hear the wild bee's hum:
I want to hear the birdies sing,
I want to hear the forests ring
With cleaving ax. I want to see
The bursting buds on every tree.
I want to see the babbling stream,
With gold and silver in its gleam,
Steal softly on like childhood's dream
Where lovely visions always teem,
In spring time.

I want to see the spring time come,
This wintry life is cold and dumb:
I want the spring, that I may roam
By dashing streams, where ~~snowy~~ dazzling foam
Plays music o'er the stubborn stone,
And laves the mosses, that have grown,
So sweetly there. I want to hear
The melody so sweet and clear
That always falls upon my ear
When I have sought this charmed sphere
In spring time.

I want to see the spring time come
I want to walk and gather from
Its teeming gifts of sight and sound
Where love and beauty so abound
I want to see the daisy, meek,
Play with its sister, hide and seek,
While violets without a care
With fragrance sweet perfume the air,
And everything has done its share,
In love and beauty everywhere
In spring time

I want to see the spring-time come
With soft blue skies: to hear the hum
Of many wings in fragrant air;
The loving tones of mating pair;
The mellow notes of cooing doves
That *nest and sing and tell their loves.
The lingering charm, that always clings
About the whirr of flying wings,
And all the thousand other things
With pleasant sounds that spring time brings
In spring time.

I want to see the spring time come
And call the herds and flocks all home,
To graze upon the smoky hill
And drink, again, the twinkling rill,
And hear again the tinkling bell,
Its song of safety, sweetly tell;
So soft-so faint- so-"well, well, well."
Hark hear its "well- well- well, well, well
'Tis well-'tis well- all doubts dispel
'Tis well-'tis well- on hill- in dell."
In spring time.

I want to see the spring-time come
I want to hear the pheasant drum;
I want to hear the gray squirrel bark,
And see him frisk about the park
I want to hear the roosters crow,
While cackling hens walk to and fro.
I want to see the grasses grow
I want to hear the cattle low
I want to see the lilies bloom
And fill the air with sweet perfume
In spring time

I want to see the spring-time come
That I may go and gather some
Wild flowers, among the vines that cling,
About the dear, old, bubbling spring,
Where welcome feet have worn the stone
Along the path, so overgrown
One could not see the full-orbed moon
Nor, scarce the sun at blazing noon;
Where, lying down to drink its boon
I heard o'erhead a turtles croon,
In spring time.

I want to see the springtime come
And end the winter's martyrdom
I want to see all nature free
For leaf and flower, bird and bee.
I want to feel the breath of spring
Caress my cheek - to hear it sing
Within the pines, the songs I've heard
In other climes, where nature stirred
The sweetest notes of flock and herd,
The softest song of bee and bird,
In spring time.

I want to see the springtime come,
And call, again, the songsters home;
I want to hear the piping quail
Sing out, Bob White. I want to hail
The robin and the sky-lark, too,
The whippoorwill and shy cuckoo.
I want to hear that peerless bard,
Who builds his nest in our yard -
I mean the matchless mockingbird -
The sweetest singer ever heard
In spring time.

I want to see the spring-time come;
I want to hear its busy hum,
And know each note is sweet and true
And feel that God enjoys it, too.
How sweet to think the simple plan,
Of love for God, means love for man,
And all the dear things that abound
In sea, or air, or in the ground,
And only waiting to be found
By touch or taste, sight, smell or sound
In spring time.

I want to see the springtime come,
And robe the apple, peach and plum
In beauteous blooms that sweetly hold,
The summer's or the autumn's gold.
I want to smell the breath of spring,
Where roses bloom and ivies cling
And every modest little thing,
Shows life and love and tries to sing
And praise alike, their common King
Whose hand has taught them quickening
In spring time.

1899.
Feb.

Mon. 20. Read and wrote.

Tu. 21. The same.

Wed. 22. Weather still disagreeable and I divide my time between Helen, my correspondence and my books. My eye has grown a little better or rather a little less painful.

Th. 23. The same.

Fri. 24. The same.

Sat. 25. Wrote some letters and read "The Cloister and Hearth" till my eyes grew weary. Somehow it has been a depressing week to me and I do not feel at all satisfied with what I have accomplished. I feel as if a vague spectral calamity brooded over me which I have failed to philosophize away. Hope I shall be better soon, both in spirit and body. I long to see a promise of usefulness which would go hand in hand with content. But God knows better than I what is best for me and I must wait.

Sun. 26. Finished the 'Cloister and Hearth' and played with the children.

Mon. 27 Wet. Read some and wrote a few verses. I am suffering with bad cold.

Tu. 28 Rode to city with Mr Powell. Walked about city till 1 P.M. on business and grew very tired. Went to the Workingmen's hotel established by the Salvation Army men and walked all thro it. It was clean and restful. Had a long

Mar. talk with Ensign Morrill who is in charge Went from there to the Haymarket where I saw Francis Schlatter the healer. A crowd was about him but many attested the reality of his healing power. I walked home and tho *very weary worked in yard in P.M.

Wed. 1 Feel very weak and sick. Can eat but little Wrote the verses on A Mothers Blessing found on opposite page after finishing the lines on I have plenty of time. I wrote also a letter or two.

Th. 2 Warm and bright. Wrote letter to Editor of Unity sending a copy of A Mothers Blessing. Also wrote some other letters and spent a part of day at work in yard.
My verses on A Mothers Blessing were made in little over an hour and I did not sit down to write it — It seemed to write itself I like it however for its simplicity and the amount it tells in a few words.
I scarcely know why I write these verses as no one knows better than I do my lack of fitness for verse. Yet God can do all things and He may make them useful If so I am content.

Fr. 3 Wrote letters and read and worked at my vines and roses which I find are nearly all dead. It is warm and the buds are bursting. My stomach still keeps sick but I do not like to complain or give up. I often feel the family think I am sick too much and too long.

I have plenty of time

The schoolboy said "I have plenty of time,
And need not hurry; that bell always rings
Quite a while before the school-master brings
His things to his desk. I have plenty of time.

He put down his books in order to climb
A tree for its fruit, but seeing a bee
Haste off with its load, to its home in the tree,
"You hurry" he said, "I have plenty of time".

His booty secured, he sought the confine
He had tried all the morning to shun;
But he started too late - the bell had begun
To mockingly say "I have plenty of time".

And so it kept ringing, "I have plenty of time".
"I see," said the boy, as he started to run,
"I have wasted my time and now I have none",
But the bell kept ringing "I have plenty of time".

But run as he would, it stopped ringing at nine.
Now the boy had only a hundred yards more,
When in went the teacher and bang went the door.
"Shut out", said the boy, "I had plenty of time".

But, "I have" and "I had" will never make rhyme.
That bee knew its business - if I had known mine
And hurried right on before it was nine
That bell would not mock me with "plenty of time".

This wasting of time is surely a crime
And its punishment comes with rebuff;
The plenty we have is little enough.
The bee and the teacher had plenty of time.

A Mother's Blessing.

The August sun was sinking
But little Mary stayed
Beside her mother's easy chair
Beneath the maple's shade.

Why don't you play with Robert, dear,
Down by the palisade?
"I am waiting for your blessing, ma"
Was all the dear one said.

Why, dear, I had forgotten
My promise for that drink;
Come, rest your head upon my knee,
Until mama can think.

God bless my child who waited
And threw away her play
For my forgotten promise.
God bless her every day.

A pale thin hand was resting
On a head of sunny hair
One voice was raised in blessing
One childish voice, in prayer.

The evening sun sank lower,
But little Mary stayed
And dreamed a child-like blessing
While mama sat and prayed.

Together, then, in dreamland,
They prayed and blessed each other,
While angel fingers touched the hair;
Of sleeping child and mother.

When western hills were in a glow,
God waked that child and mother,
To see the sunshine of their dreams
In blessing one another.

A stormy night. 4 Mar. 1899

I sit alone within my room
And listen to the rain
Which, mingled with the stormy blast,
Beats fast upon the pane.

There is music in its majesty,
Which I can love the more,
When sitting by the fireside,
And listening to its roar.

It calls to mind the distant days,
My cheek was to the storm;
When duty called, by night or day,
Its music had a charm.

My ardent blood felt not the chill,
Its sound brings o'er me now;
I loved the storm of icy steel
That beat upon my brow

I revelled in its noisy war,
A part of which, I seemed,
And proudly, like a conqueror,
Of conquest still, I dreamed.

But now I love my blazing fire
Whose genial glow and roar
Is dear as that Aeolian lyre,
I loved so much before.

Sat. 4 Rainy. Wrote some in A.M. In P.M. I went out to work at cowhouse and later in yard I got some wet and inspired my cough with new vigor. At night I took care of Helen while Annie stayed with Mrs Powell's dying babe. She came home at midnight.

Sun. 5 Company. Wrote some and finished up my little piece "A stormy night".

Mon. 6 Another sudden change in the weather the ground is covered with snow and the swift wind is loaded with flying flakes. I spent the entire day indoors at reading and writing.

Tu. 7. The same.

Wed. 8. Working some out doors, reading and writing letters

Th. 9. The same.

Fri. 10. Worked about the yard, the weather being fine I find my roses nearly all destroyed by the winter.

Sat. 11. Pleasant but rather windy. Took the entire family to city. After attending to what business I had we drove down to the Shelter Home or Workingman's Hotel. One of the inmates was sick with fever. At the request of the Superintendent I prescribed for him. The Ensign and his wife were very kind in showing us through the building and explaining the working of the home. The ensign's wife expressed a

wish for a Bible for the reading room after which Annie and I walked to Settiff's bookstore and procured one and another book, Grandfather's Bible Stories which we carried and gave them. They were very profuse in their thanks. We then came home having a pleasant trip for all, which all seemed to enjoy.

Sun. 12. Sunny but cool and windy. My rheumatic friend returned last night with renewed vigor and has given me reasonably close attention all day. Spent the day with my books.

Mon 13 The same.

Tu. 14 The same dull routine of letterwriting & reading.

Wed. 15 Bright. Worked about yard.

Th. 16 Some work, much reading a little writing.

Fr. 17 Warm and pretty till near night. I was hoping all day for a pretty evening so Annie and I could go to the Tabernacle and hear "Ian McLaren" lecture. Well about an hour before we started we saw it begin to rain. We got ready and took an early start in the rain. Got a car and were soon speeding toward the city in the rain. Got to Tabernacle half an hour before doors opened and found a number of others doing the wet waiting act gracefully. We got inside in good season and got seats in front of the stand in fourth row. It was a long wait

but he came and soon began his lecture on "Some traits of Scotch character" Mr. Watson is more fluent than most Scotch men. His illustrations were well chosen and his speech quite scholarly. He read from "The Bonnie Brier Bush and Auld Lang Syne and explained the characters and traits represented in each. He was very effective as a reader and did not forget to follow the Scotch methods of expression, their reserved manner, nor their peculiar accent. He follows his books closely and in an accurate and scholarly manner he constantly presents his subject. His humor is ironical and dry and his accent that of the Scotch Scholar. His explanations of his written characters was lucid and gave much light on his already popular books. It was a treat seldom presented and greatly enjoyed.

In person Dr Watson is tall and rather graceful but his grace of movement seems rather that of culture than of nature. He is sinewy and strong with a distinct Scotch face which bespeaks vigor of thought rather than culture. He has slightly wavy hair bushy brows a large long nose which in profile greatly changes his appearance a restless gray eye which conveys the idea of crafty alertness rather than genial kindness strong mouth and upon the whole is a strong physical character tho much less scholarly and fine than his pictures would imply. I liked him very much and after lecture was over I went with Annie

Mar and hundreds of others to the platform and shook hand with him.

We came out in a very hard rain and hurried up to Church St. and got into a car. We had to stand all the way home and the rain poured down all the time. Still we enjoyed the evening as a whole. It was nearly midnight when we got to bed.

Sat. 18 Rained all day.

Sun. 19 Cool but clear. At home all day.

Mon 20 Went to city and visited the Workingmen's Hotel taking some papers and pictures for the reading room. In P.M. trimmed in the yard.

Tu. 21 Windy and wet and bright by turns.

Wed. 22. My wolf is giving me such close attention that it requires considerable attention on my part. I wrote and read in the forenoon and in the afternoon, the weather being quite warm I drove to No. 105 Wharf Avenue to see Henry Nickerson, the two older boys accompanying me. A rain-storm was threatening, to escape which we drove rapidly home, which we reached just in time.

Th. 23. Working about the yard and reading some. The weather was pleasant and in the evening Annie and I walked to the tabernacle and back to hear George R. Wendling lecture on "Mirabeau and the French Revolution. He gave a scholarly, analytical and lucid presentation of

Mar.

Th. 23. that remarkable but bloody ten years of French history and of Mirabeau, its great hero. He was always interesting, often brilliant and at times masterful in his splendid oratory. The theme is one with which most of his* hearers were not conversant which rendered his task more difficult. While I admired his method of handling the subject I could not wholly agree with his conclusions. It was however a pleasant entertainment, instructive and intellectual and we enjoyed both the lecture and the walk. It was 11 P.M. when we returned and the children were all asleep in various positions over the floor.

Fri. 24. My attention is divided between my wolf, my reading and my work.

Sat. 25. I worked at odd jobs throughout the day and stuck willows along the north fence, through the bottom to arrest the wash. Some little time was also spent with patients.

Sun. 26. Cold and cloudy. I read my books, papers, wrote letters and fought my wolf who seems bent on having a pitched battle with me.

Mon 27 The same. My "wolf" gnaws savagely.

Tu. 28 The same

Wed 29 Same in A.M. In P.M. took Annie & Hettie and drove to city. I left them to do some buying while I drove to 105 S. Wharf Av. to see Henry Hickerson picking them up at the Shelter House where they waited for me.

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Th. 30. Wrote articles for the Shelter Home to be published in the Banner and American.

Fri. 31. My "wolf" keeps me busy and gives me little rest. I read and try to write, then go out and walk but am unable to divert his attention.

Apr.

Sat. 1. Read Cyrano De Bergerac and worked some in the shop and played a little while in the south yard with the children.

Sun. 2. Read "The window in Thrums" in the forenoon and in the afternoon endured Lynch Bennett and Walter Crandall.

Mon. 3 Walked to see Henry Hickerson 105 S. Wharf Av. & as a cold rain set in I took car and got home at 1 P.M. and read till night. My heart trouble has not been so serious today.

Tu 4 Worked some in shop at a rustic frame I made of a broken twig from the Big Pine Tree that stood on Garnet Point, at Dartmouth College. It was the tree under which I had often sat to study my lesson when a student there. Though no other one during that session seemed enamored of its shade I learned it had always been a favorite resort and continued to be so until its destruction by lightning several years later. I procured this little branch as a souvenir. It is only large enough by ripping to make a small photograph frame. This I secure to a thin pine board with slender nails leaving the ends as broken by the fall of the tree. On

Apr. the back of this I wrote the following.

My College Pine.

Aug. 1875.

On Dartmouth hill there stood a pine
Majestic, old and weird; in fine,
Its ancient birth none could assign,
But legend often did entwine
Some story sweet about this pine.

On Garnet Point, in storm or shine
Its sturdy trunk, straight as a line,
Without a lichen, moss or vine,
Stood proudly like a storm's ensign.
None, none were like thee, brave old pine

It was my tryst & I would climb
From College up the steep incline,
With book in hand, in summer-time
To breathe its atmosphere divine.
How much I loved thee, dear old pine

But lightning blasts thee, dear old pine,
And scatters far my fragrant shrine,
And leaves me but this twig of thine
Which now surrounds my humble line.
But, still I love thee, dear old pine.

W. Emmet Gatewood.

Nashville, Tenn.

4 Apr. 1899.

Wed. 5. Still working about the shop. My stomach under strict dieting has grown better and my heart is not troubling me so much as on yesterday but the demon still lies in wait and its presence is exceedingly oppressive while its occasional vigorous warnings of danger can not be ignored. I find when I am least annoyed or have some pleasurable occupation my trouble is much less. It is strange to me that I do not feel gloomy in the face of this formidable foe which I feel is liable to be fatal any hour. In fact I contemplate it as little as possible and wholly ignore it when I can. Its occasional attacks of hostile savagery are less intolerable to me than its constant menacing presence.

Th. 6. The same. Rainy.

Fri. 7. Working and reading during day and at night walked with Annie to the tabernacle to a musical entertainment for the benefit of the Salvation Army Shelter Home. The night was rainy which made the attendance small. The entertainment was fine — in some respects excellent.
The program was as follows:
1st, Band, Blind School.
2d. Song, Dixie, Miss Minnie Visey.
3d. " Annie Laurie and Old Black Mammy, Mrs. Daike.
4th Song, Her Bright Smile Haunts me Still, Miss O'Bryan.
5th. Song, Mid the Green Fields of Virginia, Dr. McKinney.
6th. Song, 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer, Miss Armstrong.
7th Blind School Band.
8th, 'Twas within a Mile of Edinboro' Town, Miss Cheney.
9th Comin' thro the Rye. Miss Cox of Ohio.

Apr. 10th. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. Miss Ensminger.
11th. King Dance & Medley Mrs. McClure.
12th. Blind School Band.
13th. Ben Bolt. " Mrs. Lebeck.
14th. Full chorus - America.

I particularly enjoyed the singing of Mrs. Wake Miss Cheney and Mrs. McClure, but what impressed me most touchingly was the excellent music rendered by the band composed of blind boys, some of whom were quite small and one of whom fell asleep between exercises. No one who enjoys vision can appreciate the stupendous difficulties under which these unfortunates labored to accomplish such wonderful results. The exercises were introduced by the Rev. Mr. Rust who remarked that the churches had not given the work of the Salvation Army proper sympathy and support. He paid a very eloquent tribute to the self-sacrificing labors of these people, remarking that he always took off his hat when he passed them on the street.
When the meeting was over a cold rain was falling and we waived the pleasure of walking home and took the car.

Sat. 8. Waited on some patients, read some, wrote some and played some with the boys.

Sun. 9. Wrote letters. In evening Annie & I went to Salvation Army lecture by Col. Holtz at Cumberland Presbyterian Church

Mon. 10 Went to the city in the forenoon and in afternoon worked about the yard.

Tu. 11. Worked in shop and wrote letters.

Wed. 12. The same. Made trip to town.

Th. 13 Went to see Henry Hickerson. Wrote and read in the afternoon.

Fri. 14. Making preparations for planting.

Sat. 15 Planted garden, wrote article for Shelter Home and played ball for a little while with the boys in the South yard.

Sun. 16. Spent the day at home, which was mostly taken up by callers. It is still chilly and the wind has a wintry disagreeable feeling.

Mon. 17. Worked in shop and yard.

Tu. 18. Went to see Mr. Glen at the Railroad office and not finding him I waited awhile and then wrote a letter and left it upon his desk - as an ultimatum. I then walked to Mr. Hickerson's, 105 Wharf Avenue, from thence to the Custom House and spent some time looking for a Mr. Wolfinger whom I had been informed could give some information about a possible purchaser for Bon Agua Springs. My search was unavailing and I walked thence to Mr. Graham's picture gallery where I spent a couple of hours and then walked home. In the evening Mr. Glen called to see me and talked his usual nonsense.

Wed. 19. Working about the shop and yard and

Apr. reading by turns.

Th. 20 The same. My wolf is giving me close personal attention which taxes both mental effort and physical diversion.

Fri. 21. Drove to city in forenoon and in afternoon hung screen doors.

Sat. 22. Finished the screen doors, looked after patients and read.

Sun. 23. Spent the entire day at home but accomplished little in the way of reading on account of callers. I felt so exhausted and ached so badly I lay down for two hours. In the afternoon when we were walking in the lot Judge DeMose and wife drove by and inquired if our place was for sale and the price. While I should be glad to have a good bidder I do not expect anything important from him. Still this inquiry indicates that our place is pretty and desirable to the cultured class.

Mon. 24. Painted floor, spent some time with patients and wrote some letters.

Tu. 25. Worked some, read some and looked after patients.

Wed. 26. The same.

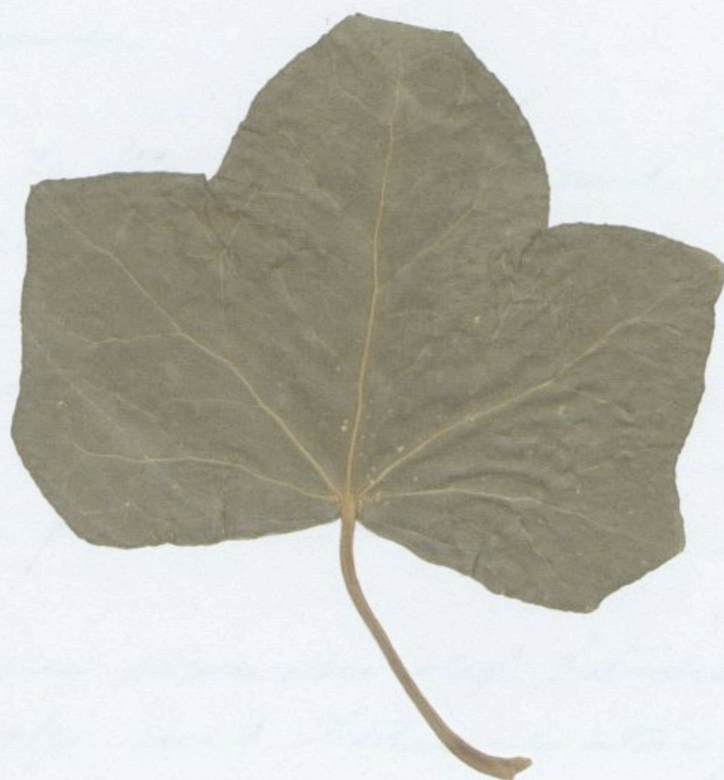
Th. 27. The same. In the evening Annie and I walked to the tabernacle and back to hear Mr. French, Principal of the Chicago Art School deliver a popular lecture on

Art. His subject was the "Wit and wisdom of the crayon". The lecture was very instructive because it was popular and stripped of the technicalities with which lecturers on art usually shroud their subject. He was very expert in the use of the crayon and sketched with great rapidity and decision. He was clear, scholarly and vivacious. Both his touch and his tongue seemed replete with humor.

Fri. 28. Worked some at the screen doors, some in the shop and wrote a very long letter to C. E. Magers in reply to his expressing regret and asking forgiveness for his old offense. It was a task to me to write this letter but I quite agreed with Annie that I ought to do so. I could not help feeling somehow that some commercial inspiration stood behind his letter. I hope I am mistaken and really wishing to exercise the proper charity I wrote him a long kind letter enclosing several extracts from verses I had written during the winter.

Sat. 29. Went to see Tom Hudson and Mrs. Varley in the morning then worked at the screens and read and wrote and played with the children in the yard.

Sun. 30. A beautiful day all taken up with callers and patients. I seemed to get nothing out of it. Night came on and I was weary and longed for rest. After a thorough application of massage by my patient Annie I slept 4 hrs without waking.



 1899.

May.

Mon. 1. Reading and writing letters and looking after patients. In the afternoon went to attend Mrs. Varley in confinement. Got home about 4 o'clock, very much pleased that the complications which beset the case* dissolved so readily. I am much annoyed by a peculiar sore throat which I fear is rather ominous.

Tu. 2. My time is taken up with patients and books and writing.

Wed. 3. The same.

Th. 4. Drove to Mr. Hickerson's and returning stopped at the "Shelter Home" to deliver some sewing Annie had done for Mrs. Morrill. After a little shopping I drove home and in the afternoon visited patients.

Fri. 5. My time was divided between patients and books and letter-writing. I feel strangely irritable and rather necessitated to be on guard with myself much of the time. I can scarcely get an hour which appears to be really and thoroughly restful, day or night. While it does not seem to be any great thing, any formidable enemy, it seems as if it were a myriad crowding upon each other for the pleasure of attack. I lie long hours seemingly asleep but vaguely conscious of all that is occurring. I hear the rustle of the leaves — the scream of an engine — the bark of a dog, the carol of a bird, the whisper of a child &c

then for a little moment seem to have fallen, suddenly fallen into a departure which is blank and empty but in which in some vague way I can still recognize myself as a something between an abstraction and an entity; an almost senseless something counterfeiting slumber. In the midst of this I hear the town clock and then a measureless distance seems to pass until I hear the clock from another steeple chiming the same hour, which sometimes I count off with labored effort; and then again I seem blotted out in the midst of the count and only the dying sound lingers in my memory.
Often after this weary welter of semi-consciousness seems to have been prolonged sufficiently to murder my patience I am thoroughly roused and some event shows me that this long strange sleep struggle had but a few minutes duration. I have tried to buy the luxury of rest as I used to in my boyhood by toil. Occasionally this has been partially successful but when the toil was fatiguing beyond my liking it only served to be added like an intolerable incubus to the sleep hours and all its little details are gone over again and again with compound vexation. To be beneficial, the exercise or labor must be pleasurable and not excessive. What have I got from life? Even the labor I delighted in so often proves a delusion. Philosophically I ponder my condition over and over

May

and personally often wish I were at rest Then, like a dying gladiator spurning the ground so soon to be his couch, I summon my will and suddenly find a thousand phantoms of defiance battling like storm-gods for the victory of confusion. Sometimes in a little moment, balanced around some hope-ful little thing, some little kindness done, some little thing accomplished which gives hope of good I feel a momen-tary victory of content, but oh! how much I have desired a broader and better usefulness. I have cared so little for fame or empty gain and so much for a self-satisfying life and have struggled so hard and wearily, hoping that Heaven would see fit to show me the promise of a good accomplished which I often fear I am not to see. Yet with all this depression I seldom feel wholly unable to accomplish something respectable. Possibly it is my unwillingness to be vanquished In my weariness I borrow a small consolation in feeling that I have already done an average life work, but the ina-bility to see its fruits before me gives me scant satisfaction.

How strangely I seem to have been led on. I can not wonder that I have sometim seemed strange to others. If I could feel that in some hidden way the seven last years were to be prolific of usefulness in a sense as broad as the previous seven seemed to be I could be satisfied.

Again I am thinking of

May following my boyish impulse to seek another field for usefulness. I have been contemplating the possible sale of our home and removal to some field which would be safer and better for the flock I may not long tend. Where should it be? I have so often felt the desire to hear the roar of another ocean — to see my children develop under the influence of its mighty lessons. Yet — God knows best and in the language of my mother I will "bide my time".

Sat. 6. Showery. Wrote and read and walked.

Sun. 7. The morning was ushered in with gray sky and heavy rain which later gave way to sunshine and high wind. I have felt too dull to be able to rouse myself into any considerable effort. Spent a few hours with my books and sometime in walking. I could do little at writing.

Mon. 8 Mowing in yard

Tu. 9 In morning was called off to go to see Jno Browers at end of S. Cherry car line I went and found him very bad. I stayed 2hrs and came back on car to the square. Got some things and walked home. Very weary but soon rested and mowed until night.

Wed. 10. The events of yesterday should properly be set down for this date.
On yesterday I mowed in the yard and in the evening Annie and I walked

to the tabernacle to hear Col. Copeland lecture on "Seeing the Elephant." The lecture was very interesting and covered a wide range from the humorous to the pathetic. It was very realistic and we enjoyed it very much. After the lecture we walked home and discussed home matters, business matters, our future prospects, our pastimes enjoyments, &c. We enjoy these as they are comparatively a new feature in our lives. We left the flock at home and when we returned Connel alone was awake. As he is usually the first to fall asleep this was quite strange.

Th. 11. Still working at my yard and garden.

Fri. 12 The same.

Sat. 13. Worked in the shop and about the yard and ~~went~~ went to city late in P.M.

Sun. 14 Cool but brilliant. Spent the day at home with my papers books and patients

Mon. 15. Warm. I raked the hay on the yard, then though very tired I went to see Mr. John Bowers beyond the end of the S. Cherry car line. When I came back I worked a little while in the garden.

Tu. 16. Wrote letters till the mail came, bringing me the pawls for my lawn mower. I then proceeded to repair the machine

May. This took me till after four o'clock, when I began the tiresome job of cutting the high stubbled grass in the South side of yard. I cut without stopping till dark, in that time cutting more than I had ever got a hand to do in half a day. I had cut all lying south of the walk and east of the big gum tree. I was so tired I did not sleep much and my blistered hands burned like they had been scalded.

Wed. 17. Took the machine and cut all of the yard lying north of the walk against breakfast. I somehow felt like driving this job ahead of me until it was conquered. Whenever I have a job that is disagreeable to me or one that I can impress decidedly I give it no rest. After breakfast I finished the remainder of the yard and then before dinner I hoed out all the garden, corn and potatoes. In the afternoon helped the boys saw some on the big gum tree in the South yard.

Th. 18. Rainy. Worked about the yard and wrote some letters.

Fri. 19. In the forenoon, took a long walk and in the afternoon took Annie and the two little girls and drove to John Bowers stopping on South Summer St. for two hours to watch the floral parade on its way to Cumberland park. We got home late and after eating our dinner helped the boys

May. saw on the big gum.

Sat. 20. In the forenoon took Nettie and Helen to city. In the afternoon worked in the garden. At night took care of the two little girls while mamma and the boys went to the closing exercises of the May Festival at Centennial Park.

Sun. 21. The day was broken up with callers whose mission seemed only to disturb. I accomplished almost nothing though the day was ideal. A strange oppressive something seems to hover over me that I can not shake off.

Mon. 22. Splitting wood and working about the yard.

Tu. 23. Split wood in the forenoon. In the afternoon Mr. Graham came to take the pictures of the family. We were sawing up the big gum tree which had stood in the south yard. The children were ranged around the cuts, G. and S. holding the saw in one picture and the two little girls in the other while Annie and I occupied positions at random. Our desire was to procure a real rustic picture. After the negatives were taken we removed the body of the old tree to the wood-pile.

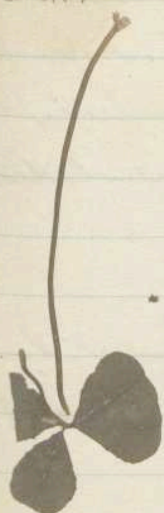
Wed. 24. Worked some at my wood in the forenoon and in the afternoon drove to see Mr. Bowers.

Th. 25. Sawing wood, waiting on patients and work

May ing about the yard.

Fri. 26. In the morning drove to city taking Hettie and Helen along for the drive. In the afternoon sawed wood in the south yard. We had cut down a large locust which died and the boys sawed by turns against me. They saw very well for little boys.

Sat. 27. Off in the morning early to Centerville to attend the sale of the Bon Aqua Springs property. It was a tiresome trip and I felt very much exhausted even on reaching the depot. On reaching Centerville, we walked about the dilapidated courthouse and consulted the lawyers till noon. Then we went to the hotel and got a ten cent meal for 50 cts. After dinner while waiting for the train that was to bring me back I saw a peculiar limb on a fallen sycamore which had grown into a circle. I borrowed a saw and sawed it off and brought it with me as a rustic curiosity. At the sale we were compelled to bid the property in to secure the debt. I reached home at ten o'clock P.M. made one call on a sick patient, washed the disagreeable dust from my face and sat down to an excellent lunch which I enjoyed with great relish after which Annie and I sat alone and talked till after midnight. These bright happy evenings are replete with pleasant memories.



Sun. 28. The day was broken up with callers so I could neither read, write nor sleep.

1899. May.

Mon. 29. Hot and dry. Spent most of day at splitting up the gum into stove-wood.

Tu. 30. I began early in the morning to split up the locust which the boys had sawed up on Saturday. It was a hard task. Many of the cuts being forked and knotty. My hands were blistered and I was drenched with sweat, but I disliked the job so heartily that I clung to it and just before dark I finished. I was glad it was finished and though I was too weary and sore to sleep as I tossed on my couch I congratulated myself on my victory.

Wed. 31. Took the car and went to see Mr. Bower. In the afternoon worked in the garden and read.

June.

Th. 1. Went to the city in the forenoon. In the afternoon began work on a Fourth of July stand for the boys. I am erecting a platform on the top of the stump of the locust I had cut in the South yard. It is about 8 ft. from the ground. The children are very much pleased with it.

Fri. 2. Finished my stand and went again to the city taking Annie and Helen for a drive. In the afternoon made a hammock and read.

Sat. 3. Spent several hours in the forenoon fixing the braces for Edward Pennock's feet. In the afternoon read and played with the children.

Sun. 4. Company nearly all day prevented accomplishment or enjoyment.

Mon. 5. Writing and working a little about the yard; I could not do much consecutive work for little Helen plead almost constantly to be taken. She does not feel very well and insists that I should amuse her.

Tu. 6. Went out south Cherry St. beyond the railroad to see Mr. Bowers. Tried to find a buyer for my cow but found the butchers were chiefly liars.

Wed. 7. Spent most of day in taking care of little sick Helen, who will scarcely let me get out of her sight. The boys got their reports from school today. Catewood as usual leading his class with a grade of 90. Connell's grade was 79. Wesley's grade was 88. He seemed proud of it, bringing his paper to me where I was swinging Helen in the hammock, and telling me how he could improve it another year. Although the youngest in his class he was nearly first and this considered with his lack of experience shows a fine grade.

Th. 8. Looking after patients and taking care of little Helen.

Fri. 9. Drove to see Mr. John Bowers taking Annie and Helen with me. She seems to be benefited by the rides and enjoys them very much.

Sat. 10. Took Annie and Helen and drove to

June. No. 1412 Polk St. to see Mr. Nottgrass's sick child. In the afternoon went to see Mr. Scott and nursed little Helen.

Sun. 11. Cool and cloudy. Took Annie and Helen and drove to Mr. Nottgrass's in the forenoon. Spent the afternoon in reading and looking after Helen.

Mon. 12. Worked some about the yard in the forenoon, then went with Mr. Nottgrass in his buggy to see his sick girl. Came back and wrote in the afternoon.

Tu. 13. Took Annie and Helen and drove to Mr. Nottgrass's stopping at the court-house to meet Mr. Maddell and seal and deliver him a deed for the property in which he now resides on North Fifth St. Found the little girl very sick and on returning left word for him to report the case later in the evening which he did. In the afternoon wrote some lines on the old gum tree which we had cut down in the South yard it having died two months ago.

Wed. 14. The same.

Th. 15. We drove again to Nottgrass's and from there to see John Bowers opposite the New Railroad shops on Cedar St. Wrote in the evening.

Fri. 16. We drove again to Nottgrass's, stopping at the Butchers and Drovers Yard where G. and L. had already arrived with "Jennie"

the old cow we were selling. We found the little girl better, but still very sick. In the afternoon visited patients and read. Wrote also some lines on "Little Things".

Sat. 17. Went again to Mr. Nottgrasses. The day is quite cool. Helen is enjoying these rides very much and usually manages to get a play and a sleep in each. In the afternoon read and played with the children.

Sun. 18. Took Annie and Helen to Nottgrass's in the forenoon. In the afternoon was called to see Mr. Broughton's child which is very sick. Considering the base treatment I have received from them this call is surprising. I fear this case will be very difficult. Spent two hours with Prof. Turner in the afternoon, who is quite sick.
Near sunset we all went for a walk but had not gone far till we were compelled to return when we found Miss Katie Bond waiting for us. The children enjoy these walks very much and I think we should take more of them while they are children with us and thus give them another bright memory of childhood with which we are associated. When the evening stories were completed the children gave us their goodnight kisses and went up to bed while Annie and I transcribed the following lines, she writing, I correcting and dictating.

The Big Old Gum.

A big, old gum, tall, weird and dark,
With massive trunk and rough brown bark,
And leaves of glossy green-washed
Till* Autumn turns them fiery red,
Stood in our yard. From year to year
The birds had sung and nested here,
Secure within its leafy shade,
While round its root the children played
Their merry games. Unknown to them,
Old Time had touched its giant stem,
And when another spring had come
It did not robe our dear old gum.

We watched it closely, day by day;
Its few, small leaves declined away
And tho it tried so hard to grow,
Its time had come — it had to go.
On bended knees we sawed it down
And found it scarred with many a wound,
From cutting edge to leaden hail,
From thoughtless blow to cruel nail.
We found it larger than it seemed,
And dearer than we ever dreamed;
But, when the boys from school had come,
They went to sawing up the gum.

Now, while we cut it for the flame,
With sweeping saw, the artist came
And snapped a picture there and then,
Of log and saw and little men;
In fact, he gave to each a share,
From baby girl to faithful mare;
But, when he made another draw,
Two little girls were at the saw,
And all the rest were laughing round,
Some on the log, some on the ground
To see the new force that had come
To help us saw the big old gum.

We keep the picture, that the years,
Which bring the tide of toil and tears,
May have this witness of a time
And place we loved — a sunny clime
Where children chased the golden hours,
With flying feet, among the flowers
Which bloom so sweetly round our home.
God grant these feet may never roam
But, that Thy blessing still shall cling
About our hearts and always bring
A deeper love, whene'er we come
To think of sawing up the gum.

Little Things.

I want to note the little things
Of which the singer never sings;
The little words which often start
The *kindest thoughts in saddest heart;
The little smile which scarcely tells
How deep the heart behind it swells;
The little touch of baby's tips,
The little smiles of baby's lips,
The little taps of baby's shoe,
That say so much to me and you;
And of the pleasure which they bring
Of which the singer can not sing.

I want to note the little things
That touch the heart and often bring
The rain of tears, without a choice
When we should weep or when rejoice;
The little thing which changed the mind
And made the spoken word more kind,
The little duty, nobly done;
The little conquest hardly won;
The little sacrifice of want,
The little faith, no force can daunt—
The comfort which that faith must bring
Of which the singer can not sing.

I want to note the little things
Of which the singer never sings;
The little cares that fill the life
Of mother in her daily strife;
The thousand, thousand little things
Which she must do, which never bring
Her rest — which must be done again
Tomorrow, and tomorrow then;
And then tomorrow still; while man
Can neither make, nor do, nor plan,
This trying round of little things
Of which the singer never sings.

I want to note the little things
Of which the singer never sings;
The little things which end a strife,
The little things which change a life
From ill to good; which come and cling
About our hearts and always bring
A thought of love in other days,
A thought of good in many ways;
These little things, like daisies, bloom
Between our footsteps and the tomb;
They are but little, little things
Of which the singer never sings.

 1899.
June

Mon. 19. Still hot and dry. The leaves are falling from the trees like in Autumn. The grass is so crisp and dry that it crumbles under foot. Hot winds sweep almost constantly from the south. Annie and I drove to Mr. Nottgrass's on Polk St. in the morning. In the afternoon I visited patients and took care of little Helen who is quite cross.

Tu. 20. Looked after patients and took care of the little girl who seems to recover very slowly. The burning weather continues.

Wed. 21. Drove again to Nottgrass's in the forenoon and in the afternoon visited patients and wrote.

Th. 22. Attended patients near home till 4 P.M. Then took car and went to see Mr. John Bowers near the Railroad shops.

Fri. 23. The heat and drouth increase. The trees are dying in the yard. The weeds in the street are withered. Most of the crops are destroyed. Spent part of the day visiting patients and wrote the verses on opposite page. Helen clings about me and follows me up wherever I go. I can not resist her pitiful plea of "Take, take, take". Her plump flesh is wasted and flabby and she often totters when she walks. She will sit for hours with me often on my lap content apparently because she has me with her. She suffers a good deal but is quite patient and sweet in her suffering

Give me your hand my Brother.

Give me your hand, my brother,
The time is flying fast;
I can not wait, dear brother,—
The day is almost past.

Give me your hand, my brother,
As when, in youthful days,
We joined our hands together
And knelt in evening praise.

Give me your hand, my brother,
And let me hear you say
That you forgive me, brother,
Before I go away.

Give me your hand, my brother,
I want to say Goodbye;
Forgive me, dear, dear brother—
Goodby, Goodby— Goodby.

Here is my hand, my brother,
You have nothing to repent;
We are children of one mother
And life was only lent.

Here is my hand, my brother,
I want to keep you up;
Here's mine— and here's my other,
Come brother, share my cup.

Take both my hands, my brother,
And give me both your own;
We'll cast our lots together
And reap as we have sown.

The Spots Upon My Cuff.

I was sitting in my summer-house,
Where my time is often spent,
With my books and papers round me,
Alone and quite content.

I did not wish for any-thing;
In fact, I had enough—
A little hand came tapping
Its tips upon my cuff.

The little tips were dirty
And my cuff was fresh and clean,
And where the tips had rested
Three spots were plainly seen.

The little tips were dirty
But the heart was sweet and clean,
And the smile about the dimpled mouth,
The sweetest I had seen.

The smiling lips were lifted
To proffer me a kiss;
So, I left my books and papers
For this little world of bliss.

"Dock's girl", she sweetly chirruped,
With her hand upon her head,
And seeing she had conquered,
"Take, take", she softly said.

I pressed her to my throbbing heart,
She did not have to wait;
I gave the dimpled fingers
My white cuff for a slate.

Take all my books and papers,
White linen and such stuff;
More dear I hold than fame or gold
These spots upon my cuff.

Let albums hold the scholar's name —
His fame is but a puff;
But here I have Love's autograph,
Inscribed upon my cuff.

28 June, 1899.

In the summer-house.

A Northern Rose.

While Fame, about your waiting feet,
Her choicest treasure throws
I deem the offering incomplete
Without a Northern rose.

In other days when Fame is thine
And duty nobler grows
When laurels twine with fadeless pine
Recall this Northern rose.

Lines accompanying a bunch of Sun of Prairie rose to Mary Kelly upon her graduation.

June

Sat. 24. Some indications of rain. Spent the day about home: writing and doing little turns. Little Helen toddles after me till tired and then insists that I shall take her. Sometimes I set her on the *summer house table beside me and try to write though her playful help usually prevents any connected work. While she was "helping" me today I wrote the following, a word or two at a time as I was permitted. I do not attribute its literary defects to her little arms around my neck.

My Martyr.

I have a martyr with a patient face,
With a cheerful voice and a smiling grace
Who meets each duty with never a frown,
From the peep of day till the sun goes down
Even then her duties are never done.
And some of them are only begun;
And these will wear till another dawn
And still another has come and gone;
But she is patient and faithful & brave,
With a mission pure as an ocean wave
Caressing forever o'er and o'er
The rockbound beach and the sandy shore,
Imprinting her life with its sweetness there
Thro the kiss of her fingers brown & fair.
Arch martyr of love - arch martyr of life
This sweetfaced martyr is my wife.

24 June, 1899.

*In the summer house.

1899.
June

Sun. 25. Still threatening but no rain. Spent the day with little Helen.

Mon. 26. At last we have a little rain - only a little but so delightful. My time is divided between writing letters in the summer-house and reading.

Tu. 27. Still hot and dry. The trees are dying. The grass is burned up and gone. The pasture lot, which a month ago was green and luxuriant, is desolate, brown and bare. We are watching the stock in the yard while they eat the short grass under the trees. We have nowhere and at no time experienced such a drouth. The hot winds from the south lick up all the moisture. Yet we have only to trust him and wait.

~~Wed. 28.~~ Early in morning before breakfast was called to a case of confinement at Albert Johns's. Returned soon and spent most of day with my books, papers and in watching the stock.

Wed. 28. The hot dry weather continues and my vacation is about the same.

Th. 29. The same.

Fri. 30 The same. We are watering our trees in hope of saving them until it rains.

July.
Sat. 1. I feel very much depressed with a strange, inexplicable sadness. Just before noon Mr. Bowers came for me to go to

Spring Hill Cemetery to see his father. It was very hot and dusty and much of the road was rough. The horse was old and very conservative in his movements. The whip was also old and much worn on some* other animal. It was seldom applied and then with a peculiar effect which might well be compared to the motion of a very short hobby-horse which however was confined mostly to the hinder legs, which seemed to mount directly in the air as if the owner had suddenly determined to stand on his head, and out of consideration of the weather and the incidental exertion had abandoned the idea after going one-fifth of the distance. This would be repeated three or four times each effort growing less than its predecessor till the dead level of hot indifference had been reached. Whenever practicable this ancient would sidle over so that the wheel on my side would keep on the rough, broken stone which produced a motion not unlike the shake-rod of an old threshing-machine, and was accompanied with as much dust. A dry, hot, steamy air rose constantly. The driver avoided much of the warm impressions he might have received by keeping asleep most of the time. I discovered occasionally that he possessed the rare ability to sleep just as he pleased. and for some reason occasionally clear he would sleep with one eye open at various widths while the other snored. Then again he would wholly shut out the world, but on the approach of another negro's team would dreamily open his eyes recognize the driver exchange civilities and then resume his

occupation. Clouds of dust constantly rising
from the passing teams did not obscure
his sleepy business by causing a collision.
He drove as if inspired. I often wished
for my own mare that I might
hurry out of this disagreeable dust and
heat. The cedars which stood by the way-
side looked as if covered with gray crape.
The weeds and leaves and all objects along
the road were coated with gray dust. We
reached there at last and after waiting on
the failing patient while the family took
dinner I walked through the Spring Hill
cemetery to the pike and proceeding as far
as the toll-gate climbed the high stone
fence and walked over to the office of
the National Cemetery to inquire as to
the burial of my oldest brother who
had died at Buford S.C. while on
Sherman's march to the Sea. My quest was
unavailing and I walked back through
the great evergreens contrasting in my
mind a quiet rest of the sleepers all
about me with the dismal din of life.
A slight breeze sighed through the pines
and the gross-beak and mocking-bird
were singing in the shade. I unmerged
from this shady retreat regretfully, walked
back to Mr. Bowers' along the dusty pike
and was soon on my sunny saunter
homeward. I found our equine friend
had become more conservative than
ever. I reached home before I died, brushed
the dust from the outside, repaired a broken
fence, bathed my dusty hands and face
ate my dinner, spent an hour in bating
the cows and the remainder of the

July 1. afternoon in reading. I had something of a vague impression while talking to patients late in the afternoon that whenever I would speak the dust flew out of my ears. I am reminded of the terrible experience through which myself and next older brother once passed in the useless task of whipping the lime out of hair for plastering in a small closed room. I hope this experience will not be repeated, but if necessary I will try to accept it philosophically.

Sun. 2. Still scorching with hot winds from the south. The leaves are dying on many of the trees and beneath some the ground is covered with fallen leaves like in autumn. I did not feel equal to much exertion and spent part of day on the floor with Helen.

Mon. 3. The fierce weather continues. Took Annie and Helen to city and stopped at Leahy's fire sale. Spent remainder of day with patients and papers.

Tu. 4. The heat has abated but the dry weather continues. I visited patients during the day. The boys have been incessantly active preparing for their evening entertainment. I have suffered a good deal today and been compelled to lie down a good deal. As evening drew near I felt some better and when Prof. Webb and family came I took my place with them in the yard and witnessed the exercises which consisted of song and original speeches by the four older boys and a declamation by Wesley. These exercises were given from the little platform

July. about 8ft. from the ground on the top of a big locust stump. They had decorated the platform with flags and reached it with a step-ladder. They all entered into it with hearty zeal and the program moved along smoothly till they came to the fireworks. In attempting to use some old fireworks they met with partial failure which was to them a serious matter as they had regarded this as the crowning feature. The evening was delightful and after the speeches we all repaired to the south veranda where Annie had prepared two tables one for us and one for the children. The five boys served the delightful repast and enjoyed it very much. In fact every one seemed to be delighted. For once the whole crowd had more ice-cream and sherbet than they could eat. It was a delightful entertainment from beginning to end and the long program which the children had arranged beautifully was carried out without a break. We all enjoyed it on account of its informal heartiness. May all their entertainments be as innocent, pure and patriotic. The speeches were very good considered as original efforts by children so youthful.

Wed. 5. Cooler with sprinkles of rain. I spend my time with my patients and books.

Th. 6. Warmer and dry. Drove to the city again and looked after some patients later.

Fri. 7. Still hot and dry and the persistent South wind seems to be hunting for any moisture accidentally left. I read and write and visit patients.

Sat. 8. The same. Late in P.M. we drove to city

Sun. 9. The sun shines with extreme brilliancy though it is not very hot. The winds still search vainly for moisture. The ground beneath many of the trees is covered with fallen leaves. The sound of the wind among the leaves is like that of autumn. I spend the day answering letters.

Mon. 10. Thermometer has fallen & the wind is from the North. The same brilliant sunshine, the same intense drouth.

Tu. 11. Thermometer 96°. Dust everywhere - hot winds from the South. Everybody is uncomfortable. Not a pound of grass could be gathered on the stock-lot. We are feeding as in winter.

Wed. 12. The conditions are all intensified. Hot winds from the South are almost stifling. We have all joined hands to clean the parlors & though the heat is inten

Th. 13. We are succeeding fairly on the ground that many hands make light work.

The same. We finished the parlors.

Fri. 14. Visited some patients and spent part of the day in entertaining Ensign Morrill and wife. They were on their way North and were seeking a place to stay till they could get their orders.

Sat. 15. All the conditions of the drouth are becoming more intense. Trees are dying in every direction. There are no signs of rain. Meanwhile the hot southern wind pours constantly as if from a blast furn

race literally scorching the little remaining vegetation and withering the leaves on the trees as if a torch had been applied. The sturdiest weeds, the most baleful pests of vegetable growth paused in their attempts to grow a month ago and since that have been steadily shriveling up. In the adjacent field the cockles which long before this time are usually six feet high and so close a dog can scarcely pass through them are standing now about three inches high all shriveled and many dead. A hot roaring sound fills the air as the hot winds pour through the shriveling trees. Occasionally a few distant clouds are seen but they soon pass away and leave the brassy sky from which the sun pours a constant scorching fury.
We are all fairly well and if alone would still be fairly comfortable. Of course our company unjoints our regular methods and substitutes their wishes instead.

Sun. 16. The conditions continue. We entertain our guests, do our work and wait.

Mon. 17. The hot dry weather continues. Spent most of the day mowing some short millet in order to save a little feed.

Tu. 18. Still hot and dry. Worked in the hay with the boys and got in what we had cut. We hauled it on the old barouche.

Wed. 19. Read and fixed Edward Pennock's shoes his mother remaining throughout the day. Some clouds this eve and it begins

July. to look like rain.

Th. 20. A little rain. Spent the day at reading and writing.

Fri. 21. The same. The drouth seems to be breaking up. It has rained light showers all day.

Sat. 22. The same.

Sun. 23. Rained hard. My "wolf" has been giving me close attention for two or three days. Have had company all week, Ensign Morrill & wife. This disturbs our usual methods. After the storm, sunshine.

Mon. 24. Spent the day with patients and papers.

Tu. 25. The same. In the evening during a hard downpour Ensign Morrill of the Salvation Army returned from city accompanied by his favorite colored body servant. After supper he took his wife and child and started for depot, intending to go to Watertown N.Y. Though we had made extra efforts to entertain them for the week or more I could not help thinking as he left that he was disappointed in not receiving more than board and lodging. Now that they are gone we may settle down to our regular method and simple style of living.

Wed. 26. While working at my water-tank, Mr. Bond called to get me to go and see the destruction caused by the defective work on the house he occupies. This compelled me to go later to the city to secure a plumber

Th. 27. Worked with my vine read and walked. Spent two hours teaching the boys in algebra.

Fri. 28. Teaching the boys, reading and walking.

Sat. 29. Worked a little about the place &c read. It is very warm.

Sun. 30. Cloudy with sprinkles of rain. Everything seems to be trying to grow. We are sitting in the summer-house and can look out to the North-West and see the rock crusher sending up its clouds of steam and smoke and hear the rattle of its machinery. As it belongs to the city we can scarcely see why it should be running today.
Just beside the summer-house a cuckoo began building a nest two months ago. She was molested by a jay and abandoned it. She is now sitting where it was and for the last half hour has been keeping up a constant, soft, low voiced song. Sometimes so faint as to be almost inaudible though she is in plain sight only a rod away. I have never heard one sing so sweetly as this. For four years this one or another has built in the yard, each year building closer to us. I was very sorry to see her disturbed. I wonder what can be her motive in returning to sit like Marius in the ruins of Carthage.

Mon. 31 I do a little work and read. In P.M. went to city to get a tinner to put me on my roof.

Tu. 1 Working a little and reading by turns.

Wed. 2 Teaching and reading. The time moves along pleasantly and so swiftly. The summer seems almost gone

Th. 3 The same. It is hot and still today.

Fr. 4 We all got into the old barouche and drove to White's Creek to give the children an outing We went far down the creek to a deep hole where all the children were soon in the water to the neck. Even little Helen was a joyous participant. About 12 o'clock they all got hungry and finding a spring got water and Annie soon had a bucket of lemonade and a lunch spread on the grass under a big sycamore where they had already provided a swing made from a rope we brought along. We ate fiercely and soon devoured the repast. Then Annie swung in the swing a little and the boys climbed like monkeys in the branches Then all but she went in to bathe again and the boys tried hard to swim in very shallow water. I tried to instruct them and after an hour of splashing we dressed and drove home. It was a pleasant day and all enjoyed it very much. How fast our little ones are growing up. We will soon have no little boys and should play with them more God bless this and all such days and may its memory ever be inspiring and pure.

Sat. 5 Went to town in A.M. and read and wrote in P.M. Not well

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Aug

Sun. 6 Rainy. Read most of day. It stormed very hard in the evening.

Mon. 7 Breezy. Reading. Annie is not well. Boys mowed yard and recited Algebra to me and I interlarded labor and lesson with stories of which they never tire. Just now the mythical hero is Christian Calm a character they almost idolize.

Tu. 8. We still have hot weather with showers. I spend my time with my patients and journals.

Wed. 9. The same.

Th. 10. The same.

Fri. 11. Very hot and oppressive. Annie and I drove to the city and I returned quite exhausted. Spent the remainder of the day in reading and teaching Algebra.

Sat. 12. It rained in the early morning and cast a gloom of disappointment over the remainder of the family who had made arrangement to go with Prof. Webb's family to White's Creek to fish and swim. About ten o'clock however the clouds cleared away and the blue sky and bright sun and the pleadings of the children induced me to drive out with them to White's Creek, Prof. Webb having gone before. We had scarcely reached the Creek till all were stripped and in the water, except the two women, two babies and myself. I stood upon the bank and directed the awkward plunges of the children who soon began to overcome their fear of the water and learn how to handle themselves in it. Cornel as usual

maintained his polky conservatism and had to be ducked a good many times to overcome his fear of the water. At the last he got so he could dive from the shore into the stream like the rest. At dinner we spread the cloth upon the grass under the big syccamore and all gathered around on our knees and all enjoyed the meal very much. After dinner we took a short fish and then Prof. Webb and the boys went back to the water, while Mrs. Webb and Annie and the two little children looked on from the shore, while I continued fishing. At half past four o'clock we started home although the children would gladly have remained in the water till dark. We were all tired but all enjoyed the day. I went with great reluctance as my throat had been very sore for several days and an indescribable aching had pursued me night and day. However I enjoyed seeing the others enjoy themselves and witnessing the improvement in Annie's appetate.

Sun. 13. Very warm with one light shower. It was a dull day for I felt so badly I could not enjoy reading and had scarcely the courage to answer my letters. My throat continues sore, the soreness extending down into my chest. I feel unaccountably weak and this coupled with a persistent aching renders me quite unfit for anything.

Mon. 14. Spent most of day in writing letters and preparing some pictures to be sent to be sent to some of our friends writing some verses on the back of each. The day has been brilliant and mainly pleasant and breezy.

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Tu. 15. In the forenoon we went to city to market and I spent the afternoon in writing.

Wed. 16. Visited some patients, did some writing and read the papers.

Th. 17. Reading and teaching.

Fri. 18 The same.

Sat. 19. Went to Mr. Joy's in the forenoon. In the afternoon helped the boys mow weeds till near sunset when Annie and I drove to market. In the evening we sat on the upper veranda in the moonlight and talked till near midnight. The air is cool and ethereal. The children get their evening story and are soon sound asleep within the open door. Then we sit and talk alone for hours while we watched the moon shining softly through the vines and presenting a picture almost like a fairy dream. We are living so much together and with ourselves. Our children do not seem inclined to stray away and have the reputation of being good children by all who know them. Surely we ought to be happy and thankful.

Sun. 20. Spent the day in reading and walking and treating patients.
On opposite page I will transcribe the verses to Helen entitled "In the Swing." It was inscribed on the back of a photograph showing Helen in the swing while I stand behind to propel it.

In The Swing

To Helen.

Away you go! Now tightly cling,
While welcome breezes wildly fling
Your tangled hair; hold fast the rope,
Almost beyond your fingers scope;
With bounding pulse and steady brain
Sweep like the petrel o'er the main,
But cling to Faith, ah, closely cling,
It is the rope of God's own swing.

Away you go, without a care,
Just like a swallow in the air;
So glides your youth, so swiftly on,
That when few years have come and gone,
You then may stand behind the swing
And little hands beneath yours cling
With faith in you; but teach the Hope
That rests on Faith in God's own rope.

Away you go, like airy wraith,
With joyous heart and laughing faith
And ringing peal; God keep you now
With sunny heart and cloudless brow
And stainless life, without, within,
Imbued with Love, unhurt by sin.
Away you go! Now closely cling
To Faith and Hope — to God's own swing

14 Aug. 1899.

Pleasant Thoughts.

Let me build a wall of books
And pleasant thoughts
Of sunny slopes and shady brooks
Where sweet forget-me-nots
Bring back the breath of Time
Young Time untried
Which opened wide
Youth's rosy gates of morn
When life was new
And friends were true
And friendship had a charm
To keep the heart
Without an art
Forever pure and warm.

"Sue." 17 Aug. 1899.

When we sit down together.

23 Oct. 1899

When we sit down together, dear,
When we sit down together,
Love makes the dearest ones more dear
When we sit down together.

When we sit down together dear
'Tis always sunny weather;
Your smiles will tell, that all is well,
When we sit down together.

When we sit down together, dear,
The haze is on the heather;
The children play and bless the day,
When we sit down together.

Mon 21 Mowed weeds and read.

Tu 22 The same. Made preparations for the children to go on an outing to White's Creek.

Wed. 23 We all went to Whites Creek. Tho the children enjoyed the trip greatly and it had many pleasant features for all of us still it was not as pleasant as I had hoped. We all enjoyed our dinner under the big tree. The fishing feature was a failure tho I got two small ones which we put into a basket and set it in the shallow water while we used the bucket to make lemonade. A little later the fish and basket were stolen. In bathing the little girls kept near the shore. When all were a little way from Helen she tumbled down & tho she tried hard to crawl out and did get some distance she did not understand navigation and got down and strangled a little in very shallow water. I was farthest from her and quite out of quick reach. Annie ran in and got her out and then fished barefoot while her stockings dried in the sun. Helen did not care to go back. We had a pleasant drive homeward.

Th. 24 Teaching, treating patients & reading.

Fr. 25 The same.

Sat. 26 The same. Quite warm.

Sun 27 Mr Pennock and wife took dinner with us. Visitors kept me engaged nearly all day. In P.M. late went to see Helen Dawson. Am hoarse and throat is sore.

Mon 28 Writing letters and teaching Algebra to G & C.

Tu. 29 Writing, reading and visiting patients in A.M. In P.M. Annie and I drove to City and got me a suit of clothes for my dreaded trip to Centerville next Monday.

Wed 30 Wrote letters and copied verses nearly all day. In evening a strange reflected red or damask covered the eastern sky in which a lurid rainbow appeared. This strange phenomenon was soon followed by a very hard rain that came from the East

Th. 31 Showery.

Sep.

Fr. 1 Making preparations to go to Bon Aqua. I dread the trip as I would hell. It always ends in disappointment.

Sat. 2 Off at 6 A.M. for Bon Aqua. It is hot and close and I am weary and sick to start with. Got there at 10 A.M. walking from depot over to the new school house & on to the cottages. Mrs Morrison seeing me hailed me and I stopped and spent an hour with them. It is very hot. I walked over a good deal of the place before dinner. Things are not running so smoothly as when we run it before. All seem to be weary. A lazy dulness akin to indolence seems to meet one every where. Even the song birds seemed to have gone. I was kept busy till night listening to tales of sickness and distress. Late in P.M. John T. Overby came over and brought his wife for me to treat. At night I was sent to room 7 over the dining room and till midnight listened to the talkers below. I did not sleep an hour. The odor of decaying vegetables

Sep. victuals, hog, many other kinds of nastiness mingled together came into my room thro the open window. I put in a hard trying night.

Sun. 3 Up at day and at once called to treat a drunken libertine. Then walked to the big Blue Pool and bathed in its clear cold waters. It was too cold to remain in long I came out all aglow and walked back to the hotel and got my breakfast. I sat beside a lawyer Knight from Centerville and he was a curiosity. He ate mostly with his fingers and when meat was passed he took the plate and with a fork rolled over nearly every piece at last selecting one and then leaving his fork alone he would tear it with fingers & teeth like a dog. Then pouring gravy on his plate he took small bits of bread and dipped and rolled them in the gravy with his fingers in a very uncleanly way. In front of me a formidable old lady with a great prognathous jaw fulminated furiously about "niggers" whom she regretted to see free. tho she professed to love them immensely. She never stopped talking even when putting in food. When she asks a question she proceeds to answer it as if she alone knew how to ask and answer. Sometimes she asks a question and goes right on as if an answer was not desired. She is a talking machine whose horse-power has not been determined. After breakfast the same routine of patients - the same trudging in the hot sun. O how I wish this trip were done and I back with Annie and the children. At last the long dull hot crowded day faded out but a suffering debauchee and some other sick ones kept me busy till between 9 and 10.

I then went to the room assigned me on the hill and found it in a nasty plight. No lamp matches towels soap and a nasty smell was found to cling about everything. I ventilated it but the outside odors were worse. A great hog rooted and grunted complacently beneath my window. This I later learned was the scavenger department and desirable on ground of cheapness. I got as far from the vile odors that came in at the window as I could and vainly tried to sleep but like Macbeth could "sleep no more". Near day they came to rouse me to go to the drunken devotee. I went without calling for a light to see to take leave of my place of many memories.

Mon. 4 I began as usual to serve the sick and continued in this profitless work till 9:20 when I stole away and joined the hack on its way to station. I did not go around to see the lady with the fighting jaw. The last to bid me goodby was my friend Mrs J.C. Morrison We took train at Station for Centerville and got there about 10 A.M. It was hot and so close I could scarcely breathe, the sweat in streams gushed from my body and drenched my face almost blinding me. We climbed the big hill from the station to the ancient looking village and after traversing its dusty and stony streets for three hours went to its one miserable hotel and paid fifty cents for a ten cent dinner of the second class. After dinner more hot trudging. At last we find the sale of Bon Aqua Springs is post-poned till Wednesday but that an advance bid of $500. is made which insures it to go. At 4:10 We took a crowded dusty, hot little car and started home.

Sep

At Bon Aqua I got off and got a big fossil lying at station weighing over 30# and this was added to my attentions on my hot dusty way. At Nashville the street cars connected so badly I got home at 10:30 P.M. I at once bathed and changed my dusty garb and sat down with faithful Annie and ate heartily of ice cream she had thoughtfully provided. I lay down at midnight, but the horrid memories of my trip clung like a wet garment and for sometime kept me awake. At last I slept.

Tu. 5 I spent the day at home with the family. I am much depressed. Still hot.

Wed. 6 Annie decided to go to Algood, Tenn. and we hurried to get her off in time. I took her to the train and returned to Wesley who watched the mare. Then we went to market and I paid my city tax and drove home. I am so used up and depressed I can scarcely get about and a deep drowsiness clings to me constantly.

Th. 7 Still very hot. Visited patients and wrote.

Fr. 8 Attended to my daily duties in A.M. In P.M. took all the children to city and got books for school which begins Monday. I was very weary at night and retired earlier than usual. A heavy rain storm roused me.

Sat. 9 Up early and mowed North yard before breakfast. I am quite lame and very tired. Wrote and attended patients in A.M. After dinner I mowed the rest of the yard and helped the dear boys get

Sep thro their days work. They had like many other boys postponed some things that got into a bad shape. They felt hurt and gathered about me and cried and told me how sad they were. Taken all in all they had really done well. Galwood had managed and the three cows had been milked and the milk customers all served and the meals prepared, house swept, some lessons learned and many other things done I soon restored cheerfulness and we all went on to the evening work together.

Sun. 10 A lovely morning. The boys all set to work on their morning duties and at 9 A.M. they came to the summer house where I was at my writing and announced themselves ready and on the way to Sunday school. They told me they felt happier than they did yesterday and all looked happy. They pointed out that they were ready earlier than when mama was here and seemed proud of their management. They often speak of mama and tell when she will come and say "it is as lonesome as when Dock is gone". Thank God the dear ones are fond and closely bound together.

Now they are off together Lee carrying a yellow bucket in which is a plate of butter for a customer on the way. I am suffering terribly with my lame back which gives me no rest. The pain keeps me sick.... Children back and we get dinner. The boys did real well and we enjoyed our dinner. In P.M. I told them long stories and helped them in their lessons

Mon. 11 After scurrying around for a time th got the cakes baked and ate breakfast and set off to school. God bless them they are little treasures. After they left I swept for them and helped comple the morning work. Then went to see Mrs Fox In the afternoon Annie returned with Mrs. Florence Pennock bringing her son Edward, who is ruptured, for treatment.

Tu. 12. Waited on some patients and wrote letters.

Wed. 13. The same.

Th. 14. The same. Weather is very brilliant.

Fri. 15. Walked to city and back and though I did a good deal of walking in city I did not feel so weary as I expected.

Sat. 16. I am suffering about all I can well bear and go about. A deep stupor pervades my frame and while I am trying to shake it off lightning like flashes of pain follow each other with such rapidity that between these forces I am nearly helpless. I have done my best to shake it off, wear it off and ignore it by addressing myself to tasks hoping for diversion and relief, but feel conscious that I am so unfitted for physical or mental work that if it were my habit I would yield to discouragement. I some-times stretch myself at full-length for relief and in a half awake condition lie for an hour dully watching the play of these forces which are arrayed against me. I have wondered how long this kind of contest could be

sustained and surely feel that were it not for others I would very gladly go to sleep forever. At such times the songs of birds or waterfalls or music seem scarcely appreciable and I wonder really what further use I am to serve. I surely want to go with the rise. To be constantly speaking of it like a spoiled infant is exceedingly disagreeable and to feel that it is always between me and my purpose demanding an explanation of my failure to execute is annoying beyond expression. Altogether it is a repetition of brilliant days of apparently utter uselessness and discontent. I wish I could separate any possible availability remaining to me and like assets in an account at once put them into effective use and then cease. It might seem like a few days of my former self.
Possibly it is proper I should have such discipline as this affords, to understand better the lives of some others.

Sun. 17. The same pleasant, brilliant weather with the same demons of discontent and disturbance gnawing at my existence.

Mon. 18 Wrote and worked a little. An anthrax on the third finger of my left hand annoys me.

Tu. 19 Walked to city and back after looking about at some second hand stores. In P.M. I took a scythe and mowed the back of Pennocks yard. The mixed crab grass and weeds will make a little feed for the cow and I feel that I must save all I can. Galeword came to help me. Mows well for a 11 yr old

My Mission.

For You. 13 Sep. 1899

What is my mission? – what my place
In God's great plan? Is it a spot
To sit or stand, while others trace
The fields of noblest purest thought
For sparkling gems of brain or heart?
Is it to trudge the grimy soil
Of common things, where human art
Has made no path? Is it to toil
With humblest touch and name
In lowly life? Is it to climb
To Fame or creep to Shame –
Is it the accident of time?
Down dismal deep – up hight sublime?

What is my mission? I would know
Its purpose, use, its scope its end;
Its place, its time – all things that go
To make it up or comprehend
Its plan. I'd know its tears,
Its toils, its tempests and its calm;
Its sunny smiles, its deepest fears –
In fact, I'd know just what I am
And what I am to be.....
But, I would know my Masters will
And just the things that He
Makes known, must please me still.

Be still, my heart... I need not know,
Let Faith my anchor be
The hand that gives will just bestow
What still is best for me.
And when I cannot see the way
'Tis then He is most kind.

"He leadeth me" by night and day,
Tho naked, lame and blind.
I need not care tho earth may hold
High honors for its great
His purposes will all unfold,
If I will only wait.

I'll wait beside the Silent Sea
Until the change of tide
Shall float my bark and then will He,
Upon its bosom wide,
Direct my trackless way. In faith,
What need I care what storms may come,
When I am safe with Him, who saith,
"For you I go to make a home".
What need I care for Fame or Fate,
For wealth, or place, or power;
My mission now is but to wait
The tide may change this hour.

Wed 20 Mowed all day hard and finished up Pennocks yard and Graham's yard at da[y]. It was a hard days work but I felt a pride in doing it. My throbbing finger was a hot argument all day.

Th. 21. I wrote a letter and then raked up some of the grass. Late in day the boys and I hauled it on the barouche and put it into the little old cow stable.

Fr. 22 Worked some about the pla[ce] till the boys came from school and then we all raked up and hauled in the weeds on the little yard where Mr Graham lives.

Sat. 23 After many stops and hindrances Annie and I got off to city. We spe[nt] several hours looking at stores and marketing. After dinner at 3 P.M. I read till night. My finger was in evidence all night.

Sun. 24 Cool. Read part of day and in P.M. Annie & I walked to Mr Allens new house. My finger joins "the wolf" today in active war.

Mon 25 Suffering acutely. I write and walk and read by turns but the kee[n] punishment does not abate.

Tu. 26 I visited Mrs Fox in morning and then walked to 1500 McGavock St to look at a heating stove but found it too small to do the work I wished. I attended an auction where some books were sold at 701 Church St and bought nothing. Walked a good many places and walked back home. The day was cool & I had some diversion from my furious pain by walking. It seemed to keep the wolf away I took another walk after dinner and got in a[t] sunset. My arm is very sore and so swollen in the axilla that I prop up my arm to sleep.

1899
Sep.

Wed. 27 At home caring for my finger and writing.

Th. 28 The same

Fr. 29 The same

Sat. 30 Help take care of Helen who is sick and wait on some patients and read.

Oct.

Sun. 1 Help nurse Helen and write some. In P.M. I was sorely tried by a duet of smokers. Lynch Bennet had some company he did not want to entertain & he gave me the job. He brought a 'Major Reeves or Col. Reeves as he preferred to be called' into the parlor where the sick child stays by the fire and both smoked viciously on cigars too strong for a Spaniard. Here Lynch soon burned out his cigar and scattered the ashes over the floor and then left the Col.? to keep up the insolence all P.M. I saw it was necessary to take him off for a walk and give the child a chance. Got rid of him at sunset and came back to the reeking room to help care for Helen.

Mon. 2 Went to city to try to sell cow and after a long walk and numerous talks to cattle liars I came home thoroughly tired out. Spent P.M. helping take care of Helen.

Tu. 3 Nursing the sick girl and writing at times

Wed. 4 The same. Some patients.

Th. 5 Poor Helen is quite sick and needs constant attention. Between crying spells I write the last verse of my piece "The man with the hoe" It is

Oct- only a weak presentation of the subject so vigorously handled by Edwin Markham but is less pessimistic and I hope more nearly true. I do not think he interprets Millets painting accurately.

Fri. 6 Caring for Helen whose fever does not seem to abate. This is the anniversary of our wedding & while Helen slept and Annie worked I wrote a verses for her that partly describes the years of our married life. It is of course very imperfect from many causes and I could not well write while Helen fretted
The day was partly cloudy but mainly pleasant and at eve the stars were all out. At night I told the children a long story about Christian Calm and they were delighted. It was a pleasant anniversary except for Helens sickness. Even she tried to make it pleasant by sitting in her chair at table and eating a few bites. May God make us adequately grateful and bring us all again around the table when another anniversary shall have come.

Sat. 7 Went to city with Wesley and Gatewood to get shoes. Spent P.M. in trying to please Helen who insists on being carried all the time. It is cloudy and warm and threatens rain.

Sun. 8 Little Helen is quite sick and pleads to be with me all the time I hold and carry her most of day.
Mr Alf. Rutherford was here for a few minutes today. In P.M. carried Helen out of doors as it was warm. Got a short time in which I began to transcribe the following

They are lovers still.

6 Oct. 1899

The day was bright with golden light;
The haze was on the hill;
A happy pair were wedded there,
And they are lovers still.

Time flew like light. Their home was bright
And children came to fill
That home with song, and keep them young,
And they are lovers still

Those fleeting days, in Love's own ways
Has Cupid ruled with skill;
They have their joys, their girls & boys,
And they are lovers still.

There they have kept, while children slept
Love's vigils at their will;
And thro the day, joined them in play
And they are lovers still

At father's knee, still let them be
Protected from all ill
If twilight come and call them home
Let them be lovers still

Let autumn's haze and golden days
Exclude life's wintry chill.
God bless their joys, their girls and boys
And keep them lovers still.

A Highland Hate

My heart is proud that in my zeal,
I take no mean* revenge;
And when I conquer let me feel,
I've* nothing to avenge.
I have been wronged and I have waited,
The truth that time would tell;
Few men can hate as I have hated,
Few men can love as well.

My heart is proud; God knows my scorn
Burns like the Persian flame;
But, still I would not plant a thorn,
To sting a foe to shame.
My heart and hand are truly mated
And know each other well;
Few men can hate as I have hated,
Few men have loved as well.

My heart is proud. I never knelt
At any human shrine
Few hearts can feel what I have felt,
Few wrongs have have burned like mine
My very air was ever freighted
With hate, hot blown from hell
Tho few men hate as I have hated
Few men have loved as well

. . . .

My heart was proud; the past is dead;
My heart is humble now,
And peace is reigning there instead
The hate I did allow.
I feel a love, deep, unabated,
No words could e'er foretell;
Let no man hate as I have hated,
Let all men love as well.

"The man with the hoe."

"The man with the hoe" a short time ago
Attracted attention so wide
That people began to study the man
Both painter and poet had tried

To use for a text; and all were perplexed
To see how these giants of thought
With the brush and the pen had blundered again
In giving the lesson they taught.

For all men should know, the man with the hoe,
When tried by a rule orthodox,
Is not a mere thing but the son of a king,
And neither a drudge nor an ox.

It must be allowed, he is king of the crowd,
If measured by usefulness now;
And the brush and the pen can never tell when
They ranked with the hoe and the plow.

This lord of the soil is willing to toil
And remembers, the Master has said
"In the sweat of thy brow" not another's you know
Each mortal shall eat of his bread

This sovereign of earth tho humble of birth
With feet on the lowliest sod,
Is the chief of his race and bears in his face
The image and promise of God.

Tho he have not the ken of the brush or the pen,
His faith is so trustful and pure,
He prays from the sod straight up to his God
And relies on the promises sure.

Tho he bend to the hoe contentment will show
His back bears no onerous weight.
This image of God has shoulders so broad
They serve as the pillars of state

Whatever is said, this baron of bread
Needs neither the brush nor the pen,
To let the world know that the man with the hoe
Is the Kingliest King among men.

An Autumn walk

I love to walk when fields are brown,
And Autumn's leaves are dropping down,
And nature lays her golden crown,
On the lap of mother earth.
As if she rendered her account,
In ripened worth and rich amount,
And showed each grateful heart the fount,
Of all this golden worth.

I love to sit and idly dream,
Upon some sweet enchanted scene,
Until, in fact I almost seem,
To be of it a part;
And scarcely hear the stilly sound,
Of nuts or leaves upon the ground,
Or other music all around,
Untouched by human art.

I love to wander in the woods,
And worship where no one intrudes,
Profanely in God's solitudes,
Where everything is pure
Where every note that greets the ear,
Is but an echo pure and clear,
Of love in that enchanted sphere,
Where worship is secure.

Mon. 9 Helen is better. I spend the day with her & my books. I wheel the buggy out doors at times till she sleeps and then I write a line or two of my verses. I do not know what use they can be but try to put no impure thought into them and leave their mission to the Lord who directs and from small things can give great results. Possibly a line may sometimes touch anothers heart.

Tu. 10 The same. Helen is so cross it is only by constant watchfulness she can be managed

Wed. 11 The same. Helen is better

Th. 12 The same. Very warm.

Fr. 13 Worked hard all day at a pump and some other turns.

Sat. 14 Annie and I took Helen and drove to city. It is very warm.

Sun. 15 Wrote letters and entertained company

Mon 16 Warm and hazy. No school. The boys wanted to go nutting and when I gave permission they bounded away like deer. I sat and wrote my delayed letters and at 3 P.M. they got back with a sack of walnuts and a prodigious appetite. So we all sat down with grateful hearts to a good dinner after which I took a long walk and came in by the placid light of Luna. My walk did me good and I slept better than for a week.

Tu. 17 Rainy. Wrote some and visited patients.

Wed. 18. Walked to the city and back, after doing a good deal of walking while there. I was very weary and wrote the remainder of the day.

Th. 19. Weather is beautiful. Wrote letters and looked after patients.

Fri. 20. The same.

Sat. 21. Went to the city in the forenoon. In the afternoon wrote letters and read. The boys went to the Street Fair and came back at four o'clock disappointed. In the evening after the children retired Annie sat and read and talked till midnight. These evenings are pleasant and seductive and we forget to retire at the proper time. They have their pleasant memories and we should enjoy them while we can.

Sun. 22. The day was bright. Wrote a long letter to Linnie Gormley, copying two of my pieces for her.

Mon 23 A flawless day. It is my fifty-fourth birthday I walked to city and back after doing a good deal of walking there I was very weary but after dinner I walked a long way to the North getting back after dark. I never saw a finer day. Does it presage a bright year for me? I am not content with what I am accomplishing but hope and trust God will direct more wisely than I can plan I hope a way may be opened for me to a nobler usefulness. Yet I must trust God and patiently wait. I may be in the place and condition He deems best.

Tu 24 Walking, writing, working a little by turns to drive away my wolf.

Wed. 25 Got the old barouche and filled corn into eight sacks and got all ready for the boys to go to the Riverside mills after coming from school. They thought it quite a treat and all three went off to mill. I had company in P.M. but kept a watch till I saw them returning on N. Second St. They made the trip safely and were happy as birds.

Th. 26 Did a little work and some reading and wrote letters.

Fr. 27 Walked to and from city in A.M. listing my property with some agents for sale. In P.M. "my wolf" still annoying me I took a walk and rambled in the bed of the stream looking at the curious stones I found there and as I often did before I brought another to the fountain. At night called up to go to see Mr Jas Hudson

Sat. 28 The morning was gray and misty. Annie and I went to city to hunt a stove. It soon began to rain very hard and we came back in a hard rain and got wet. I spent rest of day at reading and moving some hay to make a snug place for Sam & Gretchen for the night. It is growing colder.

Sun. 29 Cool. Read the papers wrote and walked. I am feeling badly. Looked after some patients.

Mon. 30 The same. Took long walk to drive off "my wolf."

Tu 31 Walked to city and back and hunted up and bought a stove. Visited patients in P.M. Kept Helen at night while G. & W. and Annie went to Tabernacle.

Wed. 1 My wolf gives me no rest. I work a little and in P.M. I watch the putting up of a stove in South Parlor. When up it seemed to be a good heater and we gathered about its glowing front and enjoyed it greatly. Cornel is not well & after giving him some medicine he went to bed in north parlor but was delirious in his sleep and we sat and talked and watched till near midnight.

Th. 2 Cold rain. Went to Hawsons in the morning and not finding him left order for some pink crape myrtle roots to send to my friends by mail and then went on to where Mr Cundall was boring a well on Mr Allens place on Trinity Hights. Walked home in a cold rain, thinking on the goodness of God who gives me strength and protection still.

Frid. 3 Writing and visiting patients.

Sat. 4 Bright. Went to see some patients and walked to Town and back. In P.M. I raised the side of shop which was sinking. At night called to see Wm Hepp a victim of cigarette smoking. The nervous disturbance was very alarming.

Sun 5 Fine day. Visiting patients and reading.

Mon 6 Still fine weather. I work at the walk below shop and dig holes for trees

Tu 7 Still digging holes and waiting on patients and writing letters.

Wed. 8 The same. Took a long walk in P.M.

Th 9 Writing and working in yard

Fr. 10 Went to Joe Browns nursery in A.M. and stopped at B.F. Webbs and got a persimmon from his yard which I planted near the front of house on my return. Then visited patients and wrote letters.

Sat. 11 Annie and I drove to city in the morning and came back in a rain which soon ceased and I worked till dark with the boys digging holes for trees. They are working like little men to earn wages. I give them five cents for each approved hole.

Sun 12 With callers spent part of day and then visited patients and read

Mon 13 Read and write visit patients and dig hackberries from stream to plant in yard

Tu 14 The same. Walked also to city

Wed. 15 Still working with my trees. I am very tired at night Letter from E.C. Gatewood asking loan of $75.00 Gave him $15.00

Th. 16 Still working with trees and digging holes

Fr. 17 Same. Late in day sawed down the dead box elder at the S.E. corner of house and planted a hackberry there. Worked till long after night by the light of moon to get it down to wood pile

Sat. 18 Split and cut wood went to see patients and entertained company. Severe pleurisy all day.

Sun 19 Day given to patients chiefly. Feel ill. Warm.

1899
Nov.

Sun. Called up twice in night to visit patients
Went to see Dorcas Pennock and Mrs Ed. Cowley
The night was all broken up.

Mon. 20 Working about home and waiting on Mrs Cowley
At night spent a miserable experience there having
to work all night long under trying circumstances

Tu. 21 Came home at daylight in a drenching rain.
Took a nap and worked with trees in P.M.

Wed. 22 Digging and planting and visiting patients.

Th. 23 The same. Planted a large white hack-berry
on left hand of south door-step. At night
went to Vendome to hear Dr. Stafford lecture

Fri. 2 on Hamlet. He is perhaps the greatest Shakes-
pearean scholar on the continent. He made
many explanations and rendered many passages
with exquisite skill. He considered Hamlet
Shakespeare's greatest production, though Mac-
beth he considered the greatest drama.
His acting was very fine and his elocution
perfect. I enjoyed the hour and a half which
was all too short and I could have listened
to him two hours longer without fatigue.
After the lecture was over I waited for the
three boys at Bloomenstein's drug-store they
having gone to the Tabernacle Lyceum. We
all walked home together.

Fri. 24 Went to city on some business but spent
most of day at Rosenheim's auction where
I purchased two pictures, one consisting
of six colored portraits of Longfellow, Bryant,
Whittier, Lowell, Holmes and Emmerson
on one page, entitled "Our Poets"

The other, a fine steel picture, "Thoughts by the Sea." which I gave Annie for a Christmas gift. It is a restful quiet tasteful piece which grows upon one as it is studied. It is a reproduction of J. G. Brown's painting of same name. I also purchased some books and other stuff.

Sat. 26. Annie and I drove to Rosenheim's & did some shopping and came home at dinner. In the afternoon mended a shoe and helped dust a big rug.

Sun. 27 Gloomy and dull with some rain. Wrote letters and read.

Mon. 28. A gloomy day. Wrote a good deal & planted some trees.

Tu. 29 Brighter. I am digging out trees from the washed bank in the field to the North for setting in the yard. When the boys come from school they join me and we bring the trees home. When the tree is too heavy we place the root on the wheel-barrow and the boys hold up the top while I take the wheel-barrow and so we come home with trees several inches thick.

Wed. 29. The First Tennessee regiment reaches home today. The schools are suspended & the city seems to have gone mad with a senseless idol-worship. I did not go over but worked with the boys at transplanting trees. We were not so weary at night and had something to show for our day.

1899.

Th. 30. Thanksgiving day. A golden beautiful day. Took the boys for a walk in the forenoon and brought back a persimmon bush which we planted in the north yard. After enjoying an excellent dinner we drove out White's Creek pike, across to the Brick Church pike and then back to the city. At night Annie and Wesley and myself walked to the Tabernacle and back to hear Frank Beard in his picture talks. He is a veteran in this kind of entertainment.

Dec.

Fri. 1. Transplanted trees in the forenoon. In the afternoon, Annie and I drove to city and while she attended to some shopping I attended the sale by Clerk & Master of 283 ft. of ground on west side of Lischey Av. which I purchased for $860.

Sat. 2. Took the boys and drove to the high hill beyond the old fort and dug up some forest trees which we hauled home by tying across the arms of the old barouche and set out in yard after returning. I worked pretty hard today and though I slept little last night I sit up and read and chat while Annie completes Hettie's dress which takes till nearly midnight.

Sun. 3. Cold and gloomy with wind and rain. I read and write letters.

Mon 4 Transplanting and reading. Went to city also

Tu 5 The same. Helped survey 283 ft of lots bought on Lischey Av.

Wed. 6 After patients and at work transplanting.

Th. 7 Making preparations for winter, packing cellar windows &c Also dug a few holes for trees. Spent an hour or two on a piece for Wesley to recite on Christmas at his request. It must be adapted to a boy and especially to this boy. With these limitations I wrote

Old Santa Claus

I do not know what I can say
About our merry Christmas day
It is so full of joy and cheer
I wish it came four times a year.
Because we always have such fun
When we find out what Santa's done
'Tis strange he always comes at night
And leaves before the morning light,
But then he is so very good
That if I never understood
His cunning way, I'd shut one eye
And with the other verify
The wondrous tales they tell of him
So full of love and funny whim.
I've watched before but let me say
Long as I watched he stayed away.
And then I took another tack
And watched him thro the little crack
With eyes like this. What did he do?
Why fastened them with sleepy glue;
Then did his work, and then withdrew
And never gave an interview.
Since then I never watch for him
But go to bed when day is dim
That I can get an early start
Next day so I can play my part.
You need not watch, I tell you, boys,
Because he never makes a noise;
Besides he watches too, I think,

They say he never sleeps a wink.
And though he must be very old
No one has ever heard him scold.
But then I've always understood
He's pained to hear when we're not good
Now, boys, I'll tell my little plan.
I mean to be a little man
And try to please old Santa, dear,
And get him back another year.

Fri. 8. Walked to the city in the forenoon. In the afternoon worked about house and visited patients.

Sat. 9. Made posts and laid off ground for setting fence on Lindsey Av. lots.

Sun. 10. Visited patients, read and wrote.

Mon. 11 Gloomy and very wet. Worked a little in shop and read by the fire.

Tu. 12 Digging holes for trees. Very tired but very restless.

Wed. 13 Bright. Finished digging for trees on Lindsey Av. and cut wood

Th. 14 Wrote and cut wood and read papers. I am very lame from my digging but proud to think I did it.

 1899
Dec

Fr. 15 Cold and windy. Went to city and walked home carrying several bundles. I was very lame and suffered all night.

Sat 16 Bright again. Annie and Hettie drove and the boys all walked to town to adjust accounts with Old Santa. I kept Helen and wrote while they were gone. Made a gate for lot on Lischey Av.

Sun. 17 Spent day with the family as usual. Took a walk with Wesly in P.M. At night Annie and I walked to the First Presbyterian church to hear Dr Vance preach on "Tattling". The night was bright and lovely and we enjoyed the walk.

Mon. 18 I work in shop at picture frame for Wesley's S. S. diploma.

Tu. 19 Still working in shop

Wed. 20 ~~Went to city in A.M. and in P.M. worked at~~ Worked all day in shop an oak frame for Annie to use on the picture of "Ian Maclaren" (Dr John Watson)

Th. 21 Went to see patients and ~~to~~ worked in shop

Fr. 22 Went to city and visited patients and worked about house. Warm and pretty.

Sat. 23 Rained all night and still drizzling. The boys filled up the corn while I visited a patient and when I came back I loaded it in the old barouche and they all started to the Island Mills to get it ground for feed. I watched the dear boys out of sight. As they went up the slope on N. Second, Gatewood was driving and Connel and Wesly were behind pushing. Called out in storm at 10 P.M. & went to see drunken Geo Beam. Sat and helped mamma prepare for Xmas.

My Pen.

In memory of the olden time,
And thoughts too dear for words of mine,
I bring this witness of my line,
A common witness - yours and mine.

What tales of love its point can tell!
What magic thoughts about it dwell!
How oft it served us and how well,
In all that sweet, enchanted spell.

I trust, for you, when I am gone,
Its faithful point will still glide on,
And some good angel come and con
The subjects that you write upon.

May dearest thoughts flow with the ink
As often as you give it drink,
And every line or curve a link
From your own thought to what I think.

For memory fond will come again,
When time has wrought a deeper ken,
And tell of happy hours - and then
About the doctor and his pen.

Sun. 24. Cold and windy. Visited patients and read. We spent the day with the children.

Mon. 25 The same. I read and helped make arrangements for the evening entertainment that our children and Prof Webbs had planned to have here. At night Prof Webbs entire family & Prof. Turner came and the children carried out their long program of song and speech after which refreshments were served and then fireworks ended the ~~enter~~ tainment. All were happy.

Tu. 26 Cold. Spent day indoors reading.

Wed 27 Worked in barn and shop while Annie and the boys went to town to get a vase marked $4.00 sent by express from her brother at Berrby. O. I can not at present see how he expects to make money out of this gift but perhaps he does. At all events she will now be constrained to promptly make a satisfactory return.

Th. 28 Annie and I went to city and got a few things and she sent a present by express to her brother. We also stopped at the Cable Piano Co. store and bought a nice Concert Grand (Schumann) Piano. She had been wanting one for a long time. It is a very pretty one if it only prove good as it looks I have never felt able to afford it but now feel as if it were best to use what we have in benefitting and refining the minds of the children.

Fr 29 Working and reading. It is quite cold. We all spend our holiday snugly together

Sat 30. Went to city. Stopped at bookstore and got a few cheap books as usual. The weather continues quite cold so that we do not get much out door enjoyment. Yet it is dry and this is a great satisfaction.

Sun. 31. Still cold and crisp with a keen wind. In the forenoon I walked to Arrington St. C.P. Church to hear the Rev. Mr. Herrick, C.P. preach on the death of Mr. Moody. The church is quite small, curiously arranged but cozy and inviting. I was treated very kindly by the members and minister who came and introduced himself to me before the services. He seemed to be a very earnest speaker and detailed many incidents in the life of Mr. Moody whom he had known at Northfield, Mass. He said the people there all regarded him as the greatest man in the world. He regarded Mr. Moody's power as due to his simplicity, sincerity and earnestness. He regarded his death as a personal loss to every Christian in the country. He announced Mr. Moody's favorite hymn which all sang with great earnestness. After the services I came home at once expecting to write some letters in the P.M. which was all broken up by callers. After the evening work we all gathered around the fire and I told the boys a long story after which we talked of the year past and planned for that to come. They were all moved to tears and made good resolutions for the year to come. God bless their simple lives and give them strength of purpose.

 1900
Jan.
Mon. 1. It is quite cold and we go into the new year clustered about our glowing stove in the South parlor. While writing a letter after breakfast I was called to go to Mr. Scott's. While gone the piano purchased last week was put in the house and on my return I found the children wild with delight. They rushed in a body to meet me clasping me about the neck and kissing me repeatedly as they told me the good news. Throughout the day they kept it thrumming almost constantly. Even little Helen repeatedly stated that she liked the piano. I have had many misgivings about the purchase of a piano always fearing that I would need the money worse for something else. However I decided to make the venture, earnestly hoping. God would make it all come out right as in so many other instances where I scarcely knew what to do. I should be doubly pleased if its influence upon my children in making them better men and women should be at last demonstrated. I have often feared that the flock would need what this money would buy and while my early discipline would enable me to accept straightened circumstances while I trusted God and fought out it might be much harder for them to do so. Yet God can furnish both kinds of wants with the same facility and I have left this venture in His hands, asking and hoping that he will bless it in the improvement of our dear home, in refining and ennobling those

Jan who may share in its expressions of music in piety or love or usefulness. May it prove an instrument fraught with the power of bringing closer together the little flock that gathers about it. May God bless our home through it. and may its gentle influences bless the hearts of its hearers inspiring them to something nobler, sweeter and better in life and attach them more deeply through its memories to our home.
I spent part of the afternoon in writing while the children timed each other at the piano, which they hammered most diligently.

Tu. 2 Went to city in A.M. In P.M. visited patients Went at night to Tabernacle to hear Col. Copeland

Wed 3 Visited patients and worked in shop.

Th. 4 The same. I am suffering a good deal with my enemy the wolf.

Fr. 5 Writing, working in shop and visiting my patients

Sat. 6 Went to city and visited patients. Got a top piece for cane and on return worked a little at fitting it on a piece of hedge that is a souvenir of our home

Sun. 7 Patients and callers took up the day so I read but little

Mon 8 Worked some in shop and visited patients

Tu 9 The same.

Wed. 10 Rainy. Went to city. Walked home so weary I could scarcely stay up. Rested a few minutes and went to see patients.

Th. 11 Spent day with patients and paper. Up at night and slept little.

Fr. 12 The same. Went out near Joys to see Mr Busby's son.

Sat. 13 The same. Am quite busy with patients today. My "wolf" is constantly in evidence.

Sun. 14 Bright. Went to Busbys and visited other patients, wrote an obituary on Carrie Marie Fox for the mother and entertained several tobacco fiends who called. God, why do they wear a pipe

Mon. 15 Warm. Went to Grahams, Severs and Busbys Was very tired from so much walking.

Tu. 16 The same. At night after I got in bed was called up and walked out to Busbys Got home at 3 in the morning

Wed. 17 Lowry. Went to Grahams where I read the law to them. Also to ~~S~~Busbys. Worked some in shop.

Th. 18 Wet. Worked in shop. I am suffering with bad cold. Visit some patients.

Fr. 19 The same. Very wet.

Sat. 20 The same. Quite hoarse.

Sun. 21 Visited some patients and took a short walk with the boys.

1900

Jan.

Mon. 22. Visited patients and entertained company. Grew very weary of staying in the house all day and longed for a job of out-door work. Late in P.M. went with G. & L. to town to purchase books for them to take to High School tomorrow.

Tu. 23. The dear boys had graduated from the Caldwell Grammar School with excellent records. Gatewood's Average was 94 leading his class by 7. Cornels was 83 and as he is not eleven and few in his class reached that figure his record is very satisfactory. There is quite a deal of envy shown toward the doctors Yankee boys. Wesley also led his class with a record of 86. Many people speak of the brightness of our boys in school and this pleases me more than to feel they fed from a silver spoon. Our walk was long and I was lame but enjoyed it and when I reached home I had to go back to Mr Grahams at the top of the hill and soon as I got back I found Mr Sevier waiting at the gate. I gave him medicine and was called off at once to go to Trinity Hights to see Mr. Boguskie. Called also at Busbys. It was late when I returned but I sat down contented and enjoyed the lunch Annie had prepared for me. We sat as usual and talked for some time before retiring. Tho knowing the morning duties call for early rising we enjoy these quiet chats by the evening fire so much we seldom retire earlier than 10 P.M. often as late as 11 P.M.

Tu. 23. Wrote letters while Annie went to the depot with Mrs. Pennock. In afternoon visited patients and worked in shop. My wolf is in evidence all the time. To dull his fangs I select some physical exercise of a light nature which will keep the mind pleasantly occupied. Just now

1900

Jan. I am making a cane out of a difficult piece of wood.

Wed. 24. I had barely commenced work in the shop when I was called to go back to Trinity Heights to see Mr. Busby's daughter who was suffering with diphtheria. It was cold and windy and taking the saw along I worked for a little while in the hedge below his house at trimming out some pieces for a trellis. On returning I had to walk back to the end of the Lischey car line to see Mrs. Sevier, and from there I walked to 315 Josephine St. and thence home. After a late dinner I returned to my tinkering in the shop.

Th. 25. Wrote letters and worked in shop.

Fri. 26. Writing, reading and working in shop. Late in afternoon I cut and carried a large hedge tree from Vaughn St. It is quite cold but dry and bracing. At night Annie and I walked to the Vine St. Temple to hear Rabbi Lowenthal lecture on the persistence of the Jew in all the departments of life. He characterized him as the guard of God. We walked back enjoying the crisp air and quiet walk together. After returning we sat and talked till near midnight.

Sat. 27. Bright and frosty. We went to hauling out manure in a little wagon borrowed from Mr. Cundall. The three boys and myself attacked it on all sides and though we got a late start by three o'clock we had it all scattered on the ground. Though we worked briskly we enjoyed the novel em-

Jan. ployment which was quite new to the boys. When the faithful mare would start with a necessarily sudden effort on the ploughed ground Oatwood and Connel would suddenly take a header backwards into the mellow earth. After they had repeated this experience a few times they learned to prepare for the sudden changes. Neither of them seemed to understand inertia. However they learned a little natural philosophy by these repeated falls. Wesley walked complacently along and thus missed all the sport which the others got out of the ground and of lofty tumbling. Late in P.M. went with Prof. Webb to the city where in one stall in the market house I saw near 1000 dead robins which had been secured by approaching their perch with a lantern which blinded the birds while the mercenary slayer knocked them on the head with a stick. It was a shocking sight. They were sold for 35¢ per dozen. Prof. Webb requested me to prepare an article for the Banner on this indiscriminate slaughter. This I promised to do. We came home before sunset and taking my ax I chopped stove wood till dark, enjoying the cold crisp air and the exercise very much. In the evening by the bright fire after the children had retired I ate the lunch which Annie had brought in and read the papers till nearly 11 o'clock.

Sun. 28. Cold with sifting snow. Wrote the article for Banner on Robin Slaughter, read the papers and played with Helen who seemed to think she had a patent right on my time

Jan. of business. Took a walk late in day with G. and L. that I might give them an outing and tell them a "Wilton story".

Mon 29 Quite cold and windy. I keep pretty close to the fire and read most of day but feel the necessity of going out and chopping brush awhile for exercise.

Tu. 30 The same.

Wed. 31 Work in shop and at wood and read by turns.

Feb.

Th. 1 Cold but bright. Read and worked in shop till dinner and then sat down and ate a lunch and drank a cup of coffee Annie had thoughtfully provided before my starting tho I did not feel the need of it. Then walked over the dusty sidewalks to city and after going to the bank I hurried on to the Vendome to get a ticket for the matinee performance of the Sign of the Cross. It was finely staged and well played tho there was too much difference between the best and worst of the players. Chas. Dalton the star of the troupe made a typical Roman officer and as Marcus Superbus was a great attraction. He is a man of fine presence, magnificent voice, heroic physique and imperial bearing. There is a virile and refreshing purity in his play that contrasts painfully with the flagrant voluptuousness and coarse sensuality of the Roman women that are numerous and prominent in the play. The silent change that manifests itself

Feb. Marcus as he proceeds in making love to Mercia is a striking tribute to influence of Christian gentleness and charity. His pleading before Nero for revocation of his cruel decree that Mercia be thrown to the lions is a master piece of earnest argument, noble indignation and fearless daring. His final conversion to Christianity and his prompt decision to go with Mercia to death among the lions and his calm display of Christian courage and fortitude were portrayed in a wonderful manner. It is a fine play and tho in my judgment, not nicely balanced, it is still a strong exposition of a critical period and of the triumph of the doctrines of the Gallilean over a sensuous and brutal barbarism. It was received well by a packed house and enjoyed deeply by all who loved the sweet supremacy of the Christian civilization. It was a success few will seriously question. The troupe are English.

I walked home after stopping to get Helen her candy and some cane mountings from a boy who keeps a shop with his father in the basement of the Maxwell House. It was growing dark when I reached the street and I hastened on enjoying the walk in the keen bracing air and strange to say felt no weariness on reaching home. I then went to see Mrs Sevier on Lischey Av. and on returning sat by the fire after the boys had retired and ate the tasteful supper Annie had prepared (God bless her) while I discussed and explained the play. My "wolf" was not in evidence and I slept more than usual.

Feb. Fr. 2. I worked in the shop in the forenoon and in the afternoon took the boys and cut down the eastern half of the large locust which stood at the wood pile. It had been split in other days by storm to the ground and was decaying so badly I thought most prudent to take it down. It was a tiresome job but was successfully completed at sunset.

Sat. 3. In the morning the boys went to mill with Queen Anne and Crandall's little wagon. All three enjoyed it so much previously that I let all go again and they all mounted the little old wagon and seated on the sacks drove away as happy as larks on a wheat shock. While they were gone I worked hard at my locust and had it mostly worked up when they returned. After unloading the feed they joined me in the work till dinner was ready after which they drove out to Gatewood avenue while Nettie and I walked across and after visiting Mrs. Busby we all hurriedly attacked the thorny hedge and secured four sprangled trunks which we put in and while Wesley and I walked home Nettie and Gatewood and Conrad trotted rapidly on ahead and were waiting for us when we got home. I have done an unusual amount of hard work today and feel quite sore tonight, but after eating half a mince pie and drinking some nice coffee I sat by my fire in the bright glow of lamp and read the papers and chatted with Annie and

Feb. was more content than thousands who attempt to enjoy without earning.
I believe if I could stand hard and continuous work in the woods free from the frets and cares of professional and commercial life I should grow stronger in body and happier in mind. Of one thing I am more and more convinced each day and that is that happiness and contentment for me at least must be found in simplicity of life.

Sun. 4. It is cloudy and some rain has fallen. Spend most of the day on my correspondence and journals.

Mon. 5 It is damp and disagreeable. I work in shop and read.

Tu. 6 Very wet. The same.

Wed. 7 I look after my correspondence, read and work a little. Helped Prof. Webb on an article he was preparing for the press.

Th. 8 I am so lame I can do little but try to work some out doors.

Fri. 9. Visited some patients, read the Journals and discussed the sale of our home at intervals throughout the day. Just after dark received a telegram from J. C. Morrison, San Diego, Cal. asking me to telegraph a prescription to him for his sick wife. This compelled me to go to the city and I did so walking both ways. Sat and talked and read till near midnight.

Sat. 10. The day was brighter and I resumed my out-door work, planting out half a dozen trees, chopping some wood and calling on Mrs. Wiles to invite her to investigate our property. She is to come Monday. This is perhaps the most ominous thing we have contemplated since we resided here. I approach it with many forebodings with much distrust of my ability at this time of life to recast the relations of a home, especially one so pleasant and so intimately associated with every member of our household in its upbuilding and pleasant history. What is best to do I can not tell. Personally I should much prefer to leave the matter entirely to the remainder of the family or to my wife. Yet it is a responsibility I too should share and have no real right to ignore. One thing is certain. Whatever may be the result of it it is conscientiously planned for them. It may be a great mistake. It may even be a blunder, but I feel that I should trust God and do what seems best for all. He has always been with me to bless me even when I was dissatisfied with His blessings. If I had youth and strength as I had ten years ago I would have little hesitancy in attacking any problem of this kind. With a perfect trust in God I should not hesitate now. I know how deeply all are attached to the home and its environments and though I have been associated with more features of its construction than any of them and my attachments more numerous perhaps still it is their ties I hesita-

Feb. to snap. Yet they are young with greater degree of adaptability and it might be possible that this is a better time for them to make the change than later. Unseen elements of doubt also cling about the future of their surroundings here which one must not wholly ignore. Taken all in all it is a matter of great solicitude to me on account of those I love. Let me renew again my trust in God and try to be content with the solution which he has always ready. Whatever may be the result I hope it will be better for my family in ways I can not fathom. Somehow I have felt it were best to name a fair figure and then contentedly contemplate its acceptance or rejection. I do not shut my eyes to to the fact that many new and trying problems will arise to complicate the situation here when I am once out of it. and my family are left to confront it alone.

After discussing this matter till a late hour at night I retired with a heavy weariness of brain and fell into a sleep unusually deep for me from which I was aroused by a call to go to Mrs. Sharpe's and see Mr. Patrick. Here I was delayed and it was after three in the morning before I again tasted slumber.

Sun. 11 Damp and cloudy. Spent the day as usual with my books and papers and patients.

Mon. 12 Rained nearly all day. Mrs Wiles was to come today and examine our home

Feb. which her husband proposes to buy if we can agree on a price. She did not come and we did not feel disappointed. We leave it all with God and wait. I am feeling very badly and long for sunny weather again I tried to work some in shop but it was so cold and damp I could not enjoy it In regard to selling our home the children seem unitedly opposed to it. In A.M. wrote an article to be published in Banner on the cow law which gives the owner of the vagrant cow a patent right on plunder. It may be considered too vigorous for the paper.

Tu 13 Sunny but windy and cold I suffer a good deal but work some.

Wed. 14 The same.

Th. 15 Worked in yard and shop. I suffer a good deal with rheumatism.

Fr. 16 Cold and snowing. Work a little in shop and read The little Minister by Barrie.

Sat. 17 Very cold and windy. Snow drifting. I write letters and read while the boys play and coast

Sun. 18. Cold and disagreeable. The most of the day was devoted to reading "The Little Minister." In evening went to see Mrs. Bennett.

Mon. 19. Snow melting but cold and disagreeable In the forenoon I worked in the shop and after dinner I went to the city transacted some business and attended the

matinee - James O'Neil appeared in the "Three Musketeers". I had previously seen Salvini in same play though this was a new version. It is considered more elaborate and distinctly representative of the spirit of Dumas's celebrated fiction upon which it is built. It would be impossible to draw a just comparison between Salvini and O'Neil. They are so widely different and the plays are not more unlike. O'Neil is the personification of cultured grace and his work shows exquisite care. The piece was magnificently staged and the support admirable. While this version of the play exhibits the rank rottenness and domestic infidelity with the unscrupulous duplicity which appears to have characterized the French court at that time it is not so strongly dramatic as the former play. I think neither of these tragedians would fit as well into the others play. They seemed to belong. O'Neil represents the mercurial and excitable Gaul most accurately; Salvini, the stormy daring and audacious fearlessness of the heroic Gascon. O'Neil is most graceful, most polite. Salvini most soldier-like in bearing, spirit and execution. I do not think O'Neil capable of the thrilling porthole act in which Salvini stood unrivaled. This scene however does not belong to this version. O'Neil's support was superior to Salvini's. Taken all in all I conclude O'Neil is one of the most graceful, finished and careful players on the stage. Nature has not endowed him so well for some types of heavy drama, yet he would be quite respectable

Feb. in any role he might elect. After the play was over I walked to the little subterranean den where I had previously bought some car fittings. A previous mistake in price necessitated a heated discussion with the son which was very disagreeable. I then walked on home stopping to the grocery to procure some raisins for my little "Brownie" (Helen).

Tu. 20. I worked about the shop and read by the fire. At night I kept house while Annie went to hear Paderewski.

Wed. 21. Very rainy I write and read and tinker in shop by turns.

Th. 22. Still stormy and disagreeable The day was chiefly devoted to writing letters and reading.

Fri 23. The day was spent as yesterday.

Sat. 24. Very cold and disagreeable. The keen wind kept me in doors most of day and I devoted the time to reading Kipling's "Phantom Ricksha". I can not say that I am very greatly infatuated with Kipling's style: and certainly not with his detestable phantoms. At night I had thought some of going to the tabernacle to hear Bryan's lecture but finding Helen growing hoarse at dark I prefered to stay with her & let Gatewood go in my place So it was arranged that Annie and Gatewood should go while I kept house. I put the little darling on the cushion on my lap as usual and put her little feet to the fire till they were thoroughly warm and in this position

sang the little laughing browneyed treasure asleep. Then wrapping her up warm I put her in her little bed and taking the evening paper I sat alone by the warm stove and read with a comfort and satisfaction I scarcely could have got out of the lecture which I knew would be new to them. I had previously heard him repeatedly. I went often to see if my little girls were covered and read until between 11 and 12 when Annie and Gatewood returned apparently infatuated with what was easily old to me. I was very glad they had enjoyed it in that way while I had enjoyed thoroughly my evening with the little flock.

Sun. 25 Bright but cold. The day was divided between books and papers and pen.

Mon. 26 Cold and plenty of snow on ground. I work a little in shop and a part of time work by the stove in N. parlor. I am making some canes to give to friends and neighbors. It is a work which I can do when my eyes pain too badly to read or write.

Tu. 27 The same

Wed. 28. Warmer and snow melting. I divide my time between my reading and a little shop work.

Mar.
Th. 1. Snow mostly gone. I am very lame today but look after some patients and divide my time as on yesterday. At night Annie and Gatewood and myself walked to the Tabernacle and back to hear "Max O'Reil" (M. Blouet) lecture

Mar. on "John Bull, Sandy and Pat". His poor voice French accent, combined with the large building rendered it a most unsatisfactory lecture. He is a typical "Frenchman" and does not need to be reminded of his importance.

Fri. 2. My rheumatism has abated sufficiently for me to get about a little better and I can stand to read a little more which makes the time much more tolerable.

Sat. 3. Walked to the city and back. Called to see Mr. Wiles who desired me to give him a price on our home. I gave him the price and he took four days to consider it. We arrived at the conclusion to name this price after many careful discussions. We are perfectly delighted with our home but considering its present and future necessities have concluded it would be wiser to leave these tasks to other hands. Somehow I am feeling that I shall have only pleasant memories of the place and will enjoy its continued growth and beauty even in other hands. Of course we will miss its advantages immensely but I hope we are all sensible enough to recognize that happiness is not wholly dependent upon location. I have often asked God to direct us in this matter and some-how feel that come what will He will direct us if we trust Him and all will be for the best.

Sun. 4 Warm. Read papers and took a walk with Annie. We went to our lots on Lischey Av and talked of the possibility of building there I am somewhat lame.

Mon 5 Rainy. I work in shop and write letters

Tu. 6 The same

Wed. 7 My lameness is worse but I try to work a little and write letters.

Th. 8 The same. Hugh Gormley came this P.M and I sat and talked. He has changed and Backhus is building a bay window out of his stomach. His face is puffy. His memory inaccurate.

Fr. 9 I tried to plant trees but soon got so lame I had to desist. Gormley returned at sunset.

Sat. 10 Walked with Gormley and suffered acutely. Visited Judge Allens house and Joys green house and made contract with Tho Joy to plant trees in street in front of my lots.

Sun 11 A day of gold. I suffer too much to walk out but write and read.

Mon. 12 Still lame but able to work some. I write letters and work in shop after making a trip to city.

Tu. 13 Went to see Mrs Busby and Mrs Williams in A. M. and tho tired when I got back I worked with boys at tree planting

Wed. 14 Mr Cundall and I went to city and he paid off my claim against his house. I pitied him. He was borrowing at a higher rate to pay a lower one in order to get some more money. We drove home together and

Mar. I asked him for his work account. He said $12.00 I gave him $15.00 He was touched. Poor man he will I fear lose his home tho I have tried hard to spare to him.

Th. 15 Cold and snowy. I work in shop & read by the fire.

Fr. 16 The same

Sat. 17 Annie and Wesley and I walked to the Tabernacle to hear Sam Small. He is a keener brighter and more scholarly man than Sam Jones. After the services we all walked home

Sun. 18 Rained all day. In A.M. I went to 1620 N. High St. to see a poor consumptive Mrs Eva Parkhurst. On my return I had several patients to visit and this took all P.M. in the wet.

Mon. 19. Still wet. Spent the day with patients and books and papers, working a good part of the time in the shop.

Tu. 20. The same.

Wed. 21. I work in the yard and set fenceposts on the east side of the driveway.

Th. 22. Beautiful day. Wrote some letters, trimmed the vines in the yard and went to the city where I waited at Partee's drug-store till the boys came from school and then we went to the Vendome to see "Faust." Though parts of the play were well produced and though I admired the strength of the language I did not like the play which impressed me disagreeably. Why men of genius like

Mar. Goethe should prefer to establish their reputation with such disagreeable productions while their ability would enable them to write something nobler is hard to understand. I was glad to find later that my boys were not greatly pleased with it. After the play the came home and I proceeded to a drug-store to write a prescription for a Mr. Parkhurst who was in waiting at the theater door having followed me from my home. I then went to freight depot and got a box of maple sugar which had been sent me from Ellgood, by Mr. Pennock. It weighed 45 lbs. but I took it on my shoulder and carried it to the street-car and came on home at dark, got my supper went to Mr. Stiles and from thence to the corner of Foster and 2nd where I joined Annie and Wesley and we all walked to the Tabernacle to hear Dr. A. A. Willets lecture on sunshine. It was a bright cheerful, optimistic presentation of life given in a sunny, pleasant and sincere manner. Annie and I enjoyed it as much as Wesley did his sleep which lasted from beginning to end. Then we all walked home. We all enjoyed the lecture on account of its pleasant incidents, anecdotes and applications to the various phases of life.

Fri. 23. Busy with patients most of day but did a little work in shop.

Sat. 24. The day was broken and divided between calls of patients and work at fence.

Mar. At night Annie and I walked to the Vendome to see "The Children of the Ghetto". It was finely staged and superbly executed. It would be difficult to state who played best among so many excellent performers. Wilton Lackaye in the role of "Reb" Shemuel gave a presentation of the Jewish Rabbi exquisitely clear and masterful. His rendition of the spirit of the Jewish law seemed to pervade everything connected with it. The simplicity of his household - his life, his teachings and sweet fatherliness and patriarchial dignity was entirely consistent with the sublime supremacy of the Jewish law. The play was strong in its simplicity and naturalness and abounded in incident and variety at once charming and strikingly strong. The old market woman was typical of her class and exhibited a brusque kindheartedness in strong contrast with her plain but dominant individuality. The matrimonial broker was ingenious, plausible and selfish to heartlessness. One could not help fervently approving the indignant disgust exhibited by one of his victims who accidentally meets him with an expression never to be forgotten for its naive, frank and loathsome protest — "Go away, Sugarman." The role representing the Rabbi's daughter was sustained in a sweet and perfect manner throughout, exhibiting the characteristic obedience of the Jewish child to their parents without regard to their respective ages. Her tender loyalty and attachment to her parents bore the most tremendous strain till one would be tempted to ask with her "Father is not our religion

Mar. cruel?" Among the players was a child of 13 whom Jas. A. Hearne pronounces as the finest performer he has ever seen among children. She is a daughter of Judge Talleferro of New York but so exquisitely did she play that her renown needs either pedigree nor ancestry. Already she exhibits a mature individuality, a perfect conception of her role and a naturalness and accuracy of portrayal which seems more like a spontaneous and unconscious exhibition than a painstaking and perfected imitation. Already she is the juvenille empress of mimicry. Such ability warrants the prediction that she must soon stand in the forefront of the worlds greatest players. Mojeska plays "Lady Macbeth" with no more faultless precision and absence of self-consciousness than this bright-eyed and demure little maiden plays her part in the "Children of the Ghetto" It is an exquisite exhibition of different phases of Jewish life in London and in its scope, variety and faithful delineation of custom and respect for Jewish law leaves nothing to be desired. So accurately is the representation of Wilton Lackaye in "Reb" Shemuel that he defies anyone to prove that the player is not an old man. However great his reputation may be in other roles he ranks in this one with Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle or Warde in Richard Third. We walked home discussing the play.

1900.
Mar.

Sun. 25. Raining and dismal. I was kept busy most of the day visiting patients and submitting to interruptions.

Mon. 26. Sunny with a disagreeable wind. I attempted to complete my garden fence though quite lame. Untimely interruptions compelled me to hurry and work at great disadvantage. My pain grew worse but I determined to finish. I completed the fence at sunset and with agonizing torture walked to Wm. Varley's on Josephine st. When I returned I was suffering intensely. The pain affected me breathing and seemed to search for untried places throughout my body. I lay down before the fire and under the patient application of Annie's massage the pain partially subsided and I retired at the usual time to pass a night in which I seemed to be for the most part half asleep to sound and motion, half awake to burning pain and restless devouring torture. The pain had made me such a coward that I dreaded to move when worn out both in patience and strength from maintaining a given position with sufficient muscular tension to prevent spasmodic exacerbations of torture. However I lay and thanked God it was not worse and dozed and dreamed and wore the night away.

Tu. 27. I arose weary and racked with pain. I dressed and tried various positions for relief

Mar. About ten o'clock took another treatment by message, tried to read and do little things that might temporarily distract my attention from the thousand tongues of fiery torture that played with flamelike fury through my frame. For awhile I carved the mouth & nose of a wooden dog head for a cane top while I lay on my back. Then I varnished half a dozen that I had previously made. As the day wore on it slowly yielded but left me feeling very weak or rather did not leave me but subsided so that I could walk about slowly by being very circumspect.

Wed. 28. Still suffering and dividing my time as best I may. I read a little and resort occasionally to my workbench where I can hold the tiger and the wolf at greatest disadvantage. Upon the whole I am gaining a little though existing in torture and dread.

Th. 29. The same.

Fri. 30. Still gaining and able to spend an hour or two writing.

Sat. 31. Cold in the morning with white frost and sharp air. The importunities of my patients for several days was capped this morning by a more earnest appeal and I responded by walking to see Mr. Hickerson and Miss Moore at the corner of Hancock & Lichey where I

Apr. waited till Annie & Hettie came in the buggy and took me up. We drove to the city and did some shopping and returned in time to be uncomfortably dragged about to treat insignificant ailments till four o'clock. Then worked in shop till sunset, except that I walked to Mr. Webb's and delivered a cane I had made for him. In the evening I felt better and after the remainder had retired I read until 11 P.M.

Sun. 1. A bright morning. Little Helen takes her first trip to Sunday school. I sit & read while Annie does up the morning work. The condition is the usual one except that we miss little Helen with her prattle and imaginary plays. Now they are returning. The remainder of the day was spent with callers.

Mon. 2. I am somewhat lame but work in shop and about the yard to test my ability to go to the Vendome with Annie tonight to see the "Little Minister". When night came I had found by some visits I made to patients that I was going to be able to make the trip & we proceeded in our favorite way - on foot as the evening was fine. We got there in good time and enjoyed the play which proved to be however inconsistent with the story upon which it was founded. I can not see why the writer of this play should have made the reputation of this production of Barrie tributary to pure comedy. While it abounded in incidents not altogether humorous or even pathetic it was so permeated with

light comedy that one who had given careful attention to the narrative could not help regretting its selection for comedy. It was only fairly played though a few of the actors did quite well. Perhaps the best was the impersonator of Rob Dow whose accent was more distinctly Scotch though his role was very much at variance with that laid down by Barrie. The gipsy was poorly impersonated but taken all in all we enjoyed the play, while regretting its lack of faithfulness to the text. Something immensely better than this might easily be produced consistent with the original and more careful in its effects. We walked home as usual discussing the varied features of the production.

Tu. 3. I attend my patients and do what little work I can

Wed. 4. The same.

Th. 5. The same. In the afternoon Mr. Pennock and daughter Margaret, Mrs. Walter Pennock and Edward and Mary Kelly came and spent a couple of hours and took supper with us, after which we left the children to do up the evening work and Annie and I took the car for the Vendome to see Joseph Jefferson in the "Rivals." When we reached the building an hour and a half before the play a long line had already formed from the office half way to the street. We took our places in line and at a quarter to seven more

Apr. to the office, procured tickets and joined in the hasty rush for the gallery, where procuring good seats we awaited the hour for the play to begin. As usual this was late, but the audience was good-natured and hilarious. At last the curtain rose and the great masterpiece of Sheridan was ushered in. To give additional interest to this play Jefferson has added a great variety of by-play all consistent with the character of it while at the same time they impart to the character of Acres interesting qualities not found in the original. In this respect Jefferson has shown himself quite as much the child of genius as in the more familiar Rip Van Winkle. These by-plays are opportune, happy and provocative of mirth. It would be difficult to say in what particular Jefferson excels. He is accurate painstaking, careful and the very soul of comedy. One can say of his playing that no play suffers from his thorough though peculiar treatment. This can be said of few actors. There is always a quaint innocent humor in his grotesque methods which enhances the interest of the play beyond calculation He is always fresh, unassuming and unconscious and it would be almost impossible for the most cynical to resist the spirit of contagious mirth of an innocent, quiet nature which he imparts to the audience. His attitudes, his movements, but particularly his methods of speech more than his language convey an indescribable drollery and a naive innocence that is irresistable. He has succeeded in making a subordinate character in this masterpiece rank in im-

Apr. portance with the chief character in great plays. This alone shows ability of a superior order. Perhaps no public player has caused so many people to laugh and forget the cares of life as Jo. Jefferson. He has placed comedy on a higher plain than he found it while imparting to it many desirable features wholly novel and original. There is but one Jo. Jefferson. He was ably assisted by his two sons Jo. Jr. who took the role of "Sir Lucius O'Trigger" and "Willie" who acquitted himself creditably in that of "Fag." The play was finely staged and though it contained but one Jo. Jefferson of Rip Van Winkle fame it was not marred by any positively weak support. It was nearly eleven o'clock when it ended but no one had grown impatient. We had enjoyed it thoroughly and walked home laughing over the humorous presentation of what had always seemed to me a senseless comedy. Could Sheridan behold Jefferson's production he might wonder what had become of his chief character but would surely be pleased with the genius who represented Bob Acres. As Jefferson is seventy-one it is doubtful if we see him again. In answer to a curtain call he appeared and spoke at some length stating that he had played here fifty-six years ago. One forgets in listening to him that he is seventy-one years old. I had hoped that Annie and I would have the joint privilege of seeing him in the "Cricket on the Hearth", where as Caleb Plumer I still feel that this king of comedy has

Apr. reached his highest point. Whatever his role he is the king – the incomparable master of comedy, the rollicking ruler of every heart in his audience and the greatest hero of the footlights the country has yet seen. With Rip Van Winkle let us say "May he live long and prosper."

Fri. 6. Attended patients in the forenoon. In the afternoon went with Mr. Pennock to Brown nursery and walked thence to see Mrs. Smith on Trinity Heights, came home very weary with increasing lameness.

Sat. 7. Though quite lame I put in most of the day at planting trees &c. by night had grown so lame I could scarcely walk.

Sun. 8. Too lame to go and see my patients. Spent the day with company though forced to lie down quite often.

Mon. 9. A day of torture which I attempt to mitigate with little spells of work in the shop.

Tu. 10. The same. Rainy.

Wed. 11. Very rainy & dismal. Feeling a little stronger in the morning I walked slowly to Stiles but came home in the rain greatly pained. After resting and going through a half-hour of massage I felt slightly relieved and went to my correspondence.

Th. 12 I suffer exceedingly. I read and carve a canehead to kill pain. Annie says I am cross. Perhaps.

1900
Apr.

Fri. 13 A little better. I venture to go after some of my calls. Walk slowly to Mrs Williams on Stainback Av. and thence to John O'Hare's and Cundalls and home very much exhausted. Rest and work a little in shop.

Sat. 14 I am some better and try to work a little. Walk out to see Raymond Smith on Trinity Hights

Sun. 15 Read and write. Still quite lame.

Mon. 16 Some better. To Smiths again. Worked in Yard part of day

Tu 17 In shop and at my spring work among vines and trees.

Wed. 18 Again to Smiths and to see some other sick folks and working in shop.

Th. 19 Drove to city and back to Smiths on Trinity Hights and on to Mr Busbys. Went to see some patients and worked about yard and shop till night.

Fr. 20 Working and reading by turns.

Sat. 21 Worked in shop in A.M. In P.M. A. & I went to The Grand to see Quo Vadis. It was very early when we arrived but found lower floor jammed. The crowd soon packed the building. It was astonishing how this kind of play attracted the people of all ages. It was well staged and fairly presented and gave such satisfaction that the plays advertised for next week were all set aside for this and the people will get another whole week to study and enjoy it. We walked home discussing it. After a

lunch Annie went to stay up at Mr Hudson
and I put the children to bed and sat and
read till midnight.

Sun. 22 Wrote in A.M. In P.M.
went to see Miss N. Moore and Mr Grahams
child and stopped for an hour at Mr Turner's gate to talk with him.

Mon. 23 Went to Dawsons
in the morning to get cut flowers for Mrs
Hudson's funeral. Came back and copied
"Mother" to go with it. Then worked in yard
till the rain drove me in and then went
to shop. Later wrote letters.

Tu 24 Went to see patients and worked about the
yard and wrote letters

Wed. 25 The same.

Th. 26 Worked at trimming, planting etc till noon
and then walked to city. I met the boys at
The Grand and we went in to see Quo Vadis
It was fairly played and interested them
very much. G & L. left the High School at
one P.M. and Wesley walked over from
Caldwell. We all walked home and a call
was in to go to Busby's on Trinity Heights
I went tho very tired. Then went to Smiths
and home after dark.

Fr. 27 I painted and hung
screens and planted corn and worked the
garden.

Sat. 28 Very busy all day, repairing shoes and
painting and helping clean house. I am
tired tonight, but thank God it is my back
and not my heart that aches. Yes He is
ever good.

1900
Apr

Sun. 29 Went to see Mrs Gowen on Joseph St. and entertained some company. I am quite lame from my hard day's work

Mon. 30 I make some garden and plant some corn Late in P.M. went with "Jack" to locate a well for W. Mills on Dickerson Pike.

May

Tu. 1 I am busy at repairing and mending.

Wed. 2. Visited Mrs Busby and Raymond Smith in morning. In P.M. worked about yard.

Th. 3 Worked in shop and about house till 3 P.M and then Wesly and I drove to city for garden seeds. It is quite cool Made some visits to a sick Hungarian who has hemorrhages of a very trying nature.

Fr. 4 Quite cool and windy. I write letters and work in shop. Plowed potatoes in P.M

Sat. 5 Visit some patients and help boys haul out manure. I am very sore and tired but slept better last night than for a month—only waking four times. The weather is windy and dry and things already suffering.

Sun. 6 Warm. I herd the cows in the yard, visit sick, write and read papers. In P.M. am kept busy with callers.

Mon 7 Worked at taking up drain pipe till 4 P.M and then went with Earnest Curtis to see Mrs Lorenzo D. Powers 7 miles. It was a hard trip but when I saw how they were situated I thanked God for my blessings Came back by car from Cheatham St. At Transfer Station Mr Lewis A Powell gave me tickets to Dr Wyeth's address on N.B Forrest

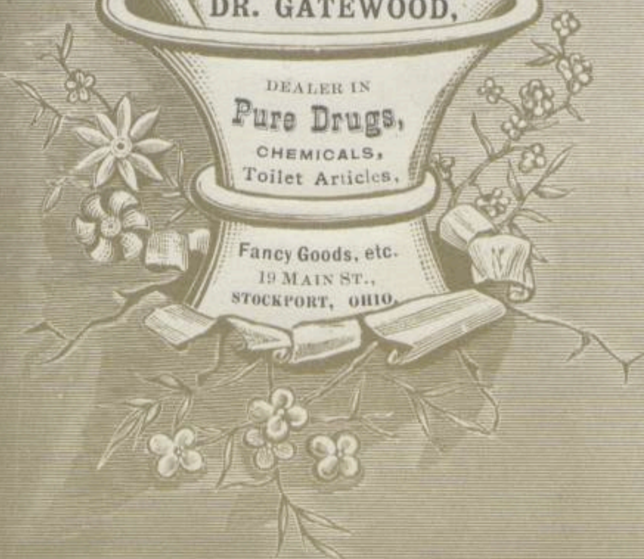
May I telephoned Annie to meet me at Bloomsteins and waited till she came. We walked home as it was breezy and moonlit. The lecture was full of extraordinary assertions in regard to Forrest — too much panegyric. The faultless man is a curiosity and I do not believe in excessive hero worship. Dr W. was assistant demonstrator of Anatomy at Bellevue Hospital Medical College when I was a student there. His voice is the same. I regard him as a fine surgeon whose imagination in regard to Forrest has been consciously heated. Forrest was undoubtedly one of the phenomenal products of the war but Fort Pillow remains in the mind of the calm reader as the scene of a shameful use and abuse of opportunity to be humane.

Tu. 8 Drove to city in A.M. Returned and visited Mrs Harrison and later Mrs Irvin Hudson whom I am called on to treat. It was near dark when I got home and I heard Helen's sleepy cry up stairs when Annie was trying to get her asleep. I went up took her on the "tushie" (cushion) and told her stories and her laugh came soon to reward me. Then she asked the "Apple Tree" song and as I hummed it she fell asleep. I put her in bed thanking God for her sweet little life and asking Him to bless it with usefulness, sweetness and love. The rest all went to Webbs and I am writing alone having read till weary. God bless them all.

Wed. 9 Quite cool with a stiff North wind. I set at work early and spent a very busy day in garden & at drain pipe and wood pile. I stood the very brisk days work quite well and retired late pretty tired. Thank God for these days.

Th. 10 A ideal day - not a cloud - cool - calm and sunny.
This will long be remembered here as Dewy day
In the morning I went over to do some business but failing to see the person who appointed
the hour I went to transfer station and waited
till Annie and the little girls came and we
went to Centennial Park where we met the boys
who had walked out. It was 12:30 P.M. and we
went to a seat under the shade of the trees and
ate our lunch and then went to the Auditorium
to hear Brooke's Marine Band after which we
all went to the Club House and saw Dewy & wife
review the Flower Parade. He enjoyed it very much
from the way he kept clapping his hands so heartily
it could be heard one hundred yards away. His
wife kept waving to the parade as they passed.
Many unique decorations were shown and the
vehicles were wreathed in flowers of many hues
but the yellow predominated.
Helen had her first street car ride today and
she seemed wild with enjoyment. About 3 P.M.
she tired out and slept in my arms for an hour
and then enjoyed the parade. We came home
shortly before sunset and the tired boys soon came
and did the work and retired requesting to be
wakened at 10 P.M. to see the fire works. Of
course they slept all night. I was very tired
but pleased to see the rest so happy tho I
do not get deeply enthused over empty displays which I have seen so often.

Fr. 11 Up early and spent two hours watching
the cows in the yard and writing a letter at
same time on tablet as I walked about.
In the afternoon my wolf began a furious
attack so I could not well read nor write
I walked to see Mrs. Robert Harrison on



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℞

I'll sing about His goodness
I'll sing about His love
Who sent His son to save us
And dwell with Him above

I'll sing about the sunshine
I'll sing about the showers
I'll sing about the dew-drops
I'll sing about the flowers.
I'll sing about our rambles
Along the sparkling stream
Where dancing waters murmur
And golden glances gleam.
I'll sing about our dear ones
And all their pleasant ways
I'll pray that God will keep us
Through many happy days.

For little Gracie

TAKE THIS TO

JOHN. M. BURTON,

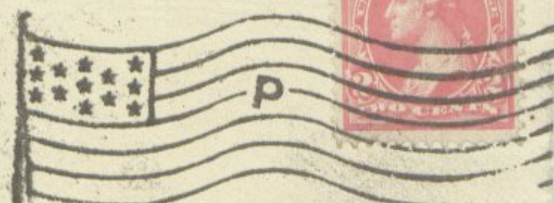
DRUGGIST,

Cor. N. Second and Foster Sts.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

TELEPHONE 1131.





Emmett W. Gatewood,
Nashville,
Tenn.

Mr. Emmet W. Gatewood,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sir, -

I am writing to thank you for the poem which you recently sent to the *New Unity*. We shall be pleased to use it in our columns as soon as space permits.

Very truly yours,
(Mrs.) Edith Lackersteen,
Office Editor of *New Unity*
Per W.

June 10, '98.

May. Lischey Avenue and thence to see Raymond Smith on Trinity Heights and home at dusk. I was very weary but the teeth of the wolf had been blunted.

Sat. 12. Mr. Jas. A. Binkley called just when I was getting ready to go to the city. As he could not pay me I extended his account. After waiting on him I went with Mr. Turner to the city and he paid me his claim in full and released my lien upon his property, as he had made another loan to release this and as I had always been patient and exacted neither the principle nor interest when he could not meet it I doubt the wisdom of his procedure. After walking about a good deal & becoming quite weary I came home by car. I spent the afternoon in reading and helping to bait the cows.

Sun. 13. I spent the entire day at home writing letters and playing with the children among the trees.

Mon. 14 Hot. Worked a little in shop and visited some patients

Tu 15 The same. I herd the cows in the yard and carve an ear of corn onto a piece of osage root for a cane head.

Wed. 16 The same. I am quite weary. Worked for an hour or two on Edward Pennocks braces

Th. 17 Fixed braces and worked in shop. Feel very dull News comes of the financial ruin of H. Sornley What a change in 8 yrs. He set out to rule the town by the sway of a golden club. He can never be respected by even the rabble of Stockport. Times

Swift Years

How swift the years are flying past!
How much to do! how little done
I pause to count the ones that passed,
And dream of those that may not come.
What have I done to bless those years
So full of love - so free from care;
So full of smiles - so free from tears,
I fain would pause and linger there.

I see them like a golden dream
Whose every change was but more fair,
Tho sweeping like a mountain stream
Whose banks bore flowers every where.
They teemed with joy; dear, happy years
That would not stay. Alas! the care
The present fret - the future fears
Are sowing silver in my hair.

How swift the years! how many yet
Are left for duties scarce begun?
How have I lived? Can I forget
The duties I have left undone?
Forgive my waste of golden hours,
Inspire my heart with purpose sure.
Let duty's thorns and duty's flowers
Correct my life and make it pure.

 1900.
May.

Fri. 18. Worked in the garden wrote letters and read.

Sat. 19. In the morning assisted the boys to plow the potato patch and then Annie and I drove to the city. After returning the day was chiefly taken up with callers. It is so cool that over-coats are in requisition.

Sun. 20. Still quite cool. Spent the day at reading and entertaining patients.

Mon. 21 Cool. Attended some patients, wrote letters and grazed the cows in yard and worked in shop at my last cane which consists of two ears of corn carved out with a pocket knife for a head and joined at right angles at the butt end. The wood grew curiously in this way and when "my wolf" bothered me I cut out a cane head of corn design making a part of husk still partially conceal the protruding ear. At the juncture a cuboidal block bears four pearl insertions or sets and in the hollow head is a dedication and our family record &c.

Tu. 22 The same. Warmer with indications of the much needed rain.

Wed. 23 Rainy morning. I set out a great many tomato plants in the drizzle. The rain is soon over. I read and work about yard.

Th. 24 Work garden and write letters and wait on patients. At night Annie read to me from one of her favorite books John Halifax, Gentleman. I enjoyed it very much as my eyes pained so I could not read. Dear patient Annie you do not know how much I love you for your thoughtful kindness.

1900
May

Fr. 25 I write and read and graze cows in yard during which I devoured California sketches by Bishop Fitzgerald. After dinner Annie and I drove to city and did some shopping. At night again she read to me from John Halifax, Gentleman. We spent a very pleasant evening—she seeming as fond of reading as I of listening.

Sat. 26 In morning the boys and got the buggy ready and drove to city taking the girls. After returning I went to see Mrs W. I. Hudson and getting no response to knock I came home and read and worked garden.

Sun. 27 Back to W. I. Hudson's in A.M. In P.M. entertained company. Tho Hudson came with boys from Sunday School and stayed most of P.M.

Mon. 28 A dreamy day. The sun was almost wholly eclipsed at 7.43 this A.M. and attracted much interest. It was in no sense dark but a strange weird light spread over everything. I worked in garden and wrote letters. and attended the sick.

Tu. 29 Drizzly. Work about yard and train vines and set out plants.

Wed 30 Still working in garden and writing and visiting sick. At night Annie read John Halifax. Gentleman to me till 10:30 P.M. and then I retired to listen much of night to the quiet patter of a gentle rain

Th. 31 Visited patients and worked in shop. Rained gently all P.M. I am feeling better thank God.

Fr. 1 I made a horizontal bar for the children & put it in the South yard. Visited Mr Scott and at night sat till 11:15 listening to my dear wife reading John Halifax, Gent. Lay down and was just falling asleep when I was called out to go to W. L. Scotts. Got back at 1:05 in morning.

Sat. 2 Showery. I write and work about yard while Annie and G. go to city. In P.M. rained

Sun. 3 Showery. I write some and read the papers.

Mon. 4 Still rainy. Work in shop and about the yard

Tu. 5 The same. A letter from Linnie R. Gormley tells of the ruin of their fortunes by her husbands dissipation. Poor woman! her money was the snare of her life.

Wed. 6 Working with my vines and trees and in shop making a ladder for upper veranda work.

Th. 7 I went to city and at the Fourth Nat. Bank developed a plan to stop a hundred dollars due me which I desire to collect from H. Gormley and give back to his wife. It rained very hard. In P.M. I wrote his wife at some length on the situation.

Fr. 8 I worked in shop and yard in A.M. In P.M. I went to Mr Joys and paid for trees he had planted for me on Lischey Av.

Sat. 9 I lay for an hour after waking drinking in the breeze from the flowery shrubs in yard. It was divine. I rose calm and thankful and after breakfast I drove with Conrad to city and

Sat. 9 contracted for gas. After a good deal of running about we came home and I fitted violin keys and bridge. Then worked in shop till dinner at 3 P.M. Worked a little in garden in eve.

Sun. 10 Warm and clear. Went to see Mrs W. J. Hudson in morning. Spent part of day reading the Memoirs of P. P. Bliss. Company in eve kept us all busy.

Mon. 11 Showery. I work in shop and with vines and write letters.

Tu. 12 The same.

Wed. 13 Went to city and wrote letters.

Th. 14 Attended some sick and worked in yard

Fr. 15 Went to city to see about Linnie R. Gormley's affairs and after returning wrote her a long letter detailing my own plan and the lawyers plan to try to recover her property. Also attended some sick.

Sat. 16 Went by car in A.M. to see Hugh Notgrass' children and then came home in time to miss a very heavy rain that stopped the men from work who were putting in gas pipe and stove.

Sun. 17 Hot. Went several times to see John D Sharp's sick child — also to B. L. Foster's. Herded cows in yard for some hours and read a little as I could.

Mon. 18 Cool and showery. Finished putting in gas and worked about house and visited a few sick folks I am suffering with a gathering on hand

 1900 June

Tu. 19 Worked in garden and yard. Suffer a good deal. Still I am thankful to God for many blessings

Wed. 20 The same. Attended some patients Sent boys to mill.

Th. 21 Very cool and breezy. The boys went to S.S. picnic at Hygia Springs and I stayed with Annie and the little girls. It seems so quiet when they are gone I am growing impatient with myself and feel that I should be doing more good in the world. May God direct me I often think I ought to try to write something but feel unequal to the task my heart assigns.

Fr. 22 Dull and rainy. Annie & Gatewood go to city and I write and work in library. I am waiting trustfully for God to direct me in some useful work.

Sat. 23 Still rainy. I attend some patients and work in shop. I am still longing for some useful work that will improve benefit and strengthen me

Sun. 24 Rainy in A.M. A dull listless day in which I seem to accomplish little.

Mon. 25 Showery still. I work in shop and read

Tu. 26 The same

Wed. 27 The wet weather continues. It has rained every day but two during this whole month. Much complaint is heard about the wet. We are not suffering much altho the weeds are getting quite troublesome in places. Still every

June thing is growing so I thank God for the rain. It makes more work for Annie and this I regret as she is so overtasked all the time. Still she seems to delight in any work that adorns or beautifies our home. God bless her - she is so much more useful than I.

Th. 28 Very sultry. The air is hot and steamy. I work in shop and train my vines. Near night a hard storm gathered and torrents of water drenched the wet earth. The ground about the barn and in the bottom looked like a great river. I never saw the stream so high. It rained far into the night.

Fr. 29 Hot. I help the boys in preparing speeches for their Fourth of July celebration and read and train my vines.

Sat. 30 The same.

June.
Sun. 1 Hot. Read most of day. At night went with Annie to First Presb. Church to hear Dr Hodge lecture on the Holy Land. We walked home enjoying the trip.

Mon. 2 Worked in garden and entertained callers all A.M. Wrote in P.M.

Tu. 3 Attended my calls and spent rest of day helping entertain Mrs Gormley & Mabel who are here from Stockport. She looks shockingly haggard.

Wed. 4 The boys are busy preparing for P.M. exercises at Prof. Webbs. I read most of day, and at night

see p. 399

God bless the Fourth.

For "Cornel"

God bless the Fourth! let all the nation shout
And mingle song and prayer devout
Whereeir our banner floats. Still let our theme
Be Liberty. Let tyrants hear our eagle scream
Of Liberty. Let soldiers strive and statesmen scheme
For Liberty. Let orators and poets dream
Of Liberty. Let all the world look up and see
The proud old flag that makes men free.

God bless the Fourth with all its olden story
Of blood-bought triumph and of splendid glory
Its thrilling martial strains - the deeptoned roar
Of cannon echoing from shore to shore
Its gay and flaunting flag without a stain
Inspires our hearts on every land and main
Fair flag of hope! on every land and sea
May Heaven kiss and keep you free.

July I keep Helen while Annie and the rest with Mrs Gormley and Mabel attend the exercises. The get back near midnight and report an enjoyable occasion and that the boys do well both in declamation and original oration.

Th. 5 Still at home entertaining our visitors. I am getting disgusted at the utter lack of gratitude which my time labor and money has received. I gave her a check for $50.— of hard earned money (the same being part of check received two years ago for going twice to Ohio and doing two operations on her child's feet.) She received it in a perfunctory way and never uttered a word of gratitude or thanks.

Fr. 6 Still helping entertain. Can do nothing else

Sat. 7 The same. Annie is over-working and trying to make her guest have a pleasant time by taking her to Glendale or for drive but the return is followed by some coarse criticism. I am getting deeply disgusted.

Sun. 8 Mrs G. wanted Annie to go to Catholic church with her and she did. In P.M. she took her for a drive. I held the fort. I am longing for the old time quiet.

Mon. 9 Got up early and dug holes and staked trees till breakfast. I wrote a check for the last Fifty Dollars due me on the operation on Mabel's feet and gave it to the mother who said with a satisfied grin "I don't like to accept this" She evidently was pleased at the gain. Later I found she had been contemplating it. I grow more and

July more disgusted. She holds all my work and worry and expense so cheap and expects so much of me without even a sign of gratitude. I surely have not been a load to my friends and when they want money or service for nothing they find me. All day long entertaining.

Tu. 10 Went in A.M. to N. Nashville to see Hugh Notgrass. In P.M. entertaining our guest who grows more selfish. She left at sunset this eve I almost regret that I have tried to help her recover a part of her property. She is so selfish, so silly, so ungrateful.

Wed. 11 We are alone again and resume our old customs and enjoyments. I work about as I see fit among the trees and vines. Annie washes the clothes and then poor weary thing lies down and takes a long needed sleep and rest. The boys wash up the dishes and then I play ball with them for an hour.

Th. 12 Worked very hard at digging potatoes. When done I was drenched with sweat and so tired I could sleep but little.

Fr. 13 I work a little. I do not feel well. The boys took Gentle to Mr Volney C. Smiths. He had bought her and when they started with the faithful old cow they all cried. She had been so identified with their lives they could hardly give her up. They took her off more gently than ever before and led her away sorrowfully stopping at each shade tree on the road to let her rest. Dear boys. I hope your hearts

1900

July will always be as tender. They returned late in P.M. At night when Cornel came in from milking he was sobbing violently. When asked the cause he said Oh I miss Gentle so much. He told me they all three bade her good by when they left her.

Sat 14 I am still sore and have an acute pleuritic pain that increased as the evening drew on.

Sun. 15 Entertaining visitors.

Mon. 16 I do some work and write letters and read and attend some patients

Tu. 17 The same. It is hot and still. The boys are cleaning walks by contract for some of the neighbors. It interests me to see them hunting and doing their jobs and earning a little money.

Wed. 18 The same. It is pretty warm.

Th. 19 Showery.

Fr. 20 The same. Working about yard.

Sat. 21 Went to see Mrs Bang's son. Rained very hard. Got wet. Suffer with pleurisy.

Sun 22 Showery in A.M. In P.M. a hard rain All day at home.

Mon 23 Work and write letters and wait on patients

Tu. 24 Walked to city and thence to Mrs Bang's Corner of Russel & Seventh thence to see Mrs Geo Payne 960 Woodland and home across the commons. Very tired

July

I walked all the way and was too tired to do anything rest of day but kept going.

Wed. 25 Rainy. Write and read.

Th. 26 The same. Some patients demand part of my time.

Fri. 27 Went to see Mrs W. I. Hudson & got back at noon. Worked rest of day in shop.

Sat. 28 Rainy. Work in shop and read and teach the boys.

Sun. 29 I spend the day at writing & reading except that in P.M. Annie and I walked out past Joy's and home past Trinity Church.

Mon 30. Warm. I work some and read while Annie washes.

Tu. 31 Visit Mara Smith on Trinity Hights and work about yard.

Aug.

Wed. 1 We all go to Glendale and enjoy the day. Before starting I walked out to Smiths and back. It was an ideal day and while the children rode the flying jenny or rambled about Annie dear patient Annie read to me out of Other Things being Equal. We had a fine breezy ride homeward at sunset.

Th. 2 Annie and I went to city in A.M. and tried to get a suit of clothes for me. It was a hard task and tho we got two suits she had to return one in the P.M. owing to the salesman's blunder. I drove to see Miss Smith. I am suffering with an acute pleuritic pain that resists my will

1900
Aug

Fr. 3 Writing letters and reading my journals. My pain is very persistent. Prof. Turner was here for several hours having me join him in examining a poem he is writing.

Sat. 4 I took a long trip on foot before breakfast to see Mrs Roper. After breakfast went to Trinity Hights to see Miss Mara Smith. In P.M. to see Mrs Roper and worked about yard.

Sun. 5 Nearly all day at Ropers or going and coming. It is very hot. I also visited Mrs Summers and waited on some patients at home.

Mon. 6 Visited Mrs Roper and worked about home. Hot.

Tu. 7 Very hot. Work and read

Wed. 8 Went to see Miss Smith in A.M. Later wrote letters

Th. 9 Went to city in A.M. In P.M. went to see Wm. Barry on Russel St. Very hot.

Fri. 10 Finished haying and cleaning up and was thoroughly drenched with sweat. It is exceedingly hot - the leaves are dying on the trees and many of those recently planted are dying. The corn is rapidly assuming the appearance of Autumn.

Sat. 11. Went in morning to see Mary Sandling. While there called on Mrs. Roper. Returning we put the entire family into the old barouche the top of which the boys had mended and replaced and drove through

Aug. 9. the broiling sun to White's Creek. It was a trying trip for the tenderfooted mare and we reached our old picnicing ground only to find it occupied by some parties with a tent. After some delay and search we found a place farther down in the field below the iron bridge. This did not please the children as well as the old ground though it was more private and had the advantage of better water. The children were soon into the creek and Annie and I crossed on the stepping stones and securing seats high above the water on the burly twisted roots of a sycamore and elm which had locked themselves together in a most fantastic manner she read to me from the book "Other things being Equal" while I fished in the water below. The noise and splashing of dogs, donkeys, darkies, horses and children was sufficient to disturb the notions of the most accommodating fish. However after wading in the stream for an hour Helen waded across and I got down among the roots and lifted her out of the water and handed her up to Annie where I placed her in a comfortable seat among the roots and resumed my fishing. Finally drawing up two fish to her great delight. Waterwood caught another little catfish about three inches long and these three little fishes constituted our catch. At ~~two~~ o'clock Annie spread the table cloth on the pebbly beach and covered it with enough victuals to supply a hearty dinner for ten men. We made a bucket full of lemonade and there beside the babbling stream we devoured every thing but the implements. While eating we were

joined by a stalwart old man in his 86th year by the name of Stallcup who relished a piece of cake with us and told his stories about before the war. After dinner to please the children I went with them into a large pool just below and spent an hour trying to teach them to swim. We then returned to the vehicle and found Queen Anne had taken fright and started homeward. The boys pursued and soon found her grazing on the sight of our last year's camp ground. We hitched her up and returned by way of the big bridge and through the city. A few clouds obscured the sun and mitigated the fierce heat so that our drive was rather pleasant and we reached home a little before sunset. The three little fish were put in the fountain the evening work finished and the tired children went to bed while Annie and I repeated our custom of sitting a long while on the moonlit veranda in conversation where nothing ever comes to interrupt us. Altogether it was a pleasant day to us all and I hope Heaven blesses these outings with happy memories and permanent good to each. They possess something not found in the most elaborate entertainment when shared by others. It is pleasant looking back to think of them in this way as something sacred to ourselves - so sacred that the foot-steps of another however welcome seem almost profane. It is a year

Aug. since we were there but all the little details of that trip seem fresh and dear in the memories of the children. We can scarcely regret affording these occasional enjoyments so innocent in their nature and so fraught with sweet possibilities. Yes, they are dear days to the dear children and dear days to us. How thankful we should be that we enjoy these outings together May God bless their memories and return.

Sun. 12. Spent the forenoon in reading and writing. The weather is still quite hot and a South wind is licking out the remaining moisture In P.M. I lay under the maple near the gate and listened while Annie read "Other things being Equal".

Mon. 13 Hot and dry with a few drops of rain Read and worked in shop.

Tue 14 Busy with patients at home in A.M. In P.M. I worked in shop.

Wed. 15 Hot. I am greatly oppressed in some vague way and feel like I would wilt down like a poor weed. I do little all day.

Th. 16 Went to city with G. and felt the heat most keenly. I feel like I would sink and a vague awful weakness pervades my frame. I try to shake it off but it clings like the shirt of Nessus In P.M. write to Maud.

Fr. 17 Still hot. I go about aimlessly a good part of day. Spent 2 hrs with Prof. Turner and worked a little in shop.

Sat. 18 Very hot. I go to city with Annie and we buy

Aug pieces to can and get suit of clothes at Ellis. Home at 11 A.M. nearly melted. Spent rest of day easily as exertion seemed nearly impossible. Sorted up the ripe tomatoes and sent them to different neighbors as we had more than we could use and did not wish to see them waste

Sun. 19 Very hot.
Sit and read or talk or write.

Mon 20 The same. A shower.

Tu. 21 Intensely hot. 97° F. The boys and I cut corn &
I attend some patients

Wed. 22 The same. Went to city. Helped Annie at the pears and wrote some letters.

Th. 23 Writing and doing small turns & reading.
Went to city and got more pears.

Fr. 24 Writing letters
Boys getting ready for another trip to Whites Creek.

Sat. 25 The morning was breezy and at 8:20 we started for White's Creek going through the city. We reached the lower bridge shortly after ten and having secured the mare we carried our dinner and fishing tackle down to the big cotton-wood and in a few minutes the children were in the stream. I tried fishing but as the day was windy I was not very successful. The boys caught some minnows in their seine. At noon we spread our dinner beside the purling stream and ate like pioneers.

1900.

Sat. 25. I went in swimming with the boys to prevent their getting beyond their depth as Gatewood alone could swim. They enjoyed my participation immensely and would have stayed till a late hour but the gentle patter of rain with distant thunder induced us to start back at 3 P.M. A fine breeze attended us all the way home. We stopped a little while in the city to get my glasses and some candy for the children, and reached home in good time having had a very pleasant trip. These trips signify so much to the children and are so fraught with pleasant memories that we perhaps would not err in multiplying their frequency. Gatewood has already learned to swim and Conrad and Wesley have become familiar with deep water which is altogether a positive gain. Besides they have enjoyed the recreation and built pleasant memories. We all enjoy these trips though I lack the enthusiasm of boyhood. It sprinkled only enough to prevent dust and the breeze was delightful.

Sun. 26 Most of the hot day was spent at reading. In the P.M. Annie kindly read to me twenty-two chapters of Job and then we took a walk. As my eyes trouble me and grow weary so quickly she is a treasure indeed to read for me as I have been such an inveterate reader all my life.

Mon. 27 Very dry and oppressive. I do but little and feel so dull that a few letters seemed a great task. I long for rain

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Tu. 28 In A. M. wrote while Annie and the boys went to city.

Wed. 29 Writing letters and working about yard. How much time it takes to care for my trees and vines. Yet they are pretty and I hope I am in some way better for attending to them.

Th. 30 The same. Gatewood and I are mowing the yard.

Fr. 31 The same. I am disappointed sorely in getting no word from Stockport that would render a trip to that hated place unnecessary.
Annie and I drove to city in A.M.

Sep.

Sat. 1 Working and reading. Still no word from S. In P.M. the boys went to Whites Creek with Prof. Webb and his boys and a hard rain kept them till after dark.

Sun. 2. Spent the day in reading, writing and entertaining company.

Mon. 3. Put the day in at various little turns.

Tu. 4. Went to the city and spent fore-noon hunting grass-seed. Came home very much exhausted with my wolf gnawing me incessantly.

Wed. 5. The day was very warm and we all went to Whites Creek and picnicked for the day. I spent two hours in the creek teaching the boys to swim and dive. We spent the forenoon at our old site high over the water on the twisted roots of the elm, Annie reading to me from the "Juggernaut" while I fished in

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Wed. 5. the water below. I caught but little. The boys batted and splashed immediately below, Hettie joining in, while Helen climbed over the big log and played in the sand occasionally dipping her little feet in the shallow water and all enjoying the play most keenly. At one o'clock all were ready to devour in the most cannibalistic fashion. After eating an immense dinner and a pound of candy they were ready for the stream again. We reached home before sunset and all were happy as usual.

Th. 6. The wolf gives me no rest. All forenoon Annie and I sat under the maple shade by the summer-house and planned and talked. In the afternoon I went with Walter Crandall to the abatoir, a disgusting nauseous trip.

Fri. 7. Very hot. Spent the day at writing, reading, waiting on patients and looking after the seeding of the meadow. Boys all off to school.

Sat. 8. Very hot and dry. The day is spent at reading and waiting on patients.

Sun. 9. Still hot but clouds betoken rain. I spend most of day in reading.
In the afternoon entertained company.

A Dream.

I dreamed the dawn crept in with gentle light
Which I had never seen. My infant ear
Had yet to learn of sound. The quiet might
Of touch, arch-master of all sense was here
To teach the rest first lessons. Dear, gentle touch,
First friend of Love. True teacher and true guide
The first to lead - the last to leave. So much
We owe to thee! Dear, patient touch, abide.

I dreamed the world was but a sheet of white
And Life, the unit of a lesser time
Whose greater is Forever. Here must I write
My unit. Fair page! Fair theme, sublime!
My stainless page revolved - I knew it not.
My evening came but I dreamed idly on
Above a page all stained with sin and blot;
And scarce knew when or where my day had gone.

But, as I dreamed, an angel touched my hair
And softly said, "Give me your sheet of Time"
That I may add your unit." In deep despair
I saw him scan that sin-stained page of mine
O'er which I wept. Then sighed and wrote a naught.
I dreamed again and now my page was bright
And clean. Where are my sins and stains, I thought.
A Savior's tears and blood had washed them white.

Content.

Unsceptered king, I walk in every clime
With silent step; nor word, nor brazen battle-noise
Proclaims my coming. My quiet reign employs
No herald. My law is simple and sublime.
To every mind alike – to serf and lord
It marks the road to bliss. It never bends
Nor breaks; is not displaced, nor ends.
Do right and let all evil be abhorred.
This is my lofty law which God has sent
For your safe guide. My name is but Content.

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Faith.

Among the trends of Life I am the highest Way
And lead forever up. Up, up, forever up!
Above all calculation still, I hold the cup
Of deepest love and highest love. In brightest day
I need no finger-board, in darkest night no torch
And I am but a way, "a highway and a way
No ravenous beast may tread". But I am still "a way
Of pleasantness," a quiet Path of Peace. The arch
Of Hope is Heaven-bright and for its Promise hath
The stainless steps of Charity to bless my beaten path.

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Waiting.

I want to say some sweet thing
That men will not forget;
I want to do some neat thing
And yet - and yet - and yet -

I only keep on waiting
And throwing time away
While purpose is abating
With every precious day.

I want to do some noble thing,
Before it is too late.
But, still I keep on waiting,
And wait, and wait, and wait.

The world is going past me!
Ah! surely, this - is - Fate,
And I've enough to last me
And need no longer wait.

I'll just get up and hustle. -
In fact, I'll take the lead
And put my liveist bustle
In every act and deed.

I care but little what men say
But fear the awful fate
Of him who throws his chance away
By waiting till too late.

Of course, I mean to do what's right
By all - both small and great;
But, if I'm forced to make a fight
I will not stand and prate,

And let my forman get the start
While crossing swords with Fate;
I'll just proceed to do my part
And let the fellow wait.

The world is moving fast, my boy,
And business keen and straight
Will never keep in her employ
The boy who likes to wait.

Be prompt, my boy, it is a boon
Beyond the gift of State.
You'd better be a minute soon
Than be a Second - late.

I would rather be.

I would rather be a tear-drop
With a mission, pure and sweet
Than a grandly stormtossed ocean
To swallow up a fleet.

I would rather be a sunbeam
And kiss a falling tear
Than the thorny splendor of a court
In any other sphere.

I would rather be a rose-leaf
With a surface pure and clean
Than a doubtful robe of splendor
Or a sword of brightest sheen.

I would rather be a snow-flake
Cold, but pure and white
Than a monument of marble
Commemorating might.

I would rather be a quill pen
To write the a b c
Than the sword of any soldier
Or the gun of victory.

I would rather be a widow's mite
Which the Galilean blessed
Than all the wealth of all the world
Were a single heart distressed.

I would rather be my little self,
Unfettered by another,
And go to God for all my help
Without a priest or brother.

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Mon. 10. Warm. Assisted Annie with the washing-machine after which we sat under the maple by the summer-house and I listened while she read the "Jugernaut." The boys began attendance at school again this* morning. We will now be compelled to change our easy and convenient method of living a little to conform to this change.

Tu. 11. The day was spent with patients, books, writing and light work.

Wed. 12. In the forenoon took the family, except Wesley, and went to market while the children went to school. In the afternoon worked about the shop.

Th. 13. Read and wrote till nearly noon then visited Mr. Elias Gould near the High Bridge taking the car to St. Clelia and walking the remainder of way. Got back at 3 o'clock and worked and read by turns till night.
This being Annie's birthday the children presented her with a copy of "Richard Carvel" and I made the following contribution in rhyme.
I do not claim literary merit for it. Rather, it represents some good thoughts in poor rhyme, the faults of which may be more readily excused or overlooked in the years to come when it may possess more interest than now.

Home's Center.

For Annie.

Each home has its center of use and of worth,
Each heart has its idol and shrine;
Each hearth has its brightness, its warmth & its mirth;
But more than all this is in mine.

Its treasures untold are richer than gold;
Its brightness no words can portray,
And we never grow old in the love of the fold
Which is joyous by night and by day.

Its center, my wife, is the joy of my life;
Its shrine is the hearth where we pray;
Its music, the noise of my girls & my boys,
At table, at books, or at play.

While she is the center no discord can enter
The circle she rules with her love;
For love is the tether that binds us together,
Our home-tie, below and Above.

Yes, Love is the tether that binds us together
Thro life. Whatever may come
There is never another to rank with the Mother,
She's the center and anchor of home.

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Dode.

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Fri. 14. Went early in the morning to see Mr. Gould taking Gatewood and Cornel as far as the Square on their way to school. Found Mr. Gould better. Came back to city and called upon the city health officer, Dr. Larkin Smith. I could not help contrasting in my mind this man and his predecessor. The brightness, alertness, directness and business-like method of the present official contrasted strongly with the dull and apparently careless methods of his predecessor. I was particularly struck with the energy and intelligent care for the details of his business which he seemed to evince. Altogether I should regard him as a very capable official, with a particular adaptation to this business. In the afternoon worked in the shop and read the papers.

Sat. 15. A brilliant autumn day. I worked in the shop and about the yard all day and felt a relief from the depression of the hot weather in the cool atmosphere of an Autumn day.

Sun. 16. Another day of splendid Autumn beauty. The forenoon was spent in reading. While I read Annie wrote and copied some of my pieces of rhyme into the little book where she is collecting my poor efforts of this kind. Incidentally she happened to find a piece of manilla paper on which four years ago I had penciled a little problem in rhyme for the two older boys. As it was readily solved by them at that time (their ages being 7 & 9 respectively) they afford some interest and are copied as follows.

A Wilton Problem. 16 to 1.

For the boys.

Says Berkie to Mixon
"Dear Uncle Sim, fixin'
A problem to give you some fun,
About silver and gold
All traded and sold
At the ratio of sixteen to one.

I've taken an ounce
To have you pronounce
How many gold dollars 'twill take
Of grains twenty-five
And eight-tenths as you strive
Each dollar of gold will take."

Says Mixon to Berkie,
"My boy, you are jerky;
Just tell me of silver the same
Four twelve and a half ($412\frac{1}{2}$).
(Excuse if I laugh)
A dollar of silver will frame.

And how much of each
I wish you to teach
Will ballance us both on the scale
Three hundred and three
Will ballance up me
One sixty will tell your tale".

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Mon 17 Worked about shop a while. Went to city and called on Arrington & Farrar about some property I desired to sell. Late in P.M. a girl brought word that Mr Gould was worse and I took a car and got out there at dark walking a mile beyond the Buena Vista car line. I got home at 8 P.M.

Tu. 18 Drove to see Mr Gould and some persons in city in A.M. In P.M. showed some of my houses to some prospective buyers.

Wed. 19 Again to Goulds. After dinner I walked to see Lilian Bang on Russel St and got back after night. Tired but slept poorly.

Th. 20 Working about yard, reading and writing. In P.M. went to see Mrs Varley.

Fr. 21 Walked over to see Miss Bang and came back by Mrs Hudsons. Reached home very much prostrated, in great pain and depression of spirit. I lay down for an hour in hammock and then worked in shop till night.

Sat 22 Rainy. I work in shop and write by turns. It is a dull gloomy day unfit to be out of doors.

Sun 23 A beautiful day. I read a while and wait on some patients. Annie reads to me from Richard Carvel for two hours. Late in P.M. we all go for a ride and get back at sunset. The children enjoy these rides so much that I grant them cordially. At night Annie and I sit till after 11 o'clock planning a trip north that I am measurably compelled to take. I never contemplated leaving home so reluctantly.

Mon. 24. Went to city in forenoon, making preparations for trip North. The remainder of the day was actively spent in preparation. I dislike this trip more than I can tell, yet vaguely feel a deep conviction that I should make it. If it proves as disagreeable in reality as in contemplation it will be one of the sore spots in my life. But having fully made up my mind to tackle the disagreeable problem I shall go forward as usual with a faith which surmounts misgivings. At twilight while gathered by the fountain we said our evening prayers and after talking to the children Annie and Gatewood and I started with my baggage for the depot, leaving the other four crying bitterly and shouting "good bye". At 7:55 I started from Linck's depot. It was a very hot night and I got no sleep. Though the car is not one-fourth full passengers insist on sitting with me and talking with me even though I repeatedly change my seat. At midnight I ate some of Annie's fine lunch.

Tu. 25. Daylight - 70 miles from Cincinnati, clear and bright with a white sky which promises a hot day. I am very sleepy and depressed and scarcely see how I am to endure this disagreeable trip, but suppose as usual I shall display an unexpected endurance and certainly feel that God will be with me. Still I wish it were ended and I back in the "dear old yard". After 50 min. delay at Cincinnati we are off for Columbus. On, on, we speed through the land

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grass and shrubs and trees and pretty homes. How cozy calm and restful they all look. An indefinable something seems to cling about and bless them all in their pretty humility. It would not need a very keen observer to note the great difference between the appearance of the homes North & South of the Ohio river. It seems as if one had gone into a different civilization while he slept. An appearance of plenty of quiet seclusion and unobtrusiveness seems to prevail everywhere. The grass and leaves are so green, the streams so clear. Now we are climbing gradually out of the Ohio Valley onto the central uplands and here a vision of plenty spreads like a gorgeous dream on every side. Corn, corn, corn! what wonderful and extensive fields! In amount it far surpasses anything I ever saw in this prolific state. There is only a slight tinge of the leaves which grows more perceptible as we go Northward. The woods look so clean and pure and sweet. The roads running through them look so cool and inviting. Ah! if Annie and I could only drive there! At 11:15 A.M. we reach Columbus. I look in my large lunch, think how kind it was to prepare it for me, thank God for it, eat a little though I am not hungry, and turn to a young man from the mountains of Kentucky, who sits behind me. His name is Higginbotham. He looks hungry. I found he was empty, but I filled him with my lunch which he devoured with canine voracity. So hot! On to Zanesville. At west end of bridge had a collision with a box car and while they were making repairs I took my baggage & walked on to the depot. As I passed the scene of the

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collision I saw two-inch bolts broken asunder which would account for the violent shock we experienced. Had a tiresome wait at the depot for the O.&L.K. train. Reached Stockport at 4 P.M. Meet many old acquaintances, shake hands and hurry on to hotel where I secure room No. 5. The 62nd regiment O.V.I. are having a reunion or rather will have tomorrow and next day and a crowd is already on hand. I go about and meet a few friends and look for Hugh Gormley but do not find him. I then go to a little box of a bath room by the barber shop and go back to hotel after getting a hot bath in that hot little room without a window. Just above the hotel is a saloon in which Gormley and Johnson are entertaining the noisy crowd. Beneath the hotel is a poor restaurant of the 3rd or 4th class managed by "Mage" Sheets, who was inexpressibly dirty eight years ago and does not seem to have washed since. Around these two points a constant tumult goes on. Just across the narrow street below is Adrian's saloon. One of my little windows looks immediately down on it while the other looks down on the crowd which bustles around the two points I have previously named. So I am in the midst of a drunken orgy in the very storm center of this infernal turmoil. It seems as if about half of the din which sweeps to my ears is malicious blasphemy. I am very much exhausted and try to sleep. All through the night the people are coming and going up and down the stairs, through the little hall on one side of which is my room, pounding on the doors to wake each other up, hallooing

Sept. and giving orders about their oil business, banging doors, &c, &c. Mingled with these sounds in that of frequent vomiting, groaning, moaning &c. A time or two I was conscious of having been aroused by extraordinary noises which is the only proof I have that I had tasted the boon of sleep.

Wed. 26. While waiting for breakfast I get my things out of the box which I have carried into the cellar of Ang's store. After breakfast I make a few short calls, then take the eight o'clock train to McConnelsville where I spend some time with Worley with whom I take dinner. I go with him and call on Jas. McSword, whom I find to be a well-preserved wreck. He is blind. His under-lip was much puckered by the removal of a cancer. His wife was out calling but came before I left. He was sitting solitary as a prisoner in a cell. Remembering his wild, careless, sensual life and his present condition one can not help feeling more vividly than ever before the classic accuracy of the passage "The way of the transgressor is hard." Had his nature ever been sensitive, proud or pure he would surely suffer most keenly when he reflected that he had done nothing for the world upon which he is now a charge. His chief support is a pension from the government he served technically and boastfully deserted on pretense of disease — Unsparing Nemesis.
Called at Bank and learned that Stanberry was anxious to see me. Called later but he was still out. Returned to Stockport by evening train and went about making a few calls till dark. The crowd has increased greatly and swearing, quarreling, cardplaying and general carousing is the order. After supper I go to A. P. Ang's for

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Sept. a short while and then return to this wild riot in which curses, threats, fists and drawn knives are prominent. Try to write some and then go to bed. Until now the wolf had not gnawed me though on yesterday I twice came near falling in the street at McConnelsville. Tonight I feel his keen teeth gnawing at my heart. If I could only sleep I think it would be better. Super-added to this is the vexatious mission I am attempting to perform with the constant fear that whatever I may accomplish with one is liable to be immediately destroyed by the inadvertance, malice or stupidity of another. It is a very storm center of hell and everyone seems to be infatuated with a delusion or intoxicated with some damning anticipation or indulgence. It is chaos run mad. About half of the crowd seem to be hardened scoundrels running amuck I write awhile to Annie and go to bed out of which the wolf and I come together. I sit and look out of the window and wish I could sleep. I wonder if a drink of water would quiet the wolf. I get my pitcher and take a drink. Its nasty taste and smell tells me it is from the shrunken, sluggish river. I sit and repeat to myself over and over verses of poetry I learned long ago. I knead my flesh and walk in my little room. Sit down. Get up; bathe my face. It is impossible to follow any line of thought long no matter how absorbing. The awful din goes on all night. I think of my dear wife and the flock at home and wish I were back. Yet, I must make my impression on this field before I leave it.

Th. 27. Got out weary and weak and walked about early. The town is full of 62nd Regiment and others. I had to talk with a great many who were uninteresting and persistently dull and annoying. At 9:30 I went to McHugh's, driving Tom's mare. Back at dinner. Rained hard and I wrote Annie. Sent cane to William by Obidiah J. Brokaw. As I drove in Dr. Naylor hailed me cordially and kindly. I got out and we had a lively pleasant chat in which he told me of his plan to write a book for children. He also spoke of writing a book in which Stockport would be rather prominent and he wished my consent to use me as a modified character carefully concealed. I consented on condition that he should not give me a prominence amounting to publicity nor make me a character so weak that my children would be ashamed of it. I told him of the few pieces of rhyme I had with me which Annie had copied and which I intended to show to some of her friends and mine. He expressed a desire to see it and I promised to call and bring it. It rained far into far into the night and got cool. I slept some though drunken brawls waked me often throughout the night.

Fri. 28. I got up and wrote letters and made visits till sunset. These old soldiers still carry on their exercises and the streets are filled with easy going loafers. I passed Dennie several times and he wore a dull apathetic drunken look and seemed desirous of avoiding me. I did not think it a good policy to accost him and preferred to pass quietly by rather than be seen with him in his drunken state. His demented wife was here on her way to the asylum.

Sept. An hour before night I passed him at the drug-store and though I spoke to all I knew there he did not raise his drunken head and neither of us spoke. He immediately repaired to the saloon where he drank and gambled till the degraded proprietor became anxious for him to leave. He got in his buggy and in the midst of a drunken crowd just below the hotel he called to me where I was speaking with Robt. James about 50 yds. away and thinking he was saying "goodbye" I threw him a salute and called "goodbye". He at once began the most scurrilous abuse, getting out of his buggy and pretending he wanted to fight. In the presence of many spectators, some of whom were ladies at the hotel he continued his raving abuse for some time until he was induced to get in his buggy and go away. When he had gone I went with James to John Buck's and back in his buggy. Returned and wrote till 11 P.M. What ceaseless turmoil and tumult all night. Swearing, threatening, carousing, vomiting all through the night.

Sat. 29. A leaden sky with rain. Went to Frank Riley's and treated Mrs. Geo. W. Oliver for rupture and Monas Gillespie for epilepsy. The remainder of the day was spent in calls and consultation with patients. Learned this evening from Hugh that he had sent deed for Nashville property (to wife) on yesterday. So my visit seems to have had some effect and as so often before God was with me. Had a kind letter from Annie tonight.

Sun. 30. Up early. Walked to graveyard and on return was delayed in talking with Henry Hook until I

Sept. found on reaching the hotel that breakfast was over. Went to Stella's, got my breakfast, dropped a silver quarter in the cream pitcher and hurried back to livery stable, took Tom McHugh's mare and drove to Cory's. As I drove along so many memories of the past thronged upon me. Vivid little scenes seemed snatched out of other drives along this same road years ago and suddenly presented to my mind. The road was smoothe and fine for driving. More wildflowers grew along the road-side than I had ever seen here before. The trees were slightly tinged with amber and gold, but many were intensely green. The bushes and grass along the river were very luxurient, the scenery varied and beautiful. Soft mists were clinging around the cliffs, the air was delightful and the sun shone with soft brilliancy. I drove to Mrs. Cory's and she and her daughter were over-joyed to see me. The mother seemed to have failed considerably in the last two years and my heart went out to her as she held my hand in both of hers and told me how much they had missed me and recounted many of the incidents of my practice in the family which I had long since forgotten. I showed her the pictures of my boys which interested her deeply. Taking the picture of Conred in her hand and covering the lower part of the face she turned to her daughter and said "There, Ruth, there is Hettie Gatewood exactly. Nothing could be more like her." This seemed to me most striking when I remembered that she had never seen my mother but a few times and that more than thirty years ago. What a strong impression that face must then have made upon her. She proceeded in

Sept. her own way to mention strong characteristics of my mother which I thought most people had overlooked. Again and again she returned meditatively to the picture saying "yes, that is just like her." I recited a piece or two for a grandchild of hers who went to look after the horse for me, and both mother and daughter wept. How they clung about me when I was leaving. I could have spent the day pleasantly with them. At half-past ten I started up the big hill feeling the impulse of a new life. I thought of the town I had left behind me. My childish repugnance for it which was based on mere description for I had not seen it then coupled itself with my recent experience there and the long years of bitter experience in it and the latter seemed but the realization and the former an infernal dream. I put it all aside. I scanned the road for the old trees I used to see and love. Many of them were gone but new growths were springing along the way and the foliage blended beautifully and picturesquely. There was an abundance of golden-rod and wild violets in fresh bloom. The iron-weeds were crowned with magnificent purple umbels and the sumachs were dressed in bright scarlet. As I climbed the hills the hues seemed to grow brighter. I never saw such an abundance of golden-rod. I drove on to the old school-ground and took the winding way across it by the direction of a young lady, the daughter of an old school-mate. I followed the old beaten, yellow road past the old schoolhouse site (it and its successor are both gone, though my eye could still detect the elevation on which it

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stood.) The fine forest lying beyond in which we romped and played is nearly all gone and in its place appletrees, berry-bushes, corn, potatoes, &c. are reveling in their own luxuriance. I mentally measured the old topographical relations when I was a little hero there. The hills are left. Some of these landmarks still show me my old proficiency in throwing which frequently drew from my mother even before I was ten years old that strong Scotch exclamatory conclusion "What a little deil to throw." I drove on to Jas. Harding's but finding no one at home I placed one of Cornell's pictures behind the screen left a note fastened in the door drove back past my playground and on to John Gatewood's. Here I found Jas. Harding delighted over the cane I had sent him wondering how I got in the right length, &c. He seemed to prize it more than any of the other recipients. We took dinner together here and then Emmet and I drove down the hill and hitching the horse in bushes above P. Kearns we climbed the hill which had been all woods in my time, gathered some wild grapes which reminded me of my rambles in the woods in this vicinity hunting grapes for my mother. We went on over the big hill, down to the stream at the grotto where I used to go to bathe and study and cry and practice athletic exercises long ago. The dry weather had shrunken the stream till not a drop fell over the rocks, and only a dingy, dirty pool lay where two years ago I had a fine bath in the clear sparkling, babbling stream. We went up the stream some distance. The sturdy trees which grew along its banks are gone and scarcely a stump remains.

Sept. We went on to the old home place which is much dilapidated. Some of the fruit trees I had planted remain, but more are gone. The windows looked so small and the little eight by ten panes reminded me of the windows of a toy-house. The weather-boards were still in pretty fair state of preservation though never painted since the house was built forty-four years ago. The little cedars I had planted are big trees and some of them are cut away. The man kindly picked a quart of prunes from a tree I had planted thirty years ago. These I preserved to bring home to my children. I visited the spring which had been filled up by the stream and the slipping of the hillside and the site was all grown over by large bushes and brambles. Cutting a small dogwood stick near the old spring as a souvenir we walked back past Perley Kearis and getting our horse drove to Mt. Olivet and went over the graveyard and through the grove I had given to the church. The graveyard was clean and looked better than at my last visit. We drove on to The. Lyne's and giving him $5.00 for the church we came back with him to the church where I directed the planting of a few trees next spring and selected a burial plot for my family in case we should desire to use it. I then drove back with Emmet to his home talked a few minutes with the family and then drove back to Stockport at 7 P.M. It was a pleasant moonlit drive and the air was cool and delightful. Went back to Hugh's to get my basket and he soon followed me. I returned and wrote a letter to Annie and retired at 11 P.M.

Oct. Mon. 1. After running about the town and seeing a number of friends and saying "goodbye" I took the 9:15 train for Waterford and walked thence up to Bozman's and spent rest of day. I am tired and sleepy and lie down for two hours, to rest my aching back. This looks like the head-quarters of drudgery and the evidences are abundant that constant hard work is necessary. Bozman and wife seem to be failing a good deal in ability to get past the drudgery that piles up with each day. We talked till 9 P.M. and I sleep poorly.

Tu. 2. Cooler. I go to the station at Waterford and wait for train which is an hour late. Then go to Lowell, meet Charlie at depot and go home with him. After dinner we go out in country together. Return from East Side and go up to Nicholas Bazil's and look at some fine wood-carving. Back and to see a patient four miles down the river on the east side. This is in a new oil field and the derricks are scattered over the hill-side while the shanties remind one of a mining camp. I am quite weary. While sitting in buggy holding horse I looked up at the fleecy clouds and recalled my wanderings over this country thirty years ago selling fruit trees to earn money to go to college. What endurance I had then. What wind. I felt an old-time desire to inflate my lungs to their fullest capacity. While the horse nibbled the clover I indulged my old time habit of holding my breath by the watch. A strange experience followed As if the elixir of life and vital energy had returned I soon carried this feat to the amazing extent of 3 min. 33 seconds. When I remember that I have but once in several years reached two minutes

Oct. and thirty-two seconds and usually go about two minutes and that my best previous record had been 3 minutes 21 seconds I am amazed.

A little later Dr. Harris came out and we returned and got our suppers. Talked till late and went to bed. A little later he was called out and did not return.

Wed. 3 Slept well. Breakfasted with the two school-teachers who board here and teach in the village school. We had a pleasant conversation which was cut short by my departure for the 6:50 train. At Stockport my grip was handed aboard and I found some affectionate admirer had cut my name in glaring white letters all over the stick I had got on the old home place to make a souvenir cane and thus it advertises to every one who I am. At Malta I go to Dr. Naylor's and have a long talk with him about books and poetry, &c. He gave me two of his books — "Goldenrod and Thistledown" and "Under Mad Anthony's Banner". He told me my verses had revealed to him a side of my nature of which he did not dream. Said I reminded him of a chestnut burr all nettles without — all meat and oil within. His wife came in and contributed to the pleasure of my visit. He told me his first choice among my pieces was "The Spots upon my Cuff" and "My Martyr" though he liked them all. He read me a few of his unpublished pieces which will be embodied in his forth-coming book for children. They were very pretty. He recognizes that his task in writing up to the level of childhood is the greatest he has yet undertaken. I bade them goodbye and hurried over the river to Worley's where I took dinner they having just eaten. I enjoyed this meal very much

Oct. particularly some crisp cider which Emmet had brought the day before. After dinner I read them some of my pieces which they enjoyed very much. Wm. Tenant came in to see me and spoke of the time I treated him for typhoid fever, walking from Stockport to Meigs Creek day after day. While we were talking E. M. Stanberry drove up and waited for some time till I came out and started off and then called me. I got in and we drove over the town and talked, stopping at times in the shade of the elms. He is determined to go at Hugh Gormley sternly. We returned to his office and I had a long talk in which he told me that Gormley ignored his letters notifying him of his obligations past due and of his intention to press him. He drove me to the train. Near the station we passed Dr. Naylor who greeted me most cordially. When we had passed Stanberry said "That man thinks a world of you. He told me you had been like a father to him". It was pleasant to hear this in the light of both the present and the past.

Took the train and reached Zanesville at 7:10 At 9:10 P.M. reached Columbus. Hunted for Brad a little and then went to Davidson House.

Th. 4. Breakfast at 6:30. Then to Brad's house where I stayed till after dinner and walked with him back to his place of work. Went to the depot. Baggage missing. Got ticket and hunted it up at check room. During this time the train left me, but there are two more to go each of which should reach Cincinnati in time for me to take the L & N. south. At 2:15 take the P. C. & St. L. Reach Cincinnati at 7:10 and take L & N five minutes

Fri. 5. later. Reach Nashville at 2:15. and walk over home take a bath and a nap before breakfast. After breakfast Annie and I drive back

Oct. for my baggage and spend the forenoon looking after the vexatious business which took me North. In afternoon read and looked after some professional work.

Sat. 6. Rainy. I look after some work and read the papers. This is the fourteenth anniversary of our wedding and all seem to be pervaded with a spirit of happiness. We enjoyed our dinner together and the pleasant rain was mingled with occasional sunshine each of which seemed necessary to the occasion. Our life has run very smoothly and God has blessed us signally all these years. May his love and protection be with us in the year to come. I have sometimes written a little tribute to this occasion in rhyme. Circumstances have been almost prohibitory this time but I went into the yard and prepared a large boquet for the table to which I appended my card on the back of which I wrote the following lines.

Today.

There was a day some years away
With hands and hearts for treasure
We launched our boat; and, still afloat
We seek no greater pleasure
Than God's own will to bless us still
And keep us close together.

"Work" 6 Oct. 1900. "Annie"

Sun. 7. Very rainy. We post the journal and read. In the afternoon A. G. Rutherford called and spent two hours during which he proposed to cut his exhorbitant fee ~~to~~ against Mrs. Gormley from $750. to $500. I could not help noticing his greedy face and unfair disposition.

Mon. 8. Windy and chilly. Worked most of day in shop.

Tu. 9. The same.

Wed. 10. Went to city in forenoon. In afternoon worked some in shop.

Th. 11. Worked about yard and in shop.

Fri. 12. Walked to the city and back to get a few things for Helen as it was her birthday. The remainder of the day I spent in working about the place.

Sat. 13. Went to the city with Annie to market. After my return the boys and I husked corn till night.

Sun. 14. Bright and beautiful. Spent day in writing reading and walking about.

Mon. 15 Husked corn all day. At eve Wesley and wheeled it all in while the boys put the fodder away. I was very tired and my hands burned all night long.

Tu 16 I worked some in shop and wrote letters. It is a day divinely beautiful. My correspondence is neglected and must be brought up.

Wed. 17 I made some preparations for winter worked some in shop and wrote some besides reading a part of Richard Carvel. After dark Mr Scot brought a message asking me to go out near the high bridge and see Elias Gould. Took Oakwood & drove. The same rank disorder and the same things lying where I saw them a month ago. Old Flair still in his room and the calf on porch while

1900 Oct. four dogs are scattered about. Poor old man! he seemed happy even here where I should fret till my heart broke. We got back at 9 P.M. passing the beautifully illuminated street fair on the way.

Th. 18 Read and worked in shop. Feel a little better. This is the first day or night since Monday that "the wolf" did not gnaw constantly

Fr. 19 Walked to city and back in A.M. In P.M. I read and worked by turns after calling on my old friend Mr Hickerson. At night I sat and read Richard Carvel while A., G., and C., attended A. W. Hawks lecture on Sunshine at the Tabernacle.

Sat. 20 A beautiful day. I work in shop and read and walk. My wolf still threatens. I read far into the night and finish Richard Carvel. Tho its sale has been phenomenal it is not one of the great books that will live and continue popular. Tho written with much care it is in important respects weak and fulsome.

Sun. 21. Read and walk with the children.

Mon 22 Walk to city in A.M. Write letters and work in shop in P.M.

Tu. 23 A typical autumn day breezy, bright and bracing. Walked to Tabernacle and listened to addresses by Prof. Hadley President of Yale and Chancellor Kirkland of Vanderbilt. The crowd was a jam but orderly and bright. The addresses were characteristic and Hadley's was lofty and scholarly but practical and plain. I enjoyed the entertainment. This is my fifty-fifth anniversary and it is

Oct. Vanderbilts twenty-fifth. In the P.M. I worked at the bench and the boys went to see a football game. There has not been a cloud in the sky during all this brilliant day.

Wed. 24. Another beautiful day. I read and write and work in shop by turns to escape the wolf. I seem to get no good rest.

Th. 25. The same thing.

Fri. 26. I am still following my battle but can not see that I am gaining. I exercise my will as so often before but it somehow seems as if a vital something had been subtracted from my existence. I sometimes wonder if the time has come for me to cease fighting the disagreeable and put myself in touch with the pleasant circumstances which only drift one along in life in an almost purposeless manner. Possibly I should soon tire of that. Without knowing what is really best I still pursue the aggressive method with which my life has had most to do and which I understand best. Time will tell whether I have acted wisely.

Sat. 27. The golden weather continues. The leaves are falling, the air is pure and bracing, the sky almost cloudless and the haze is stealing over the hills like in advanced autumn. How swiftly the Autumn has traveled. In all my life I do not recall one which seems to have progressed so rapidly. It has been touchingly beautiful — so quiet, so calm and yet so full of the energy of life. Our home has grown more beautiful and it seems as if every

shrub and plant has tried to do its best. There is a luxurience of growth which we have not before enjoyed.

In the forenoon went to city and spent the afternoon with my books and at work by turns in the shop.

Sun. 28. A day of gold and quiet. The children, accompanied by Mr. Powell's little ones have gone to Sunday School while Annie and I sit in the shade by the pattering fountain and talk and read and write.

Mon. 29. The beautiful weather continues. I work and read by turns.

Tu. 30. The same.

Wed. 31. Wrote letters and worked in shop chopped stovewood.

Nov.

Th. 1. Went to town in the forenoon and chopped in the afternoon.

Fri. 2. Weather is superb. I work in shop and chop stovewood.

Sat. 3. Bright with a strong North wind. The boys have gone with Prof. Webb and his boys nutting on Paradise Ridge. I chop up stove wood at the old locust.

Sun. 4. Spent the day in reading and walking.

Mon. 5. Cooler. I chop wood most of day, worked some in shop and visited a sick baby at Mr. McIntosh's.

 1900.

Nov.

Tu. 6. Bright and clear. Walked to city and back, went to election, chopped wood.

Wed. 7. Cold and disagreeable. I work in shop and read by turns throughout the day.

Th. 8. The same.

Fri. 9. Half an inch of ice in the water tub. I continue my work by turns in the shop and chopping up an old locust below the house and reading by the fire. Made several trips to see the sick child.

Sat. 10. The same. Packed the cellar windows, fixed a little about the barn and read some by the fire. I have taken a deep cold and my wolf chases around my heart in a most tumultuous manner. It is not often painful but as if thoroughly exhausted it had summed up its remaining strength for one tremendous effort. A rolling, tossing tumultuous tempest, in which weakness and necessity seem to play the greatest part.

Sun. 11. Cold and cloudy. My cold has apparently deepened and I feel so chilly I want to hug the fire. In the afternoon went to see the sick child and took a short walk. At night Annie and I went to hear Dr. Vance preach. Before going I rocked our little Helen asleep on the cushion. When asleep she started convulsively and drew up her limbs, but soon

Nov. quieted and I placed her in her little cot with Hettie. On returning Gatewood told me she had cried and he had taken her up and rocked her asleep again but that she twitched and jerked her limbs. When we had retired she gave a hoarse rasping cough which so alarmed me that fearing she might get uncovered I took her up and placed her between us. She was restless all night. Much of the night she turned her little arms around my neck and often she stole her little fingers into my hand. Sometimes she was patting my cheek.

Mon. 12. Helen seemed better and ate fairly and while I worked about the room covering a large tub with locust bark she played with the pieces and seemed to enjoy herself though at times she seemed tired. We kept her in the house all day as she was a little hoarse. As the evening drew on her hoarseness deepened. We made simple applications to her throat and again she slept between us and rested fairly.

Tu. 13. Little Helen is feverish and hoarse. We brought her breakfast in but she would not eat, though later she ate an apple and some soup for dinner. Early in the morning she looked up thoughtfully and said "Dock, I am not going to get well for a long time." I tried to dissipate her fear but she said calmly "No, Dock, not this time".

Dr

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She insisted on playing about the room with Hettie and in the forenoon Annie washed and I worked some in the shop making frequent visits to the parlor to see how she was getting along. In the afternoon she seemed worse and we nursed and worked with her constantly and she grew better and slept fairly between us all night.

Wed. 14. On rising Helen seemed to be worse and grew rapidly so as the day wore on. I nursed her almost constantly while Annie made preparations and looked after the house and took turns with me as she could. She suffered tremendously but made no complaint and often her little smile would almost give promise of certain recovery. As night drew on her difficulty of breathing grew rapidly worse and more alarming. I went to Mr. Foster's and telephoned the Health Officer, Dr. Larkin Smith, asking him to come and employ intubation. He replied stating his inability to do it and referred me to a number of others, among whom were eye and ear & throat specialists. I tried these with the same result. At last we were referred to Dr. Buist. As nothing could be done and she seemed to grow a little easier we worked with her till morning the trouble seeming to deepen all the time. She bore her punishment with the most serene composure and tried to take nourishment whenever we asked her to though she could swallow with

great difficulty. She clung to me with the most earnest solicitude and seemed to try to please me in every way she could. If for any reason she would be placed on her cot or held by Annie while I prepared something she kept repeating "I want Dock, I want Dock," and when I came and asked her what she wanted she would say simply "I want you" then she would put her little hand in mine and when ever I would place my cheek to hers she would place her little arms about my neck, and tell me she was my girl and add "you see Dock, I do not cry". She seemed to think I would be proud of her fortitude and God knows I was. Sometimes she would say thoughtfully "I am Dock's girl and mama's girl" as if she desired to "aportion herself in such way as to please. She has for a long time been very fond of stories I told her about a good little girl named Mildred Gray. These she always insisted on at bedtime though she would have a score of them through the day. I always rocked her asleep on the cushion and she would always say "Now, tell me a story about Mildred, and I will go to sleep." Her devotion was simple and touching. She would always kneel at my knee fold her little hands and say her little prayers beginning "Now, I lay me down to sleep" and these lines she followed by saying "God bless little Helen, and Hettie and "Lesley" and Connel and "Gatie" and God bless Dock and mamma — and Amen."

If by chance she omitted a name and thought of it afterward she would promptly get down again and put it in. When I had told the story of Mildred and she had kissed us all "good night" she would ask me to sing for her and I always tried to do so and though I know no music I was always proud to feel there was one dear audience that listened to my poor voice with an appreciation and love and fondness not given by the cultured audience to the grandest orchestra. And when I often sadly think how handicapped I am in putting whatever of sentiment or spirit of song I might feel into utterance I do not so much repine as I listen to others and still think that I had an audience dearer than all the world and one that loved to hear me sing. Sometime perchance I may sing again when the little arms are about my neck and the little brown eyes beam with approval.

Many, many times during the day she asked for a story about Mildred. Of these she never tired. She would always quit anything for these stories. I gave her some little playthings - a little harp among the rest which she often tried to blow, and would hold in her little fingers when she fell asleep. She was always fond of music and would get up at the piano and try to sing and play.

All day and all night long our efforts were assiduous but entirely fruitless. All day and all night her little strength was failing but she rose supremely in patience

Nov. and fortitude.

Th. 15. Little Helen still battling for life — still sweet and patient and uncomplaining. Mr. Foster came in to tell us that he had secured Dr. Buist who claimed to be an expert in intubation. In an hour he came and made the attempt. I shall not describe at length this shocking and sickening incident which I hope all can forget. His awkwardness and inexperience and roughness were only manifested after he had begun. No words can describe the awful scene which followed it. She silently sank away smothered by the operation while the family frantically surged around her. I threw water in her face turned her head downward and performed artificial respiration and her strong vitality again asserted itself — she breathed and at last spoke and God only knows how sweet that sound was to my ear. My Helen! speaking once more. After this she seemed to rally somewhat and for a few hours a new hope was cherished. The Doctor went away to return in two hours. He brought with him his brutal, insolent and dogmatic father, who at once assumed the most supercillious and discurteous though exacting and insulting attitude toward the case and family. My grief and solicitude, compelled me to submit to his dictatorial and unreasoning course. At last I could endure it no

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Lock – Helen's hair –



longer and gave him to understand that I did not think he possessed the totality of human wisdom nor were his words the last expression of science. He insisted that the membrane which my little Helen* had thrown up was diphtheritic and that I knew it. I assured him I knew nothing of the kind. He talked irrelevantly but always insulting and unmanly. Under any other circumstances I would have driven him from my door and made him feel the force of a logic and language foreign to his ability. They left together. Near sunset the younger returned. Helen seemed to be resting easier but breathing a little shorter. We tried in vain to nourish her and nurse her back to recovery. As the evening drew on her breathing grew worse. Much of the time she could only speak in a whisper. Sometimes she would be unconscious for a short time an then rally again. She looked up and said "Dock, I taunt get well" through blinding tears I plead with her to get well for my sake; she quietly replied "Dock, I taunt." Later she said, "I am going to Jesus". She frequently bade us all "Good bye". While strength enough lasted she was always putting her little hand about our faces, sometimes into my hand and though she spoke with great difficulty repeatedly said "you see I dont cry." I had given her a ball which we had used in the fountain spray. Long as strength remained she would raise it up and shake it, in greeting.

Nov. She took nourishment whenever offered though she could swallow but part of a teaspoonful at a time. If asked to take medicine she said "No" with a firmness so characteristic that we knew this was final.

Fri. 16. Just after midnight her condition was so alarming we awakened the children who gathered about her frantic with grief. She was breathing very hurriedly. She frequently bade us all good bye and seemed more than ever to be anxious to be held in the arms. She desired to be held by turn. She made no complaint though suffering awfully. When asked where she suffered she would indicate with her hands, but say nothing. It evident the end was quite near. She grew, weaker – more restless – at times unconscious and seemed to be passing away. Then she would rally and the little brown eyes would open and look lovingly and oh! so fondly at me and then look upward. They retained their brightness to the end. They never grew filmy nor weak – the same patient resignation the same masterful struggle.

At last there was a convulsive movement; a hasty reaching with the hands and Annie lifted her hastily. I saw that she now was going surely from me. I took her on the cushion where she had so often gone to sleep and there with the heartbroken brothers and sister we watched our little darling



as she triumphantly went to sleep in Jesus without a struggle. It was half past six and the gray dawn was already ushered in. Before it had always been in the twilight or the night when my little one had gone to sleep on the cushion. Now, it was the coming of the bright morning. Then it was the sound of song and music which she so loved that fell upon her drowsy ear. Now, it was the mingled wail of grief wrung from our hearts by the magnitude of our loss. We clung about her till she was gone. Dear, patient, noble Helen! The brightness of our home, the idol of our hearts. Then with our own hands as if it were a duty too sacred for others to perform we dressed her for the last time. The little eyes still were bright through the long silky lashes. The little hands rested as in sleep - the little face bore no trace of the tremendous struggle which demanded life. The sweet smile remained on the lips as I had often seen it in sleep. But our Helen of the joyous voice, the quick step, the affectionate embrace and kiss was gone. And yet, she seemed to stay. I could hardly think of her as being gone. The children clasped each other and ourselves by turns in frantic grief. When the first passionate burst had subsided we sent them to call in the neighbors, whom we had until this hour declined to call preferring to do all we could ourselves for little Helen. I then went to the city along

Nov. with Mr. Cundall to order the casket. We had desired to bury her beside little Grace in the yard until we could take the whole family with us and take both the little girls to the final resting place at the old church on Olivet ridge in Ohio. The authorities refused to grant us this privilege because an ordinance had been passed by the city council subsequent to the burial of little Grace forbidding further interment within the city limits. Mr. Powell made earnest solicitation and careful representation of the matter and while all seemed anxious to grant our request all seemed suddenly to have acquired a respect for the city ordinances so deep and powerful that they could not consider even a technical and harmless and temporary infraction. Mr. Cundall offered me the use of a lot at Spring Hill which kindness for many reasons we declined and as we could get no Sunday train over the O + L. K. R. R. we were compelled to make hasty preparations to take the 7:50 P.M. train tonight. The neighbors gathered rapidly and were very kind. We made our preparations as quickly as possible and little Grace was taken up from beneath her ivied bed in the yard and at half past five a short service was held by Rev. Mr. Powell and Rev. Mr. Lowery, the latter of whom is pastor of McFerrin Memorial church where little Helen attended Sunday School. It was now dark and we took leave of our grief-stricken children and started for the depot. In due time we were off though in spite

Nov. of much effort and questioning we had been routed over the Pan Handle Railroad which could not get us to Zanesville in time to take the afternoon train on the O & L. K. After discussing the matter with the very courteous conductor, Mr. J. D. Keen it was decided to buy new tickets at Cincinnati over the B & O. Mr. Keen was very kind to us and did all he could to remedy the blunders which their road had made. As he got off at Louisville he laid the matter before the conductor who succeeded him, Mr. Mac Nabb, a pleasant and very kindhearted Scotchman who resides on Beachwood Avenue, Louisville, Ky. He was very kind and attentive till we parted with him at Cincinnati. He superintended the transfers personally and did all in his power to assist us.

Sat. 17. We reached Cincinnati at 7:10 A. M. and at Central Depot procured tickets over the B & O. for Zanesville. Though the morning was bright it soon grew cloudy and when we reached Wilmington a gentle rain was falling. This continued until we had nearly reached Zanesville. At Zanesville we transferred once more to the O & L. K. R. R. and just in the gloaming we reached Stockport and at Station met a great many friends & relatives, Lucilla & Mary happening to be there. As it had been impossible in our short time to make the necessary arrangements it was decided best for Annie & myself to drive at once to Olivet and locate the sites for the little graves. I went to livery stable and got a team and we started

Nov. just as night was closing in. The air was pleasant and warm and the light rain which had fallen had settled the dust of a protracted drought. The sky was overcast but the roads were excellent and we hurried on without stop till we reached Theo. Lyne's, where we found Emmet Gatewood waiting to meet us. We proceeded to the grave yard, laid off the plot and hurried back to Stockport and went to Stella Ong's where we were most kindly entertained and refreshed with an excellent supper. On our trips to the grave yard and back we discussed philosophically and calmly the situation in its varied bearings. A feeling of resignation which we had scarcely hoped for yet seemed to come sweetly to us like an airy messenger to solace our sore hearts. Though wearied with long labor and travel we did not sleep much but the kindness of our friends did much to divert our minds from gloomy meditation.

Sun. 18. The morning was bright and clear and pleasant. We rose early and walked to the grave yard in Stockport where we visited the graves of friends and acquaintances and returned before breakfast. After breakfast I was busy for a time making arrangements for the funeral which was to start at twelve. Dr. Harris had come up and stayed all night. As in the days gone by he clung about us in our grief which he seemed anxious to assuage and lighten by every possible little attention. He was compelled to return before noon. We parted in the street.

Nov. with tear-wet face and I could not help thinking how kind and faithful he had been. This contrasted strangely with the conduct of some of our immediate relatives.
We took a few minutes to go to Lissie Gormley's passing J. D. Lane's house on the way. Mrs. Lane did not make herself visible nor did she come to the train when we arrived nor come to the house to get a glimpse of our little treasure, nor did she say a kindly word, nor send any message of codolence nor token of respect, or thoughtfulness. It seemed like the opportunity for demonstrating the callous coldness of her heart and nature, the calculating characteristic of her life had arrived and was being employed with punctilious care. Backward through the years I range my recollection and recall how often I have tried to think her kind or noble or womanly. When her attentions to us in other griefs were great I would almost forget the icy conclusion which rushed upon me at my first sight of her and the awful contrast that rose in my mind between her and her brother whom I had long since learned to love and admire. I have never been able to consider them in the same class. His kindnesses were those of the heart, hers were those of the head and scarcely removed from cold calculation.
Today in our grief we do not need her sympathy and we can better afford to feel that those who gathered about us were sincere than to feel that we had received the officious and affected patronage of her or her despised infidel husband.
They have no little ones to mourn, nor

1900.
Nov.

will the pleasant memories of infant prattle and childish song be theirs. Their natures are fitted for a pleasure based upon appearances and born of rank insincerity. Ours for enjoyment of warm friendship and unpurchasable sympathy. After all it was as it should be for the immense silent subject of our tears and grief was, like myself, too proud to accept pretense for friendship. Yes, I feel that Helen would not have wished them there. Yet it is hard to see how those narrow natures seeking the first place in an empty popular esteem and witnessing the warm and earnest sympathy of even the apparently distant and cold of other days could feel that in the ethics of commercial society it were more profitable for them to treat the little love waif, borne by the tide of untoward events only once within their reach or sight with such cold and distant indifference. Possibly having failed with all their other weapons to vanquish or wound us they thought this little piece of studied acting might produce a momentary sting. Considering their opportunities in life, the treatment they have received from me on divers occasions I can only consider their conduct consistent with the careful cruelty of a cold nature not indifferent to unfairness but persistently seeking it as a weapon. I shudder to think what I should feel if myself and wife even in our grief which like a cross raises us should change places with them in their sufficient self-importance. There is a satisfaction in thinking that

they can never feel deeply. About all and over all and through all runs the dominant motive of their life—our dollars and ourselves. May time be kinder to them than they have planned for us. While their cold calculation goes on, while they hug the cold, drear things of life and reluctantly draw near to the cold graves which bury their bodies and memories alike we will thank God for the earnest lessons of our grief and for the earnest love upon which it was built and gave to each a hand and hope looking upward and onward forever and forever and forever.

We returned to Stella's for dinner. After dinner the funeral procession started for Mt. Olivet. The day was pleasant and the roads exceptionally fine and free from dust. As we proceeded a number of vehicles joined the procession and when we reached Mt. Olivet the church was full and an immense crowd waiting outside. Mr. Day the pastor of the church, preached from the text, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." The people seemed deeply interested in our affliction and manifested their sympathy by their kindness and attention. Let me say a word in closing of our little Helen. She lay with a placid smile upon her face as was her wont in sleep. There was a calm beauty so sweet and touching that it almost seemed the expression of a real life. The lips were rosy as when she prattled about my knee and folded her little hands in prayer. Her silky brown hair lay in a wealth about her cheeks as when she had last left me for Sunday School

saying "Dick, I will come back soon." The long silken lashes drooped over the bright brown eyes which seemed to peer out brightly in little crescents of light between the nearly closed lids. A refinement of sweetness and intelligence pervaded the entire face. I can never forget its touching sweetness and its masterful resignation. And this was the last earthly view of the little face which had filled my life with brightness and joy. It seemed to me she was speaking a kind lesson of faith and hope and love. I felt as if she could still almost put her little arms about my neck and put her little hands in mine and lead me on and on. I thought of her whispered "Goodbye" and again and again through blinding tears I said a last "Goodbye" to the Helen of my heart and hope. Oh! Helen, immense in love and courage and faith, be still my guiding star in life and lead me on and on and on, and up and up and up. God only knows how much I shall miss you and how my torn heart will bleed when the memories of our days and hours, our walks and plays and most of all your conquering courage and calm love and masterful faith rise up before me. Yet, God knows best and here and now I give you up but forever and forever you will hold my heart in the bonds of a loftier love, a purer purpose and a better life. Your memory will be to me something superior to the breath of words. Something above the examples of life - something sweet and proud and pure beyond the soul of expression. I shall walk with

Nov. you in thought, in work and I trust in a purer purpose. Waking and sleeping the flute notes of a voice forever still will fall in memory on my ear instinct with the love and life and perfect labor of my little Helen. Through life, in death, forever, the name of Helen will thrill my heart with faith and love. Matchless martyr of love. Among the thoughts that come to me in my sweetest hours, or ~~in~~ my deepest grief, a bright, a perfect image of faith and love beyond the reach of words will come, the proudest memory and the noblest Love - My Helen - my little Helen.

Through blinding tears we followed them to the grave. It was the nearest to the church. There, side by side, beneath a spreading maple, and beneath the sod which my boyhood bare feet had so often trodden when I attended the Sunday school in the old log church long since gone we placed our little Helen and our little Grace in one grave. We had selected this place but a short time ago. As we consecrate it with our little dead let us pray that God will make it to us a place of ever increasing sacredness and love. May He bless the spot to us and to all and throw about it a mantle of charity and forgiveness and love tender and everlasting.

We left the churchyard as the sinking sun thr~~ough~~ level shafts of softened light over the solemn scene. Many old friends crowded about to clasp our hands in sympathy and friendship. There was a kindliness in every face which was grateful to our sore hearts. We drove from the churchyard to the old home

of my brother John. An air of quiet restfulness was about it and while they prepared supper we took a walk in the gloaming. We passed down through the old fields and on to the little bit of woodland at the Northern end of the little place. The stillness of the gathering night was only broken by our footsteps in the fallen leaves. The air was refreshing and we wandered about the little woods till it was almost dark, and then returned to the bright kitchen where a warm supper was served with kindest hospitality. After supper we sat and talked with the family and as I heard them relate their unaffected tales of labor and trial I could not help feeling how much more grateful we should be for the manifold blessings which had crowded our years. Our long suspense and fatigue brought us a refreshing sleep which was sorely needed.

Mon. 19. We were up before day and made our preparations to visit the old home place where I was born and reared. At sun-up we started and drove down the old run road passing into the field at the old gate and driving directly up the steep crest down which I had often chased to the old sugar camp. I pointed out the different places and matters of interest connected with the old farm as they occurred to me while we drove along. Near the corner of the old orchard we hitched our horse, climbed the fence and walked down to the old grotto where I had studied, played, bathed a thousand times and often wept over that which I could not change. The long drought had shrunken the stream until a bare drip

Nov. 19. survived the pattering waterfall. The same old maple spread its branches over-head. Its leaves filled the muddy pool of dark-colored water which was once so sparkling and clear. Most of the surrounding trees were gone. A single small stock of the old spikenard which grew out of the steep bank below the big ash remained. I pulled it up and brought it away as a souvenir. We left the grotto and went up to the pretty beach-trees which grew below the brow of the hill. Their trunks still bore the letters my knife had carved there in boyhood. We took our horse and drove on to the old house where Mr. Van Oster kindly gave us permission to ramble about at pleasure. We drew a bucket of water and drank from the old well. Then passing on to the North along the ridge we turned and descended the slope to the site of the old spring. Many of its land-marks are gone. Bushes and brambles have grown thickly about and large trees occupied the site of the old spring-house. The little road made by my brother and myself and so often traveled with the bucket of water is almost undistinguishable. But memory re-produces all. I pointed out the site of the old house where I was born and of the more recent one where I spent my early boyhood. Not an ounce of either remains but as if Nature had a kind memory both sites were exceptionally green. It has been fifty years since the former building was torn down and removed. We walked slowly up the old road carrying a little stick I had cut as a souvenir at the site of the old spring. Annie seemed to enjoy the quiet ramble and the pointing out of the scenes of my boyish triumphs

Nov. We returned to the old yard where I had hitched the horse and leaving the old timeworn home of my early manhood with its big green cedars and the fruit trees I had planted about — the gabbling geese and turkeys and chickens — the dilapidated fences — the old brown garden — the cheerful inmates, and all with kindest feeling and earnest wish for God's blessing we drove on to the school-house where the children were assembled for school. We went in and there upon the wall hung my picture in steel, framed in a piece of the old log school-house on the slab seats of which I learned my A.B.C. The grand-daughter of an old friend and neighbor (John Hindman) was teaching — her name is Virgie Patterson. We soon left this little flock and drove on to James Harding's where we made a short call and then returned to the churchyard where we gathered some flowers from the little mounds of yesterday and drove on to Theo. Lyne's where we stopped and settled for the expenses incurred at the church-yard. And thence to Mrs. Mellor's where we made a short call. I was painfully struck by the great change apparent in the physical condition of the daughter. I could not think it was time alone. No, I fear disease is laying a foundation for rapid decline. Her face bore a drawn, wearied and shrunken look but her hand seemed to have lost its form and individuality and almost nothing of physical character remained in it. I prescribed for her and hurried on. We reached Stockport at dinner which we took with Stella. She gave me some cider which imparted an intense relish to her excellent

dinner. After dinner we visited the big willow at the spring in which the owner, Capt. J.N. Hook has picturesquely placed three long board seats. Then we visited Sue Minor and spent an hour returning at dark. Part of the evening we spent at Milt Walker's, a part at John McSwords's and then talked till midnight at Stella's and then retired.

Tu. 20. We were up with the dull dawn and found a dull, cold rain falling and the little village and big hills were wrapped in a gloomy mist. I hastened through the falling rain to the livery stable where I forced the settlement of the bill for which I had for two days pleaded. It seemed Hugh had given orders to Tom McHugh that "he would pay half and Tom loose 'half" because as he said I had done fifty times as much for both and it would be a shame to charge me. At last I compelled the bill made out saying as I did so "Tell Hugh he does not have to loose any money on me." I put two dollars more to the bill and paid it and hurried back to Stella's for breakfast, after which we went to the train. The rain grew harder as the train dashed up the valley. Outside we could see but little. At Zanesville we made a close connection for Columbus arriving at 11:30. We took a street car and visited Maud where we took dinner. The rain continues. Her little dingy quarters seemed smaller than ever. All two small for her large headed Harry. We left in the falling rain for the depot she accompanying us. We sat in the depot and talked till the arrival of our

Nov. train which was late. We took the Pan Handle 30 min. late for Cincinnati where we arrived twenty minutes too late for the South bound L. & N. train. We were compelled to wait till 11 o'clock for a train. During this long wait Annie slept while I wandered about or talked with travelers. At last we were off on the last stretch of our homeward journey. To my gratification I found our courteous friend Mr. MacNaby was conductor. I caught some little naps as we came on.

Wed. 21. When daylight came the rain had ceased but abundant evidences of its extent were to be seen on every hand. We reached Nashville at 8:40 A.M. and soon as we could get our baggage took the car for our home, where we arrived at 10 o'clock. The children were all well and of course rejoiced to see us. We at once changed our clothing and joining together all set to work to wash up the clothing and bedding and put things to right. This we deemed better than selfishly sitting down to brood over our loss. The day was bright and pleasant and when night came we had finished our task and though tired were better satisfied than we would have been to have rested all the day. Again we spent our evening as before except that our little Helen was only here in memory. Possibly we are becoming a little more reconciled to our lot.

Th. 22. I feel some stronger this

Nov. morning though quite weak. My night was filled with tumultuous visions with and for my little Helen. The day was bright. We left Gatewood to do the morning work and all drove to the city to get some clothes for the children. In the afternoon I worked about the shop trying hard to master the gnawing grief which seemed to grasp me like a dismal vise. Perhaps we are progressing a little.

Fri. 23. We spent the forenoon in the library. I dictated, Annie wrote. In the afternoon I tried to work a little. There is always about me the conscious presence of my little loved one and I am always turning to look for her or hear her sweet prattle or the pattering of her little feet. She grows brighter, sweeter and dearer, and I would not now put her memory aside as I could never deny her when she came about me and put her little hand in mine. Something sublime rises above all the grief and I somehow feel our Helen will grow greater, possibly more useful as the days go by. We are just beginning to learn how to give her up while keeping her still. So many times I feel as if she had her hand in mine and were leading me safely, I know not whither. Helen, dearest Helen, on and on let me follow you in your course of devotion and faith and love.

Sat. 24. I am still dividing the time between the piled up tasks of the past week, a few

Nov. professional calls and some manual labor through all of which runs the bright memory and sweet influence of my little Helen.

Sun. 25. A gloomy, dismal, cold, raw day. It rained and snowed nearly all day. I tried to read some but could accomplish little. Slowly, sadly, the gloomy day dragged away full of blessings, but with so little that we call brightness that when bedtime came it seemed to me it had been the longest day I had known.

Mon. 26. Wrote and worked and read as I could. It was a dull cold day.

Tu. 27. It was cool but bright. Annie and I drove to city in the forenoon. In the afternoon I worked in shop. Nothing seems to take the place of labor in diverting my mind from pain or grief.

Wed. 28. Connel and I drove to the city in the forenoon and after a good deal of running about I returned and wrote some letters and worked some in the shop. I am slowly getting a mastery over my grief but so slowly and I feel that the fight is still to be long and trying. Yet I must not go through the short remainder of my life as a purposeless heart-broken man. Though my heart is weak too often and too weak - so often I do not think God intended it to break. Annie and I talk together, walk together and work together and together in love and hope

1900.

Nov. and faith we must win, at last. Already we begin to see the gleams of the sunrise on a brighter day.

Th. 29. Thanksgiving day. A typical, golden mist-tempered thanksgiving day. We spent it pleasantly together in a variety of pastime, the children played at foot-ball and we took a long walk hunting for pieces of wood for rustic work. Late in the afternoon we had our dinner which we enjoyed very much and every hungry appetite endorsed Annie's careful skill and abundant preparations. I had made my usual mistake in purchasing a wild goose instead of a tame one - a mistake which always gives satisfaction in our home. We spent the evening pleasantly discussing again and again the relations of our loss to our life.

Fri. 30. Wrote letters and read and worked in shop. With me always was the same sweet silent presence the heroine of my life world, my matchless little Helen. Brighter and brighter she grows, sweeter and nobler her memory. The evening was calm and beautiful and the world was flooded with silvery moonlight. Annie and I were just preparing to start to the Jewish Temple when I received a professional call to go to 614 Joseph St. I went and returned shortly after eight o'clock and Annie and I sat and talked alone till late in the evening. How much we have enjoyed those fireside chats.

Sat. 1. Another brilliant day which I divide between patients and correspondents, going by turns to my work for recreation and rest.

Sun. 2. A sweet golden day with mists on the hill and an air of quietude everywhere. We make use of the opportunity to get our delayed writing done. The afternoon was so engrossed with company that we did not get our dinner till sunset. Later in the evening Annie and I walked to the Lutheran church.

Mon. 3. Rainy and gloomy. Did some professional work and worked some in shop.

Tu. 4. The same. In the evening the rain ceased and Annie, Gatewood and I walked to the tabernacle to hear Jno. R. Clarke lecture on "To and fro in London". It was an eloquent and instructive lecture replete with literary incident, biographical sketch and humorous anecdote. His descriptions were realistic and vivid and at times he was quite eloquent.

Wed. 5. Walked to city and after a good deal of walking there, walked home again. It was a bright day and I was quite weary but resuming my work in the shop I soon got rested enough to write a letter after which I spent the evening in reading.

Th. 6. Another gloomy day. I spent quite while with a sick patient, worked awhile in the shop wrote and read till night. At night

Dec 6 Annie and I walked to the tabernacle to hear the orchestra of Edward Strauss. It was the most artistic music production I have seen. The fine execution of every part made it a remarkable success. No poor or indifferent work was allowed to enter into it. It had great variety and sweetness of conception and execution. We enjoyed it very much. It was a misty night but we walked home as usual.

Fri 7 Looking after patients & working about shop.

Sat 8 The same.

Sun. 9 Looked after some sick and read.

Mon 10 Still working and reading with little to diversify my occupation.

Tu 11 The same.

Wed. 12 The same. I miss my Helen so much I try to find diversion but she is always there.

Th. 13 Writing letters and working in shop. Went to city and sent Xmas box.

Fr. 14 The same. Letter from Charlie Magers telling he was coming to get my professional opinion on his case.

Sat 15 Spent day trying to divert and interest C. E. Magers. He is so poor and pinched I am shocked every time I look at him.

Sun. 16 The same. He seems better but so weak.

Mon. 17 I am still trying to entertain the sick man & do a little at making preparations for a musical entertainment here on Friday night in which the children have a part. I went to city and visited Mrs Varley. Returning worked some in shop.

1900

Dec
Tu. 18 Warm and bright. I work some but spend most of day with Charlie. Company in P.M. At 4:30 took Charlie to depot. He and his wife seemed pleased with their visit and with my diagnosis and advice. I saw him on the car. Annie and I then drove home thinking it improbable that we should see him again.

Wed 19 I work in shop and read.

Th 20 The same. Help prepare for Mrs Johns musical entertainment.

Fr 21 The same. The day was ideal. We put piano in N. parlor and all the divans and chairs in S. parlor. At night a good crowd gathered and the entertainment went off smoothly and was much enjoyed by all. Wesley led in attracting applause with his song Teddy Burns the bootblack. He acted it well but as it was very laborious he refused to repeat it. The children all did well and I was pleased to find my own do as well or better than any others. Mrs Johns was pleased and Prof. Manlove followed with a speech thanking all concerned. It was a creditable entertainment.

Sat. 22 Bright and windy. We put things to rights and then all went to city but myself. I stayed and kept house and wrote up my journal and read and worked in shop.

Sun. 23. Spent the day at writing letters and reading and walking. At night we walked to McKendree church where Christmas services were held by the Rev John Mathews. An interesting feature of the services was the solo "The Holy City" by Mr. Clancy, a vocalist of considerable excellence. I was very much pleased

Dec. with his graceful and powerful rendition. As a soloist I would place him above every male performer in the city. Annie however was not so favorably impressed though she was pleased with his singing. Perhaps the difference in our judgments depends largely on my total ignorance of music.

Mon. 24. In the forenoon drove to the city and got the regulation goose which was a venerable gander though fat, made a few purchases and came home at noon. Spent the afternoon at work in the shop.

Tu. 25. The day was bright and crisp and while the children played at football and Annie prepared dinner I took the saw and rambled in the country. Following the streams and often pausing to listen to the babble of its sparkling waters. A deep lonesomeness had crept over me and though I tried to think of something that would be bright or cheerful and I stopped often to study the curious forms of the trees and look for specimens for rustic work I could not put aside the memory of the sweet little prattler who seemed to be about me always and I could fancy I heard her little pattering steps and mellow voice and felt again her little hand in mine and often I paused and gazed into the stream as if I would point out its beauties to the companion of my heart. When the ground was uneven I would find myself stopping as if to pick her up.

Dec. On, on I went with my sweet silent companion feeling no desire to return to the hum and noise of the city behind me. The sun grew warm and pleasant and there was a smell of freshness in the air. The walk was doing me good. The quiet near me was unbroken except by the birds and water and I almost forgot the distant continuous roar of fireworks in the distance. At last I found a small osage with its three-fold branches spread in a triangular manner which I cut and carried home and upon which I hope to spend some pleasant toil in my endeavor to drive from me the wolf which gnaws at my heart. I reached home at 10'clock and worked on my stick until dinner was announced when we all joined in the enjoyment of an excellent dinner after which I returned to my work which seems to me like a kind of worship inasmuch as it brings me back the memories of the boyhood in which I delighted in working with tools and it also drives from me a little of care and sadness while the exercise is healthy and salutary.
When evening arrived the children assembled with some of their friends and a few neighbors and celebrated their annual meeting with song and recitation and music on the piano. The evening was spent pleasantly, the exercises went off smoothly and all seemed happy. Still in the midst of all there would mingle with a strange sweet tenderness the memory of my little Helen. Whatever her influence

Dec. was in touching the deepest depths of my heart while living seems to return with compound force and I am often compelled in the midst of a conversation as well as when alone to turn suddenly with my mightiest effort to stay the flood of tears over the memory of my Helen, my proud, my darling Helen who said "You see Dock, I do not cry." Helen, Helen! God bless you, you are always with me, though your memory is surely leading me into the conviction of indifference to duty in staying and deepening daily the desire to go to you. Yes, Helen, whatever my will may do you are leading my heart.

After the day with its conflicting emotions I slept better than usual.

Wed. 26. I return to my work in the shop which is attractive to me both from its kind and its association. Here always the sound of my hammer would bring my Helen, and here beside me she seems to sit while I work. Hence I like to be here even were the labor difficult. Here beside me on the bench or on the box beneath the window she sat and played with the blocks I made and then I was never lonesome.

Th. 27. A light rain was falling in the morning when I started to town. I walked both ways and enjoyed the drudgery that drove away the wolf. I came back at noon and returned to my work in the shop.

Fri. 28. I divide the time between reading and shop

1900.

Dec. work. I am making a little inlaid rustic stand for Mrs. Turner as a New Years gift.

Sat. 29. The same.

Sun. 30. Cold, gloomy and misty. Spent the day at reading and writing.

Mon. 31. Cold. I spend the day between reading and shop work.

1901.
Jan.

Tu. 1. I begin the new century much as I end the old, dividing my time between work in shop, which is necessary to me as the most servicable defense against my loneliness and my books and papers changing from the one to the other much as a weary pedestrian changes his load from hand to hand. So far I have been unable to formulate any new plans but am trying to trust God more than ever before and with renewed faith await His disposition.

Wed. 2. The same. Boys off to school again this morning after their vacation.

Th. 3. The same. A small part of my time is given to a few patients.

Fri. 4. A beautiful day with delightful atmosphere. At nine o'clock Hattie and I took the saw and went two miles into the country where we wandered

Jan. through the woods hunting for pieces of fantastic shape for a rustic stand. After long search we secured two which I carried while she carried home the saw and a piece for a cane. The load was heavy but by taking repeated short rests we reached home at noon. It had grown quite muddy and disagreeable under foot. On the way I amused her with stories and she recited some of her arithmetic to me. Perhaps our trip was not altogether profitless. I have a fondness for these rambles which seem to do me good. I spent the afternoon at work on the pieces I brought home.

Sat. 5. Spent nearly the whole day at work in the shop.

Sun. 6. Spent the day at reading and writing letters. It is damp cloudy and disagreeable unfit to be out doors.

Mon. 7. I resume my routine of reading and writing and tinkering in shop, also piled lumber.

Tu. 8. I trim trees and stick slips all day.

Wed. 9. Fixed Edward's braces and worked in shop.

Th. 10. Worked in shop and read. It rained nearly all day.

Fri. 11. Finished an inlaid rustic stand for Hettie and read and wrote letters.

1901.
Jan.

Sat. 12. Working at little jobs by turns to drive the wolf away which gnaws most furiously at my heart.

Sun. 13. Writing. In the afternoon took a walk but the ground being muddy we did not go far.

Mon. 14. Attended patients and worked about the place.

Tu. 15. The weather was bright and Hettie and I went for a walk and came back very much exhausted bringing some pieces for rustic work. In the afternoon I worked in the shop.

Wed. 16. Annie went to the funeral of Miss Beulah Hall and Hettie and I kept house. I was however soon called to set a fractured arm at Mr. Cato's. Some patients also called and in afternoon I worked a little in shop.

Th. 17. Hettie and I drove to city where I bought a box full of odds & ends to amuse her. Returning I divided the afternoon between reading and rustic work.

Fri. 18. Cold and disagreeable. Worked some in shop and some in doors.

Sat. 19. Kept house in the forenoon while Annie and the two older boys went to the city. In the afternoon I took Wesley and went for a long walk, carrying the saw, to cut rustic work. We found & brought home two pieces at dusk

Jan. having enjoyed our walk very much.

Sun. 20. Bright and warm. Went to see some patients in the morning, then wrote and dictated letters while the children were at Sunday School. After dinner took a long walk, returning at night-fall.

Mon. 21. Rainy and disagreeable. I spent most of the day in the shop.

Tu. 22. Cold and disagreeable. I have caught a deep cold but divide my time between reading and rustic work.

Wed. 23. Very rainy. Made some trips and got wet. Worked part of day at inlaying a rustic table.

Th. 24. Worked in the shop in the forenoon. In afternoon went with Mr. Bennet to the corner of 6th. & Main to see a Mr. Coleman in regard to a loan. From there walked to the Chamber of Commerce and after making many visits to different business houses walked home after night.

Fri. 25. Wrote some letters and resumed my rustic work which seems to engage my mind better than any thing else.

Sat. 26. The same.

Sun. 27. Cold and windy. Spent the day at writing, reading and entertaining company.

Mon. 28. The weather is wet and disagreeable and I spend my time at shop work.

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Jan.

Tu. 29. Went to the city in the forenoon and worked in shop in afternoon.

Wed. 30. Cold and disagreeable. Working and reading by turns.

Th. 31. Spent most of day at inlaying rustic work.

Feb.
Fri. 1. The same. At night Annie and I walked to Jewish Temple to hear Lowenthal preach on "Religion; What it is and what it isn't".

Sat. 2. Drove to city in the forenoon. In afternoon it rained and I worked in shop.

Sun. 3. Very rainy in the forenoon. I had just begun writing and was called out to see a sick baby. I put on my big storm boots and old over-coat and plunged into the rain expecting to be back in an hour. Another call at Prof. Turner's detained me and it was noon when I got home. In afternoon wrote letters.

Mon. 4. The day is very disagreeable and I spend it between shop work and letter writing.

Tu. 5. In the forenoon Hettie and I went to the woods to hunt pieces for rustic work. In the afternoon worked in shop. At night Annie and Wesley and I walked to the tabernacle to hear Geo. W. Bain of Kentucky lecture on the "New Woman and the Old Man". The lecture was very entertaining and thoroughly enjoyed. Wesley slept throughout but

Feb. claimed to be recompensed by the story I told him on our way home.

Wed. 6. I took a long, long walk through the woods and fields and brought home a fine foot-piece for a rustic stand. It had one hundred and thirty limbs. When these are cut a little way from the main stem leaving a short projecting stub they impart a peculiar rustic look which is very pretty. I worked some at the piece in the afternoon between frequent interruptions. Late in P.M. I walked to Mrs. Bangs on Russel St. and walked back after night.

Th. 7. Working about shop and house.

Fri. 8. Visiting patients, reading and working a little by turns.

Sat. 9. The same.

Sun. 10. Warm and bright. Visited patients and read.

Mon 11 Reading and working in shop.

Tu. 12 The same. I am so lonesome. O Helen if I could only see you beside me again. I always sweep off her seat on the end of brothers tool box when I go to work at bench as I did when she was here. Many times each day I sweep it as if she would come. God keep you Helen till I come. It is a pleasant delusion to think of the sweet face looking up with its bright brown eyes into mine as I work. O. Helen God only knows how my heart aches while I think of my loss. But He knew best.

1901
Feb.

Wed. 13 Worked with Mr Hobson and Wesley Hupp resetting western fence. Cold and windy.

Th. 14 The same with work in shop.

Fr. 15 Off early for a stroll in woods. I rode with Hobson to Hupp's place beyond Joys and then with my saw in hand I walked in direction of Maplewood crossing old fields and climbing old stone fences and going on till I had traveled several miles looking all the time for a foot piece for one of my inlaid stands. I passed through great cedar groves and over sparkling streams often stopping to listen to their babble or the song of the birds in these solitudes. The saucy note of the gross-beak mingled with the carol of the blue-bird or the distant jay or the soft trill of the mocking-bird. At last I climbed a hack-berry and sawed out its top and cut a piece out which made quite a load and putting the fork astride my neck I came on to the old crossing where the Maplewood car line crossed the county road. Here I put it down, quite tired and rambling about for half an hour found another up in the top of another hack-berry which I climbed at the expense of a skinned shin and sawed it out. Taking both pieces I came on to Hupp's hill where Mr. Hobson kindly agreed to haul them home for me in the evening on his way home. Leaving him I crossed to Trinity Heights where I climbed another hack-berry tree and got another large and heavy one

which I carried home. Altogether it had been a vigorous exercise from early morning till nearly one o'clock. but I have enjoyed it and proceeded to my shop work as usual until it was too dark for me to see. It was a sweet day with pleasant memories pretty scenes in which Helen was always present. I often stopped in the thick forest among the big cedars and wished that Helen and Annie could be along to complete my pleasure in these fastnesses.

Sat. 16. Another bright day which I spent with my shop work and stand finishing.

Sun. 17. Went in the morning to see Bessie Cato's broken arm then wrote awhile and read till the children came from Sunday school. Afternoon took a long walk and came home so weary that we did not go to church at night.

Mon. 18. Visited Charlie Scott in the morning and came home very much exhausted. Spent the remainder of day at shop-work and reading.

Tu. 19. I spent most of day in shop returning occasionally to the fire where I read till I got warm and then immediately went to my cold work again which has something of a fascination for me.

Wed. 20. The same.

Th. 21. Quite cold. The same. At night Annie & Hettie and I walked to the tabernacle to hear

the Imperial Tyrolean Concert Co. They were attired in their native garb and sang & played with great spirit and piquancy. A light dry snow sifted in our faces as we went and this had increased to a brisk fall by the time we returned and the ground was white. We hurried along enjoying the trip in the snow and none more than Hettie. I had grown very hungry by the time I reached home and by the warm fire we enjoyed a late lunch.

Fri. 22. As this is Washington's birthday all business is either suspended or bent to fit it. I pursued my work in the shop until ten o'clock when Annie & Hettie who desired to go to the Caldwell school and witness the exercises there devised different plans for sending me to the High school and like a good boy I submitted and took my departure. I walked to the city and walked about attending to some business till eleven o'clock, when I went to the High school & Mr. Sewell told me the exercises would not begin for an hour and I went to the lumber yard of Novall & Wallace & thence to the custom house until 12:15 when I returned to the High School and remained during the exercises, after which I visited a number of business places and walked home before my boys. I worked in the shops until night.

Sat. 23. The coldest day of the winter. I spent the day working in shop and Annie and I

Feb. till eleven P.M.

Sun. 24. Spent the forenoon at reading and writing. In the afternoon went for a walk.

Mon. 25. I resume my work in the shop which furnishes me the best diversion and most pleasant occupation. Something of a boyhood zeal and pleasure comes back when I am working at the bench and though my work may not be profitable in a financial sense it dulls the edge of physical pain and blunts the keenness of mental anguish. It does not destroy my pain nor wholly relieve the awful gnawing about my heart, but it mitigates both and is the argument for its apparently inordinate continuance. I would not have it take away the memory of my Helen which clings always about my heart and grows dearer with the days. Over and over again while I work I take up the bench broom and sweep off the box-lid under the window by my side where she sat to watch me work just as if she were to come in and I wished to have her seat ready. Again and again I pause in my work and look down and think of the dear brown eyes which always gazed so lovingly up at me. Then I pick up the pretty shavings she admired and lay them on the end of the bench as was my wont when I watched the dimpled fingers reaching for these little tributes from labor to love. Often I feel

Feb. like I am very near to her and would soon be nearer. God knows best, but whether I go or stay in my heart of hearts the memory of my Helen will be a treasure I must keep sacred. Yes, my Helen, I somehow feel that your little hand, sublime faith was leading me on and above all the treasures of life towers your matchless memory. I can not tell how you have taken my heart away with you nor how I long and long & long for the touch of your little fingers and the music of your voice. And so I must strive to go faithfully on remembering when my eyes grow dim the little voice which whispered "You see, Dock, I do not cry. Goodbye."

Tu. 26. Edward Pennock has returned for another operation on his feet. I go to the city to procure some things I need. Met Mr. Powell who told me Mr. Pickett would preach at Elm St. church that night on the Second coming of Christ. I walked home and rested myself by working in the shop. At night the evening was so pleasant and crisp that Annie and I went to the Elm St church and enjoyed an excellent sermon by Mr. Picket after which we walked home enjoying the walk and sermon very much.

Wed. 27. In the forenoon I operated upon Edwards feet getting along very nicely assisted by Annie and the mother. As usual God was with me in tact and masterfulness and the operation was

Feb. almost entirely bloodless and without hindering incident. After the operation I carried him over to Mr. Pennock's and came away as promptly as possible. At night we walked again to Elm St. church to hear Mr. Pickett and then walked home in the bright moonlight chatting all the way and thus enjoying the privacy we could not have on the car. These walks seem to be a means of drawing us closer together in thought and life. We plan together, build our air-castles together and lay the foundation for pleasant memories when we can no longer walk side by side.

Th. 28. I spent the day as usual at my work stopping reluctantly to wait upon some patients. At night we again walked to Elm St church and home. We were disappointed both in the sermon and in the result of the walk. The evening was warm with a slight occasional sprinkle, the air was depressing and Mr. Irwin preached instead of Mr. Pickett. When we got home Gatewood and Wesley were still up waiting for us. Wesley had been writing his essay on Longfellow and his eyes glistened like great dew-drops in the sun.

Mar.
Fri. 1. I spend the day as usual with my books, my writing and my shop-work.

Sat. 2. In the morning before breakfast I mended two shoes and set three pieces in a

Ma 1. table top. After breakfast I went with Annie and Hettie to the city and after returning worked awhile in shop and was then hindered by patients until five o'clock, after which I worked in shop long as I could see.

Sun. 3. Bright but very windy. The children went to Sunday school in the forenoon and in the quiet of our home Annie wrote while I dictated. I feel so restless that nothing seems to relieve me and I as if something bad were impending. My wolf has allowed me no rest for many hours. I often wonder how long I am to endure this perpetual gnawing. During the last twenty-four hours it has been accompanied by an almost insupportable smothering. I think if I could take a sleep I should feel better, but when I fall asleep I am roused by a sensation of awful suffocation which I can not even partially shake off for some time.

Mon. 4. I worked in shop, wrote letters and attended patients. Late in the day cut and planted some potatoes.

Tu. 5. Quite cold, with piercing wind. I divide my time between shop work and reading by the fire. At night Annie and Hettie and I went to tabernacle to hear the Alba Heywood Concert Co., which they enjoyed immensely, as it was mostly humorous. The air was very crisp and we walked both ways and Hettie surprised with her

Mar. daintiness and alertness. She enjoyed the musical part very much and capered along the pavement with more spirit and enterprise than any of the other children have shown on these trips. She seemed to delight in the walk.

Wed. 6. Very cold and disagreeable but I worked some wrote letters and read, beside attending patients. In afternoon we went to the Vendome to see Dalton in the Sign of the Cross. Gatewood and Connel came down from the High School and joined us. Dalton played his part with exquisite effect though his support was mostly far from first class. We started to walk home but a neighbor overtaking us Annie got in her buggy and rode home while I went on to see a patient and reached home about dark.

Th. 7. Visited patients and worked in the forenoon and as it was Wesley's birthday Annie and I took him to the Grand Theater to see the Little Minister in the afternoon. We all enjoyed it very much and all walked home together. Wesley seems to be perfectly happy tonight with his presents and his trip.

Fri. 8. Busy with my patients and my shop work.

Sat. 9. Feel wretched. The night was broken up with attentions to Mrs. Florence Pennock's sick baby. The day was spent between frequent visits to the sick child, some shop work and the garden. The rain in the evening

Mar. drove us from the garden but I immediately resumed my shop work and this is a great advantage to me as it enables me to quickly change my avocation.
At night I stayed with Hettie while the remainder of the family went to hear a lecture at the tabernacle on liquid air. Hettie soon retired and I spent the time till their arrival at 11 P.M. between visiting my little sick patient who is better and reading by my cozy fire.

Sun. 10. Bright but very windy. After the children started to Sunday school I dictated while Annie wrote. Giving occasional attention sick patients and reading a little by turn as the opportunity presented.

Mon. 11. In the morning having a call to go to see Mrs. Bang I took the saw in my hand and after prescribing for my patient I walked far out into the eighteenth district looking for a fancy footpiece for a rustic stand. I rambled along hedges, climbed fences and followed streams for hours. On my return I crossed the Gallatin pike at the toll-gate and continued on south of the Warner place down the stream in the direction of home and found two pieces which though unsatisfactory I placed together on my shoulder with my overcoat and saw & walked home. After dinner I worked about the place and read.

Tu. 12. Worked in the shop and waited on patients. After dinner Annie and I drove to the city

Mar. and while I attended to some business and waited till dark she made a half hour call on Mrs. Varley.

Wed. 13. Working in shop, writing and waiting on patients. Also went to see Mrs. Bang.

Th. 14. Went to the city in the morning and returning set trees till noon. In the afternoon worked some in shop and later in day Annie and I walked over to see Mrs Bang. It was snowing a little as we went and the air was crisp we enjoyed the walk. As we came back we faced the wind which bore a mixture of rain and snow, which was very disagreeable, but the warm cozy room with the books and papers, the stories and music and final chat soon overcame the memory of the storm.

Fri. 15. Snowy and disagreeable. Wrote letters and read.

Sat. 16. The day was broken up with little jobs, patients and correspondence.
We received a card in today's mail (announcing the death of her husband, C. E. Magers,) from Mrs. Magers at Allensville, Ky. He died at a quarter past seven, yesterday morning and was buried today. He had seemed to improve for awhile after visiting us but was taken with la grippe and relapsed. A card received a week ago announced his condition as very critical, so we were prepared to hear of his death. He was a boyhood friend and later a pupil in my school. We had spent many hours together

Mar. and for many years were intimate friends and associates. Though circumstances had temporarily drifted us apart our old relations had latterly been resumed. His life like mine has been somewhat checkered with adversity. I know not whether his had more of sunshine or shadow than mine. When I think of the many hours we have spent together I recall the lines

"When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I have seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted
Whose lights are fled
Whose garlands dead
And all but he departed."

For some inscrutable reason I have been left. I must not forget his kindness of heart and his longtime earnest friendship for me. I must try to profit by his spirit of forgiveness and charity and cherish a memory so noble in good things, so simple in most things and so kind in all.

One by one the friends of my boyhood depart - but few remain. May the memory of all grow brighter and dearer and may we all be gathered safely into the Hands of the great School-master at last.

Sun. 17. The day was chiefly spent with patients and callers between which I spent the time in reading or perusing the philosophy of Mathematics. I am so dull and

Mar. weary that I feel as if I could shut my eyes and go to sleep forever.

Mon. 18. Warm and bright again. I spend the entire day at tree planting.

Tu. 19. Working in the shop and waiting on a few patients.

Wed. 20. The same.

Th. 21. Raw and windy. I worked at the bench till noon, then Annie and I drove to the corner of Seventh & Russel taking along a rustic stand I had made for Mrs. Bang. Here I got out and carried the stand to her door and then hastened away unobserved. We then drove to The Grand theater to witness "Trilby". It was fairly staged but most of the playing was very ordinary. The make-up of the individual players lacked elaboration and accuracy. A part of the play is coarse and none of it could be ranked as very high. Taken all in all it was a very ordinary production with one or two fairly good parts. More skill had been shown in the staging than in the play, though neither were elaborate.

Fri. 22. I divide the day between a little round-about work, entertaining some company and looking after some patients.

Sat. 23. Some rain. Work in shop and trim vines and work about the yard. I am punished a good deal between the

Mar. joint attacks of neuralgia, pruritis and the "wolf". neither of which seems willing to wait on the other. By keeping busied in different ways I manage to endure it though I am conscious that I am not companionable. It at least has one little advantage in making one prompt and decisive in his movements.

Sun. 24. Read what my painful eyes will permit and then spend the day as I can.

Mon. 25. Windy and disagreeable. Trimmed vines, waited on patients and worked in the shop.

Tu. 26. Wrote some letters, made a number of inlays in a table top went away and brought a scrubby, scraggled, limby trunk of a small hackberry to make a foot-piece for my table. At night Annie and I walked to the tabernacle and listened to Emil G. Hirsch on An Hour with the Masters of the Talmud. It was a very scholarly address which we would have enjoyed very much but for the senseless gabble of some young women who sat near. We walked home as usual discussing plans for the future. I was very tired and hungry when we got home and we enjoyed some of Annie's nice light biscuit and butter to which I sipped my usual glass of cider.

Wed. 27. In the forenoon I worked in the shop and in the afternoon I spent the time with Mr. C. B. Thompson of Deavertown, Ohio with whom we discussed various subjects

Mar. connected with Morgan Co people and affairs He remained till night taking supper with us and all enjoying the call very much. It was pleasant to discuss the progress making there, the new phases of improvement and the welfare of people we have long known there.

Th. 28. I spent the forenoon at different little jobs and in the afternoon wrote a letter to L. L. Gatewood enclosing a check for $40. as he requested and then went to see Mrs. Franklin in hopes of selling her a house. but was disappointed.

Fri. 29. Walked to the city and back in the forenoon. In the afternoon I resumed my work in the shop which serves as the best diversion from pain and vexation and worry.

Sat. 30. Spent the day at different little jobs of work and yard cleaning.

Sun. 31. Spent the forenoon in reading and dictating while Annie wrote. We discussed our possible and probable future in connection with the family, the education and welfare of the children and the best methods of securing the desired ends. We determined to be more trustful in God, more careful in our relations with the children and while humbly asking guidance from above to await with whatever patience we could command the developments of the future. At night took Wesley and Hettie and went to church at the Presbyterian Church on Woodland Street.

1901.
Apr.

Mon. 1. Cold, gloomy and wet. It rained nearly all day. I spent most of the day at work in the shop.

Tu. 2. The same. At night, though raining we went to tabernacle to hear Elias Day. I was disappointed with his light and chaffy attempt at characterization. We walked home through occasional sprinkles of rain.

Wed. 3. Cold and raw. I read and work at my table top, in which I am laying thirty-three pieces of several kinds of wood.

Th. 4. Bright, warm and pleasant. I work in shop, wait on some patients and at night walk with Annie to Christ Church on Broad St. to see the representation of the Passion Play with the characters as given at Oberammergau. A large crowd thronged the church to witness the production which was thrown on a screen behind the altar. We walked home and I felt a deep painful weariness creeping over me which had been present for several days, but now seemed to bow on my existence.

Fri. 5. I was engaged in a confinement case at Yerger's on First St. most of day. When I returned I was compelled to go to six fourteen Joseph St. to see a Mr. Bowers. I was very tired when I returned at dark.

Sat. 6. The day was divided between patients

Apr. and work and letter-writing. A deep gloom and inexpressible loneliness clings about me and I can not shake it off. Whatever I may do the patter of little feet seems to echo in my heart and the longing for a little voice forever hushed grows stronger than in the days gone by. I wake from a weary troublous sleep often so vague I can recall but little yet in that little there is much, so much of little Helen I seem to be hunting, hunting, hunting for her. Sometimes she is peeping out at me from behind my chair - always she is clinging about me and I see again in her deep brown eyes the old love grown deeper and fonder. When daylight comes I seem to have dreamed of her all night long. I hasten to my bench and from force of pleasant habit I again take up the broom and sweep off her seat on the box beneath the window where she left everything to sit and talk with Dock. I work away but find myself stopping often to look down into the brown eyes which are gone.

Sun. 7. This is Easter Sunday. The children go to Sunday school and Annie to the Catholic Cathedral to see their ceremonies which she has never witnessed. I sit down alone and write until Wesley returns from Sunday school. He plays a number of marches for me and I in turn tell him a number of stories about Wolfgang & Christian. The remainder of day was spent with patients and writing.

Apr.

Mon. 8. ~~Rained most of day.~~ Warm and sunny. I started early and walked to J. Williams beyond the end of the Fatherland St. car line. It was a long tiresome walk. I spent two hours there and then returning to the corner of 9th and Main got the saw I had left and started on a long walk through the country looking for a foot-piece for a rustic table. I traveled far in the direction of Maplewood and then after many meanderings bearing away to the westward I reached home about half past one very tired and as empty-handed as I started. After dinner I worked hard till nightfall and after nightfall Wesley and I went out near Ligon's Lane and I climbed up into a hack-berry we had often admired and sawed out the top to get the piece I had hunted for throughout the day. This act met with some remonstrance on Wesley's part who was a warm admirer of the tree.

Tu. 9. Waited on patients and pursued my rustic work. At night Annie and I walked to the tabernacle to hear John Temple Graves' lecture on "The Reign of the Demagogue." His address was very intense, impassioned and scholarly. He is never at a loss for words and his words are always well chosen. I enjoyed this entertainment as much as any we have had during the course.

Wed. 10. Worked at a large rustic table and waited on patients.

Th. 11. Wrote letters and worked about shop in the

Apr. forenoon and in the afternoon went with Wesley and Hettie for a stroll in the woods and brought back a scraggy piece of osage for a stand foot.

Fri. 12. Very* rainy. I worked in the shop. Late in P.M. took the boys to city and bought shoes and went to the Vendome where we waited in line till six o'clock to procure tickets for Rip Van Winkle. Mary Kelly accompanied us. It was a long, long wait, but we were rewarded by a most excellent performance followed by an address by Joe Jefferson in which he referred to having played the same piece here in 1868. It rained nearly all night

Sat. 13. Attended patients and worked about shop and house.

Sun. 14. Bright and pleasant. After the children had started to Sunday school we took the car and went to West End Methodist church to hear Chancellor Kirkland of Vanderbilt University lecture on the Book of Job. It was a very scholarly and interesting lecture and received the most rapt attention from beginning to end. After the lecture we walked home as we have often done before chatting about whatever afforded most interest and taking an hour to complete the trip. After dinner we posted up the Journal together and made preparations to return to the evening lecture in the same place on the same subject. In the evening we returned to the West End Church and heard the concluding lecture, ~~after~~ to which we walked ~~home~~ enjoying as so often before this opportunity for communion of thought

Apr. and ideas. After the lecture we took the car home because a cold rain was falling which prevented our usual walk home together.

Mon. 15. I worked in the shop and wrote letters by turns.

Tu. 16. Worked in the garden nearly all day. At night we went to the lecture-room of the First Presbyterian Church to hear the Rev. Richard Tjader's lecture. His fine personality, his magnificent physique, his prime and vigorous young manhood were refreshing to look upon. As a missionary he had traveled around the world and his exuberant vigor had found vent in his strong athleticism in the jungles of India where for three months he supplied a starving mission by shooting antelope. He had also killed three elephants in self-defence. He formerly belonged to the Swedish Army where he was noted as the strongest man among its 8000 soldiers. His frank open countenance, bright eyes and clear complexion were striking evidences of a pure life. He discussed subjects from a very lofty standpoint and with beautiful simplicity and earnestness. We enjoyed his lecture very much and after it was over together with the appreciative audience we went up and shook hands with this splendid man. I shall not forget the healthful earnestness, the frank sincerity and the beautiful simplicity of his expression as he looked directly into my eyes and said "Pray for me, brother." It has been a long time since I saw one whose strong physical personality and excellent

Apr. purity of life impressed me as much as Richard Tjader. We both enjoyed the lecture very much and walked home discussing it.

Wed. 17. It rained all day and I divided my time between correspondence and reading and shop work. I am suffering with a heavy cold which added to my other ills and the frequent attack of "the wolf" render me quite irritable and more fit for physical work by myself where I shall not come in contact with and violate the rights of others.

Th. 18. It rained all day and in nearly all things this was an exact reproduction of yesterday.

Fri. 19. A cold rain mingled with wet stripes of snow and accompanied by a keen wind rendered the day very disagreeable. Mr. Walter Pennock who stayed all night with me went with me this morning to the city where I procured material for leggings for his son Edward which on my return I wet and moulded into form and prepared for the crippled boy who is improving rapidly. It ceased raining toward night and Annie and I went to the First Cumberland Presbyterian church to a meeting of the Y.W.C.A. which was addressed by the Rev. Josiah Strong; subject, the "Coming Revival." He was earnest, scholarly and fearless in his presentation of this polemic subject. We walked home as before enjoying the crisp atmosphere.

Sat. 20. I felt quite wretched this morning and to keep away the wolf and find some pleasurable

Sat. 20 employment, as soon as our visitors had gone I proceeded to the workbench which by association with little Helen and a favorite kind of work has become almost a shrine to me where I can retire when unfit for other tasks or when rendered too disagreeable for pleasant association with others. Here I spent the greater part of the day at inlaying a small piece of East India Mahogany in which I inserted thirteen sets. At night I sat and read till nearly midnight.

Sun. 21. Cold, cloudy and disagreeable. Spent the day in reading and writing. Evening, Annie & I went to the Woodland St. Christian Church to hear Mr. Lord, editor of the Christian Standard.

Mon. 22. Working in shop.

Tu. 23. Put in the entire day at inlaying. At night Annie and Wesley and I went to the Tabernacle to hear the musical entertainment - the Six Smith girls. It rained all the time.

Wed. 24. I worked in the shop and wrote letters.

Th. 25. I worked in the shop till nine o'clock and then wandered for many miles through the woods looking for a rustic piece to finish up my last stand. I enjoyed wandering among the tangled vines and trees though my trip was very disappointing and I came home empty-handed after wandering many miles. I was hot, thirsty and tired and a great feeling of goneness pervaded my stomach. I hid out the onions got

Apr. my dinner and wrote some letters while the boys went away on a visionary trip nearly to Maplewood to get a piece I had cut in the morning. They stayed so long that at dusk I went to Driver's crossing to meet them, but they had got home, coming another way when I returned. They had brought the wrong piece and had a hard heavy load to carry a long way which was only fit for firewood when they got it home. Such lessons will be necessary to teach them better attention to directio

Fri. 26. I spent the forenoon with patients and a little work and in the afternoon took Wesley and Carnel and went to the woods again and brought home two pieces of hack-berry.

Sat. 27. I arose tired and sleepy, visited a patient before breakfast and afterward began the task of weaving my rustic work. It was hot and I was lame and not in a good mood for the patient work necessary to get the best effects. Yet my anxiety to get it done made me hasten on though the flowing sap made the bark peel and rendered the work quite difficult. After dinner Annie helped me till sunset. I had woven two pieces. I was very weary and the assistance she gave me was very timely and agreeable. Though weary and sleepy we enjoyed our long pleasant evening as usual.

Sun. 28. Sunday morning, an ideal spring day The air is laden with perfume and song of bird and the distant hum of voices. The children go to Sunday-school carrying wisteria plumes for their teachers. The

Apr. cows graze in the yard and Annie and I sit on the old log seat and talk of the past and the future. It is the old, old story, the easy planning, the difficult performing. Yet it must be so with life always and we must get our pleasures from the planning mainly, though God has been very good in granting us pleasure in the fulfillment of many of our plans. Possibly out of them too may grow some good to others which would be a large recompense for whatever of failure and disappointment we sustained. Our yard is like a dream of beauty. The birds are building, bees humming and a refreshing breeze from the North makes conditions for enjoyment perfect beyond conception. Every-thing seems to be happy or satisfied. The cattle lie lazily in the shade, the horses stalk about selecting the daintiest grasses and over-head in the trees by the fountain the orioles are making thorough search for their dinner of insects, pausing occasionally to fill the air with a tune of thankfulness and joy. Year after year these birds have come and reared their brood within a few yards of the summer-house and seem to enjoy our company just as we do theirs. How very much we have to be thankful for. We can not "count our blessings" as the song directs. O, if our lives could only be as useful and as prolific of good as the opportunities warrant.

At night we took Wesley and walked to the Tulip St. church. We had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Thatcher and Arthur Philipe in solos. The evening

1901.

Apr. was very pleasant and we enjoyed the walk home in the moonlight.

Mon. 29. I put the day in at work on the rustic stand I was trying to complete for Setta.

Tu. 30. Fixed the water pipes and worked about the yard.

May.

Wed. 1. Very warm. I put the day in at different jobs and occasional reading.

Thurs. 2. The same. At night went with Annie to the first entertainment of the May Festival. The night was warm, the ventilation poor and we were badly located. We could neither see well nor hear well and the acoustics of the tabernacle under the gallery are abominable. The orchestra was fine and Theodore Thomas was there. Yes, he was there and knew it. He seemed stiff, formal and lacking in the earnest animation his great theme would seem to inspire. He has long ranked as the greatest musical director on the continent. His numbers were all classic, long and elaborate. The effects were complicated and multiform and required a sustained attention which under the circumstances to me was tiresome. I came home greatly wearied and though I had enjoyed a good deal I had suffered more and my entertainment ledger did not ballance in such manner as to encourage me to repeat the evenings experience. Besides I had a clear conviction that much greater benefit would ensue from

May. sending the remainder of the family and remaining at home. I was tired in brain and brawn and my wolf was always in leash.

Fri. 3. I turn my attention to a little unpretentious work of a more congenial nature to me than my experience of last night. I had long meditated on the propriety of writing something for publication. Yesterday I began it. Today I addressed myself to it more persistently. In fact I spent most of day in summer-house jotting down material for a rude cast of my prospective task. I do not know whether I shall think best or whether God will think it wise for me to continue it. I have asked Him to direct me unselfishly but usefully in its production.

Sat. 4. Wrote in the forenoon. In the afternoon took Wesley and went to hear Thomas's orchestra. We got good seats in the gallery and were very much pleased with the entertainment. His rendition of the Funeral March was exquisite, but what was most pleasing to me was his powerful rendition of the Kaiser Wilhelm March. It had all the storm and pomp and pageantry of successful war. The sturdy Teutonic tramp, the salvos of artillery the defiant notes of the bugle were rendered with great clearness and effect. We enjoyed it together discussing it as it progressed. We walked home together, Wesley remarking that "under such music he could not

May go to sleep at night". It is his usual custom to go to sleep in prolonged entertainments. In this he was very much awake. At night Annie and Hettie went and I remained at home and wrote.

Sun. 5. I read in the forenoon and in the afternoon Annie and I went to Fitis Music Hall to hear Mr. Shinn of Boston preach on Universalism. His sermon was very clear, comprehensive and to me sound.

Mon. 6. Worked some in garden and wrote remainder of day.

Tu. 7. Waiting on patients and writing by turns throughout the day. I am beginning to write a little story which ~~may~~ never see any other light than that which falls upon the manuscript. Unless I tire of it the labor will be one of unselfish devotion

Wed. 8. The same.

Th. 9. I am still writing and doing little odd turns.

Fri. 10. The same.

Sat. 11. Wrote all day. At night went to McKendree to hear Prof. R. G. Moulton of Chicago lecture on the "Romance of the Bible". The lecturer is an elderly man with grey hair and short-cropped beard, of fine presence and excellent delivery. His knowledge of his subject is wonderful. His memory prodigious. He would quote whole chapters without break

May. of refference or error. We enjoyed his lecture very much.

Sun. 12. We put in the day and evening at a literary feast. We attended three lectures by Prof. Moulton, the first at the First Presbyterian Church at 11 o'clock on "Ecclesiastes, or Is Life Worth Living?" It was a very scholarly and masterly presentation of the subject. At three thirty o'clock we attended his lecture on "Job; the World's Greatest Poem". The audience was large and appreciative. He handled the subject in a scholarly and highly dramatic manner which contrasted strongly with the presentation of Chancellor Kirkland. At night we attended his lecture on "The Book of Revelation; Prophecy in Symbol," at Christ Church.

Mon. 13. In the forenoon went to the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church and heard Prof. Moulton's lecture on "The Literary Study of the Bible as distinct from Theology and Criticism." It was a bright pleasant morning and we walked home. In the afternoon at four o'clock we went to the First Presbyterian Church to hear the last lecture of the course, "Deuteronomy, or the Farewell Orations of Moses". After the lecture we did a little shopping and walked home.

Tu. 14. I resume my writing and wait on patients and do a little work between times. At night went to Ward's Seminary to hear Prof. Leon H. Vincent lecture on Samuel Johnson and his friends.

WORKS BY PROFESSOR R. G. MOULTON

The books and pamphlets of Professor Moulton, though produced from time to time to meet particular exigencies, are designed as instalments of a life work devoted to the investigation and exposition of literary study. They are based upon the belief that the study of literature, in any worthy and adequate sense, has yet to begin; and that the work of the present generation is to differentiate literary study from other studies with which it has been entangled, and to proceed tentatively towards the true field and method of the study of literature. Two classes of readers are kept in view: the general reader and the special student of literature. Hence, as far as practicable, the aim in each case is at once to expound particular pieces of literature and to formulate or illustrate methods of study.

*** *The books here mentioned may be obtained in the ordinary way through bookstores, the publishers and prices being given in each case. Or they may be ordered by mail addressed to "University Press, University of Chicago, Chicago;" prices quoted include postage; checks, etc., payable to "University of Chicago."*

I

The foremost necessity of literary study is the application to it of the INDUCTIVE method of Criticism, distinct from (though not opposed to) the "judicial criticism" which has prevailed hitherto. The exposition of this criticism is combined with a study of the branch of literature most desired by an English reader, the plays of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist: A Popular Illustration of the Principles of Scientific Criticism.—Third Edition.

Oxford University Press: England (price 7s 6d)—American Branch, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York (price $2.00).

A somewhat fuller exposition of the method is outlined in Syllabus No. 30 (see below). The Syllabi numbered 7, 29, 62 belong to this side of the study.

2

Another foundation principle is to connect literary study with the great modern conception of EVOLUTION. This is illustrated in application to a field of dramatic literature most important intrinsically and for its bearing upon Shakespeare — the Greek and Roman drama. The works are treated in translation, no knowledge of the original languages being assumed.

The Ancient Classical Drama: A Study in Literary Evolution. Intended for English Readers.— Second Edition.

Oxford University Press: England (price 8s 6d)—American Branch, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York (price $2.35).

With this goes the Syllabus numbered 39, and its accompanying Book of Illustrations, specially intended for those who have not access to the best translations.

3

A most important side of the study is Literary MORPHOLOGY: the true conception of such forms as lyric, epic, drama, and the like, and the bearing of this on the interpretation of literature. The natural field in which to apply morphology is the ancient Hebrew literature called the Bible, both because of its intrinsic importance, and because ordinary versions present it in a manner which entirely obscures the literary form.

The Literary Study of the Bible: An Account of the leading Forms of Literature represented in the Sacred Writings.

London: Isbister & Co. (price 10s 6d)—Boston, etc.: D. C. Heath & Co. (price $1.75).

Biblical Literature is in another work treated less technically, with a view to the general reader, and the matter of the sacred books.

A Short Introduction to the Literary Study of the Bible

In preparation: Boston, etc.: D. C. Heath & Co.

4

The three books last named have touched another side of the study: recognition of the Unity of all Literature. Quite apart from the consideration of Greek, German, English works in connection with Greek, German, English language and history, there is a study of Literature as a thing in

One important aspect of literary study is that which regards Literature as the Philosophy of Life, and Fiction as the experimental side of that philosophy. This is indirectly reflected in all the works named; to which may be added the following:

> **Four Years of Novel Reading:** An Account of an Experiment in popularising the Study of Fiction. Edited, with an Introduction by Professor Moulton.
>
> Boston, etc.: D. C. Heath & Co. (price 45 cents); London: Isbister & Co.

With this may be placed Syllabus No. 10.

SYLLABI

Can be ordered by mail addressed to "University Press, University of Chicago, Chicago." The prices include postage. Checks, etc., payable to "University of Chicago."

No.		Cents
7.	Shakespeare's Tempest, with Companion Studies	15
8.	Biblical Literature of Prophecy	15
10.	Stories as a Mode of Thinking	10
29.	Interpretative Studies in Spenser and Milton	15
30.	Literary Criticism and Theory of Interpretation	15
39.	Ancient Tragedy for English Audiences	20
	Book of Illustrations to the same	25
39B.	Ancient Comedy: Syllabus and Illustrations (*in preparation*)	
62.	Tragedies of Shakespeare (short course)	10
	Tragedies of Shakespeare (including the above)	20
	Wisdom Literature or the Philosophy of the Bible (*not yet printed*)	
123.	Masterpieces of Biblical Literature	10
137.	Literary Reading as a Means of Biblical Study	10

ii

The LORD'S Controversy before the Mountains

Hear ye now what the LORD saith:

THE LORD

Arise, contend thou before the mountains, and let the hills hear thy voice. Hear, O ye mountains, the LORD'S controversy, and ye enduring foundations of the earth: for the LORD hath a controversy with his people, and he will plead with Israel.

O my people, what have I done unto thee? and wherein have I wearied thee? testify against me. For I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, and redeemed thee out of the house of bondage; and I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam. O my people, remember now what Balak king of Moab consulted, and what Balaam the son of Beor answered him; remember from Shittim unto Gilgal, that ye may know the righteous acts of the LORD.

THE PEOPLE

Wherewith shall I come before the LORD, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the LORD be pleased with thousands of rams or with ten thousands

Shall I give my firstborn for my transgres-
ny body for the sin of my soul?

THE MOUNTAINS

d thee, O man, what is good; and what
quire of thee, but to do justly, and to love
lk humbly with thy God?

iii

s Cry and the Man of Wisdom

of the LORD crieth unto the city, and the
dom will see thy name.

THE LORD

d, and who hath appointed it. Are there
of wickedness in the house of the wicked,
asure that is abominable? Shall I be pure
nces, and with a bag of deceitful weights?
nen thereof are full of violence, and the
eof have spoken lies, and their tongue is
mouth. Therefore I also have smitten
vous wound; I have made thee desolate
ins. Thou shalt eat, but not be satisfied;
ation shall be in the midst of thee: and

The Modern Reader's Bible.

The Sacred Scriptures, presented in Modern Literary Form.

By RICHARD G. MOULTON,

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Professor of Literature in English in the University of Chicago.

COMMENTS QUOTED BY PERMISSION.

"'The Modern Reader's Bible' is altogether admirable and of special value." HENRY C. POTTER,
Bishop of the Protestant Epis. Church.

"To the student, and to all persons who relish truth in its finest form of expression, it is a positive boon."
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Bishop of the Methodist Epis. Church.

From a letter written of the Gospel of Matthew:

"I have examined it with great interest. It is a valuable addition to the helps now available for Sunday School workers and all teachers and students of Holy Scripture. It will give me great pleasure to commend it to my Sunday School teachers at their next teachers' meeting." R. S. MACARTHUR,
Pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, New York.

"I look for a large increase of interest in the Bible, for a much better understanding of its general spirit and teaching, and especially for an increased appreciation of its inspirational power, from the publication of 'The Modern Reader's Bible.'"
LYMAN ABBOTT.

"It must be that this natural and rational arrangement of the different styles of literature in the Bible will commend the book itself to people who have hitherto neglected it, and give to those who have read it and studied it with the greatest diligence, *new satisfaction and delight.* I sincerely wish for the enterprise a constantly increasing success." JOHN H. VINCENT,
Chancellor of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

Special Lecturer *for the* Bible Institute *of* Nashville *for* 1901



R. G. Moulton

A. B. (London and Cambridge), A. M. (Cambridge), Ph. D. (Pennsylvania), Professor of Literature in English in the University of Chicago, late Lecturer to Cambridge University (Extension), and to the London and American Societies for the Extension of University Teaching.

Author of "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," "The Ancient Classical Drama," "Four Years of Novel Reading," "The Literary Study of the Bible," "A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible," editor of "The Modern Reader's Bible."

PROGRAM

For May 11, 12 and 13.

SATURDAY:

4 p. m.—" Marlowe's Story of Faust."
(At the Vanderbilt Chapel.)

8 p. m.—"The Romance of the Bible."
(At the McKendree Church.)

SUNDAY:

11 a. m.—" Ecclesiastes, or Is Life Worth Living."
(At the First Presbyterian Church.)

4 p. m.—"Job, the World's Greatest Poem."
(At the Tabernacle.)

8 p. m.—" The Book of Revelation: Prophecy in Symbol."
(At Christ Church.)

MONDAY:

10 a. m.—" The Literary Study of the Bible as Distinct from Theology and Criticism."
(At the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church.)

4 p. m.—"Deuteronomy, or the Farewell Orations of Moses."
(At the First Presbyterian Church.)

8 p. m.—" Euripides' Drama of Alcestis."
(At Watkins Hall.)

At the " Faust " lecture Dr. Moulton is the guest of the literary clubs of the city and admission will be by complimentary ticket. The Bible lectures are open to the public and are entirely free. Admission to the "Alcestis" lecture is by purchase ticket (price fifty cents), which can be bought at Watkins Hall, at Hard's Book Store, Church Street, or at the Bible Institute, No. 129 South Spruce Street, telephone No. 440.

Season......
1900-1901.

The Tabernacle Lyceum,

TO-NIGHT

Entertainment No. 12.

EMIL G.

HIRSCH

SUBJECT

"One Hour with the Masters of the Talmud."

Tuesday,
Mar. 26, 1901

ITE

"ONCE IN A WHILE."

NEXT ENTERTAINMENT

No. 13, Tuesday, Apr. 2

ELIAS DAY

Characterist.

No. 14. Tuesday, April 9th,
Hon. Jno. Temple Grav
Subject—"The Reign
the Demagogue."

No. 15. Tuesday, April 23rd,
The Ariel Ladies Sexte
Concert Company.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Leipsic Philharmonic Orchest

Herr Hans Winderstein, Conductor

— ASSISTED BY —

Herr von Slivinski, Pianist.

(SIXTY ARTISTS)

Norma Knupfel, Manager, 138 Ave., N. Y. At the Tabernacle, day, March 29. Seats, $1.50 $1.00, will be on sale at Hard's bo store. Members of the Taberna Lyceum half rates, 75c and 50c. ceum reserved seat coupons not ognized for this entertainment.

SAMPLE PROGRAMME

PART I.

1. Prelude, Act 3, "Die Meister-singer," . . . . . *Wag*
2. Prelude, Act 3, "Lohengrin," . . . . *Wag*
3. Overture, "Tannhauser," *Wag*
4. Concerto, E flat major, *Rubinst*
   Herr von SLIVINSKI

INTERMISSION.

PART II.

5. Symphony, No. 5, C minor, ... *Beetho*

(a) Allegro con brio (C minor)
(b) Andante con moto (A flat maj
(c) Allegro (C minor); Trio (C maj
(d) Allegro (C major)

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May He is an earnest forcible speaker of careful method and vigorous expression. His lecture bears the stamp of careful preparation and much study. We enjoyed his lecture and the walk home.

Wed. 15. I continue my writing. I very much fear that the only purpose which would induce me to write is scarcely probable of fulfillment. Yet, I feel as though I should write and possibly some hidden good will come out of it like many other things which I have discredited or been dissatisfied with. I am quite lame again and this time with more pain than usual.

Th. 16. Went to Ward's Seminary to hear the last of Prof. Vincent's lectures on American humorists, from Artemus Ward to Mark Twain. This lecture was not so scholarly as the one on Dr. Johnson nor did his application of the term humor to that quality in the representative American appear to me accurate. However it pleased Annie immensely whose idea of humor is somewhat different from mine. After the lecture we went to the Rooms of the Old University Club to see the art exhibit this is being made there by local artists. After studying the pictures awhile we walked home and I wrote while Annie got dinner. After dinner I planted corn till night.
At night we went to the Vine-street Christian Church to hear Z. T. Sweeny.

Fri. 17. Spent the entire day at reading and writing

Sat. 18. I spent the day at writing, entertaining callers and some odd jobs. I am too lame to be fit for much work.

Sun. 19. It rained all night last night and the morning broke with its dull heavy patter filling the air. Spent most of the forenoon in reading. In the afternoon entertained the children with stories and read the papers.

Mon. 20. Spent the day with patients and in writing a story.

Tu. 21. The same. At night attend recitations at Ward's Seminary.

Wed. 22. I write and do a little work by turns. I suffer so much physically that I am too wretched for work and too uncompanionable for rest. Mr. Lyman Skinner and wife spent the evening.

Th. 23. Divided my time between odd jobs and writing. Walter Pennock and Edward came this evening.

Fri. 24. Went to town in the forenoon and then spent rest of day in fixing shoes and aparatus for Edward's feet. A storm in the afternoon destroyed a number of my trees.

Sat. 25. Tried to work some in garden but was compelled to lie down. It has grown very cool rendering a fire in the grate necessary. I spent part of day in writing and in evening went to see

May Mrs. Hudson.

Sun. 26. Cold, windy and disagreeable. I suffer so I am unfit for any duty.

Mon. 27. Spent the day with patients and at writing.

Tu. 28. Writing and doing a little occasional work.

Wed. 29. Wrote in the forenoon. In the afternoon worked in the garden. In the night called to see Mrs. W. I. Hudson. Annie went with me. While there Mrs. Williams of East Nashville made a similar demand on my services. Of course I had to refuse her.

Th. 30. We got home about six o'clock in the morning. I felt very much exhausted but was soon called to relieve a child at Mrs. Rhoddy's that had taken a lethal dose of a strong medicine. Dr. Frost, the Younger Dr. Enlos and myself worked with it for two or three hours and saved it at last. As usual in such places the hard work falls to my lot. As I was already very lame this made my task very hard. In the afternoon went to see Mrs. Hudson and did some writing.

Fri. 31. I am quite lame and suffer a good deal. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner of Chicago spent part of the day with us and I did some little jobs and read.

June.

Sat. 1. Went to the city in the forenoon with Annie. We called on Mrs. Hudson on our way home. In the afternoon

packed my box for my trip North and worked with my vines. I retired with more pain than I have felt at any time this winter.

Sun. 2. Kept busy with patients and company. In the evening we walked to Tabernacle to hear Rev. L. T. Sweeny preach on "Why I am not an agnostic. It was an eloquent and powerful sermon.

Mon 3 We went to city and got some things to take north with me on Wednesday night. I am getting books and presents for my friends but I do not think they always appreciate them. In P.M. looked after patients.

Tu 4 Warming up. Helped hoe potatoes in A.M. In P.M. packed box for departure. I dread this trip more than I can tell. Yet it must be done. I worked all P.M. and wrote in my story book. At night Mr Roper broke up my rest and I did not sleep an hour

Wed. 5 Warm. Went to city in morning and got some more books to distribute. Took the boys over to get their reports. Both are promoted. Came home and worked hard at packing and getting ready. I am much exhausted and much annoyed. I never hated to leave home so badly. Every thing is so fresh and green and I feel like I needed rest. I do not know if I shall get back to the dear ones but trust all in God's hands. After packing we got ready with the box strapped on behind the old barouche and all got in and drove to Union Depot where I

June parted with my dear ones and took a seat in the crowded car. It was a hot night and the car was full. I suffered all night and slept little.

Th. 6 I am so lame I dread any little sway of the car. The morning air is fresh and sweet from the heavy rains of last night. Nearly all night my mind kept running on home and my writing which some how interests me pleasantly. At 8:30 we reached Cincinnati and start in two minutes. Till now I had not the courage to attack my lunch. I eat in hopes of feeling stronger. At 9:30 we reach Blanchester and find it raining and the people plowing for corn. Water all over the ground. Reach Newark at 12:30 in a hard rain with a dull heavy sky. Pools of water are everywhere. After five minutes stop we are off for Zanesville. Reached Zanesville at 1:30. It was not raining here though it had rained hard last night. Got to Stockport at 4:15 and went to Milt Walker's. Stella soon called up and asked me to go to down to store after I got done writing. I promised and she left. I went later and found the ideal Mrs. Glass there but she did not recognize me. I did not go close to her lest she break. Mr. Albert Pirsch was there, and we all talked books except Mrs. Glass who stood during this half hour just behind a pile of goods like a piece of statuary of which the lower half was visible. I could not get rid of the idea as I left them all that Stella was the only one who cared to see me (except

Mr. Pirsch). I returned early to Walker's and retired to hear it raining nearly all night.

Fri. 7. Clear and delightful in the morning. I went to the basement of Ong's store, opened the box and delivered some things and the rustic stands to Stella & Clara, who seemed to be pleased. I saw several people at their homes in the forenoon distributing books, &c. After dinner I got a team and went to Mt. Olivet. On the way bargained with H. Barnhouse to put in the foundation for the monument. I stopped and gave A. W. Judkins as much reading matter as he could manage in a year. He was very grateful. He was barely able to get on his crutches and looked as if he could not survive another winter.
I got The. Lyne and we went to church and laid of place for foundation of monument. The. L. was very considerate and obliging. From Olivet I drove to John's home, but did not take time to go in. Saw Leslie's wife and boy there. Mary and Emmet were in the field at work. Ollie came to the gate. I delivered their presents and drove my wretched old team on to Stockport against sunset. The trip was very, very tiresome. The roads superlatively bad. - It is cold enough for frost but quite windy. After supper I went to my room and wrote to Annie. The night was cool and I slept well. I had surely earned a sleep.

Sat. 8. I went about town seeing friends till 4. P.M. I could not help observing the ai-

June of commercialism and coarseness which seemed to pervade everything. A commercial standard seemed to be applied to all their mental* processes and an indifferent, sensual abandon had become a matter of course. At 4:10 took train to Waterford. Walked out to J. Bozman's. The evening was very cool and I again slept well.

Sun. 9. A brilliant sky and a pleasant day. I walked onto the hills with Bozman and observed the condition of his farm. Everything seemed to be going to wreck and both Sarah and B. are aging rapidly. I grew deeply lonesome in looking at all this and thinking how it must increase with compound force and how utterly wretched and cheerless not to say helpless this condition must soon become. I tried to entertain them but a deep gravity of gloom seemed to hang pall-like over their lives and thoughts. It made me homesick and I had difficulty in repressing a selfish wish for the morrow that I might go on. I so much desire to get started back to my flock. However I did my best and spent the day in talking and roaming in the fields. To me it is very discouraging to look over the wreck of things here and again and again I thank God for the blessings we enjoy.

Mon. 10. Very warm. I spend the morning in talking to Bozman and Sarah till within an hour of train time. I bade them a cheerful goodbye though my heart was

June very sad and walked across the little foot-bridge and down the road lightly without looking back though I knew Sarah was standing there and gazing sadly after me. God keep them both and lighten the great load that is resting upon them.
Reaching the station I got my ticket and walked to where my youngest brother was at work fifty yards away. I met him frankly and cheerfully but could help seeing in him a reserve and coolness that was peculiar. In answer to my questioning he told me about William and Frank, then turned and left me and went to his work asking me to come and see him. I returned to the station and sat by the window writing while he painted in front of the window in plain view of me at 15¢ per hour. It seemed strange he could not spare 15¢ of time to talk to me, especially as it was possibly the only hour I might ever be able to use for that purpose. He was brown and sturdy looking though aged a good deal since I had seen him. I could not help feeling sad in thinking of his narrow lot and life which seemed to grow narrower and more unpromising as I looked forward. At 9:40 took the train to Lowell. Spent the day with Dr. Harris and his brother George. Slept poorly at night.

Tu. 11. Took train to Swift's where I talked with old acquaintances, patients and friends till 9:30 when I crossed the river. Mr. Baldwin crossed with me and we walked slowly to where the road leads up the high hill. There we chatted for 15 or 20 min.

June He told me he felt like he was acquainted with me from hearing Blackmers say so much about me. We shook hands and parted - he going back to the ferry and I climbing the high hill. A little way up I left the road and stopped a few minutes at the clear babbling stream in the thick shade of the ravine. It was so cool and inviting that I felt tempted to wander up its rocky bed but I knew what I had to do and left the shade and song of birds for the steep hot road and was soon on top of the high hill. I went to The. Lyne's where we talked quite a little bit and then he and I went on to Mt. Olivet church where I directed some work and then returned with him to his barn where I again spent some time in directing work and started at once for Stockport. On the steep hill beyond the Geo. McVeigh place I sat down on a large rock in the shade and wrote a page in my memorandum book and then walked to Stockport against 11:30 A.M. The thermometer marked 92°F. Got dinner at Clara's and talked awhile to Jno. McSwords. Wrote a letter to Annie and spent remainder of evening in writing.

Wed. 12. Very warm and depressing. Brad spent all the forenoon here and took dinner with me. I visited a few people, went with Dr. Lyne to see Ida McDermott and spent some time encouraging her. I had omitted to state that her father had watched for me and found me within half an hour of my first arrival and insisted on my going to see her. They

June considered her case hopeless and had sent for her friends to see her die. She seemed to take new heart on my coming and was very determined to get well. She grew brighter and stronger. It is rather a hard task for me to put in an hour here in this narrow, hot sick-room but it seems to accomplish so much that I am doing it. I am very lame again and very dull and lone-some. I wish I were ready to start home. At 4 P.M. I came in much exhausted, went to my stuffy room opened the windows and in spite of the noise of the street and a disagreeable odor of the remaining slops I slept for an hour. Then I felt brighter, and when I came down for supper they handed me a letter from home. All were well and after supper I wrote a long letter home addressing something to each of the family.

Th. 13. All day waiting for Tom to get down with the stones. They mired down and came back for tackle, Got another team and at 2:30 got started. It began to rain in an hour. Jas. B. Kean and I drove as far as Elmer Sheets's and took refuge in the barn where we remained till sunset as the rain was continuous. Then we turned back and passed Tom's deserted wagon about half way up the mill-run hill. Got to Clara's at 8:30 and was not asked about supper or trip. It seemed to be agreeable that I stay away. I gave Mrs. Walker \$5.00 this morning so she would not loose on me and thought it peculiar

June that I was not asked how far we had got on the road nor who furnished us something to eat in the rain. I hope this condition will soon be repeated by a movement homeward. Whenever I return to my room after going over the river its appearance indicates that I am not expected back. I have regretted a dozen times that I did not go to hotel. The hostess seems to have plenty of time for her diversions, for visits, trip to McConnelsville, &c. but very little for her boarders. She has asked me to talk to her wayward son. I must do this more thoroughly than she has looked after my comfort.

Fri. 14. Rainy morning. Talked to Roland Walker for an hour, appealing to his interest in his mother and in his imperiled manhood. He seems hardened and indifferent. He has become rude, coarse and intensely sensual. His countenance is that of a hardened and inveterate transgressor. After dinner J.B. Kean and I went to Mt. Olivet and set the foundation stones and drove back. Elmer Shutts came to where we worked and helped me. I gave him a suit of clothes I was going to work in and he seemed gratified. On our way back we stopped at his house and ate cherries. Got to Stockport after dark and went to see Ida McDermott. Talked a good while to cheer her up, then went to my room. Clearly I had not been expected to get back and room was fixed for some one else. I wish I was ready to go home. No one seems to want me save when I pay. A commercial air is everywhere. Courtesy

June seems to have a price on it.

Sat. 15. Up at day and walked till breakfast. Met A.P. Ong on the street. He is very strange. He assured me my "friends could not be glad to see me." "No, no" he said gravely and emphatically, "they can't, they are not joyous-hearted". I returned to the house and got my breakfast. An air of cool-ness and dissatisfaction seemed to be native. I walked out wishing I did not need to come back. I went to see Ida McDermott and to Tom McHugh's & then left the town and went on to Mrs. McHugh's, thence to Ov. Brokaw's where I was very strangely entertained for not many minutes, thence to Mellor's where I was kindly greeted and entertained. For the first time since I got here I feel somewhat at home. They set me a nice cold dinner and then we talked till supper when a big rain came on. I sit in the door and look out on the rain. It is so pleasant to see it coming down in torrents and feel one is almost at home. The oil does not seem to tincture these old friends. Talked till late with Annie and her mother and then was sent to an airy upper room with open window where I slept sweetly. God bless this room and these people forever.

Sun. 16. Up and enjoyed a nice breakfast over which we talked and enjoyed God's blessings as if all at home. It is cloudy and looks like rain. At 11 A.M. it began to rain hard. Perley and wife went to church and left his mother and Annie and myself all alone all forenoon. We chatted

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June about people and older things. In the afternoon I intended to go down the Bottom but it rained hard and I stayed all night. Again I enjoyed my airy room. Strangely Perley nor his wife neither asked me to come in and see them.

Mon. 17. Walked down to Blackmer's and spent the forenoon with Tim and family. They were very kind and very glad to see me. After dinner walked to Mellor's got a package and lingered for an hour talking. I walked on to Stockport and saw Mr. Atkinson on the bridge. He had waited long to see me and now his train was almost here. We talked a little bit and he was off. I got a letter from Bonge Co. saying my work had been shipped on 13th. Now, I must wait. I am disappointed as this keeps me so much longer than I expected. I went again to see poor Ida. She is worse. Talked till late with Andy Walker who told me of the town and its people. He seemed very conversant with most things pertaining to the place. We stood in front of Ong's store. He locked up and went home, saying as he started off wont you come up and loaf a little while this evening. In a little while he came back unlocked and went inside stayed a little bit without a light came out with something in his hand which I took to be a money-drawer and returned as silent as a ghost. Had a letter from home this evening saying all are well and this makes me feel better.

Tu. 18. Cloudy and cool in the morning but soon grew quite hot. Called on Mrs. Daugherty and Linnie Gormley and Ida McDermott. She is better. I am growing so homesick or rather I might say so tired of staying in Stockport. No one seems

June to be very glad to see me among these citizens except those who desire something from me. Near sunset Tom McHugh told me the monument had arrived. Now, I will get off sooner and this thought gives me new heart. I walked with Dr. Lyne to see Ida who seems better. Then we walked to the Bald Eagle bridge to see the ravages of the storm and flood on the levee. It was what I predicted and is very formidable. It was a clear demonstration of the argument I have repeatedly made with the owners and advocates of this dyke. It has taken fifteen years to convince them of what I pointed out at that time. Among these students of experience is the venerable Capt. J. M. Hook whose work in this direction was ruined. At 83 years of age he admits to me the soundness of my suggestions fifteen years ago and says it is the only thing that is available. At night I wrote letters and slept but little. My wolf had returned.

Wed. 19. Up at dawn and made bed, washed & walked half an hour. Returned to find the town sleeping. After breakfast loaded monument and went to Mount Olivet by way of Luke Chute. It was a long hard trip. The roads were washed and it was necessary to have men on each side cling to ropes to hold it from upsetting. We could only go a few rods at a time and I think one might hear one of the wind-broken horses breathing for a mile. Jas. B. Kean and I kept just ahead in a buggy, examining the road and returning to see them over the worst places. It was a frightful trip and it was a great relief when we got up that awful hill. Kean and I stopped at Anne Sheets's cherry-tree and were welcomed heartily

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June — and at their earnest solicitation took dinner. Then we drove on and got to Olivet before the monument. Then we all joined hands and got it unloaded and set up by 5:30 P.M. and drove home. No - not home but back to Ghe-henna. It is well done and I am glad it is over. The Lyne agrees to clean up around it and now when I get all paid I will be satisfied. On reaching the town I went with Dr. Lyne to see Ida who is better. Then wrote to Annie and the monumental Co.

Th. 20. Spent a little time with Ida McDermott, stopped a few minutes at Mrs. Daugherty's then took train for McConnelsville, stopped a few minutes at Franklin hotel to see a patient then to Democrat office and on to Worley's where I took dinner. After dinner visited Jas. McSwood and talked awhile, spent an hour with Stanberry and an hour with Dr. Naylor who seemed greatly elated over his last literary venture and then took train for Stockport. Supper at Walkers then to see Ida then to John McSwords's where we sat and discussed the situation at Stockport as they understood it. I learned a great deal about Add and his increasing and disagreeable peculiarities.

I had omitted to state that Carrie Gillespie and Monas were waiting for me when I returned from McConnelsville. He is looking much better and both were very grateful and glad. It was ten o'clock when I came in but I slept little. I am most anxious to get away.

Fri. 21. Went to see a few patients in the forenoon. In the afternoon read to Ida McDermott my own pieces from the little book into which Annie had copied them. She was much pleased. I was quite tired of the

June reading long before I ceased but it pleased her and brightened her and so was continued. After I had ceased reading I hunted Kean and settled with him. This place is growing more trying all the time. I get nothing out of it but every one seems to want something out of me. I ate my supper, walked down past Stella's rapped sharply on the door and though I could hear them in the kitchen they did not seem to hear me. The sun was almost down but I turned quickly away walked across the bridge took off my coat and climbed the hill and crossed the fields as I had so often done before. It was cloudy all over now, the lightning was dancing around the sky and rain seemed imminent. I strode on rapidly and reached Bob Mc Suords's half an hour after dark. I called and his wife came out. I asked if Bob Mc Suord lived there. She said he did but had just gone to put his horses out and pointed where he went. I asked if I could stay all night. She said slowly and very dubiously "I don't know about that." Then I told her I would sit down out there in the road and wait for him." She did not ask me inside the gate. I sat down and waited some time but he did not come and I grew chilly and got up and walked a bit and then felt that it was ridiculous to sit in the road and wait for a chance to get invited to go in where I had only three days ago been importuned to come as he said his wife wanted to see me. It was threatening rain and the wind was cold and disagreeable, I was wet with sweat from walking and did not care to prolong this cool entertainment. It is a strange and shallow hospitality that refuses shelter from the

June storm at night unless credentials are presented. I turned my back on the place gladly and soon drove away my chilliness by long strides over the road I had just traveled. I went on to see John Gatewoods folks and they took me in. I was wet with sweat and too tired to sleep but spent the night in turning. I got here just as it began to rain. Mrs. Bob Mc Sword would have left me to take my chances in it at night unless I opened her generous heart by telling her my name. God bless her always. This reminds me of my trip through Kansas in 1869. I shall not go there soon again.

Sat. 22. Ate breakfast and walked with Emmet a little while and then I read some and lay down and took a nap. I ~~rose~~ and found it quite warm but a good breeze blowing. Walked over the hills to the old grotto where as a boy I bathed so often. The pool was clear and I bathed and again retraced my steps. The raspberries were beginning to ripen along the fences and I stopped to pluck a few. It reminded me of the days when I used to gather them on these same hills and carry them to my mother. When I returned the sky was over-cast and the rain just beginning to fall. Dinner was waiting and beside my plate was some of the cider that Emmet had saved for me, from his last years labor. I enjoyed my dinner very much and sat in the porch to write till the rain was over. At 2:30 the sun came out and I started on my trip to Olivet carrying the remains of an old violin that belonged to my oldest brother when I was a boy. A strong breeze made it pleasant walking. At 3 P.M. I am sitting on the east side of base of monument beside

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the grave of my Helen. I have just weeded out the two little graves and now I sit alone. I long for my flock again and wish they could now sit by me and so near our two little sleepers. What memories troop through my mind as I sit here and think of the hours I spent with Helen. No words can tell how much I miss her nor how I yet love her. She grows purer and dearer as time flies. Her example grows more precious to me each day. Her courage should inspire me to greater sacrifice and devotion to usefulness. Though I fain would stay I must go on. I feel that I want to stay here - yes here by little Helen - though my love and duty to my dear wife and children call me homeward. I wonder if I shall visit her grave again before I come to lie down and rest beside her. God knows and I trust Him. Helen, my dear, dear Helen forgive the tears that blind me. I can't be brave like you, dear child, but I must not forget your dying words of courage and love, "You see, Dock, I don't cry, Goodbye". Goodbye, my little darling, till I come again though I leave you my heart of hearts.

I walked on to The. Lyne's and was sorely disappointed to find The. was gone. I left a message for him and four dollars with his wife and walked on to Stockport often stopping to gaze again at the far distant ampitheater of hills that were so beautiful and green and sweet and all seemed to say Goodbye. I reached Clara's about sunset hunted up some old friends and got some business off. This work took till midnight and when I came in strange lightnings were dancing over the whole sky. I lay down and tossed feverishly

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June thinking of the strange disclosures of the day. At last I fell asleep but was awakened at 1 o'clock by a mighty storm accompanied by continuous awful role of thunder, and one of the grandest displays of lightning I ever saw. The blaze was nearly continuous. In the midst of this awful grandeur I again fell asleep.

Sun. 23. Breezy and cloudy. I went to see some patients in the forenoon and spent most of the afternoon with Tom McHugh and wife. I had taken dinner there in company with John Ryan. From Tom I learned that Hugh is steadily growing more reckless and his condition more hopeless. Late in eve Chas McDermott and I drove to Tom Harmer's and back at dark. It is hot and sultry. In the night we had another tremendous storm and I slept but little.

Mon. 24. Very hot. Took a team and went on Big Bottom with a petition to the County Commissioners. asking that the fund assessed and collected to pay the old Stockport Bridge claims be disbursed. I had a good team, fresh air and a pleasant ride. All seemed glad to see me and all signed the petition. C.A. Buck was very grateful for my work in getting up his daughter, Ida. Offered to sell me twenty acres of his farm at my own price. Mrs. Tim Buckner wanted to build a house for me. I saw Wm. Gatewood at a short distance, but he did not seem inclined to draw near. Got to Stockport and saw Charlie McDermott who was to go with me and present petitions to Stanberry and others. He backed squarely down making frivolous excuses and I was left alone. I determined to take the bull by the horns. I knew

June

Stanberry was playing a double part and determined to go after him with a Saxon hammer. These people would talk but when it became necessary to work I must do it myself. And I am determined to do it. I will compel Stanberry to sign this petition or confront him with his duplicity and denounce him to his teeth. I am determined to put the fox into the trap. I will not leave this work to an other - I will go myself. I have determined to humiliate him or denounce him. Whichever way it may end I am victorious and he is defeated. Yes, I am longing to reach him and bring the battle on.

At last I am ready to leave the place. Clara suggested that I call on Stella and say "Good bye". I called. She was engaged. I told her daughter not to disturb her and I started away. She appeared at the door and called me back. I returned and talked to her a few minutes during which I gave her my reasons for not visiting her. She seemed very sad but I brightened her up a little and bade her "good bye". and walked quickly to the station. Took train at 4:14 for McConnelsville. Called on editor of Democrat and several others and procured signatures to my petition No one refused. Called on Worley and though they insisted on my staying with them I did not remain as they had a sick babe which was quite cross. I went down to the shop to excuse myself from staying and there met Bob McSword who talked very insultingly in regard to their action a few nights ago. This resulted in a bitter quarrel

June in which he told me he did not care whether he had ever treated me right or not. We agreed to pursue different courses and I am quite sure I would never want a favor at his hands. I was sorely tempted to knock him down. After he had quieted I followed him into the shop and remained quite a bit to give him opportunity to resume. He however waited until after I had gone and then set up his blather. I hope I am done with the contemptible puppy. I stopped in at F. M. Becketts to get his signature and was just going out when he introduced his wife who had just come in. I was just going to step out when she said "this is the Dr. Galewood of whom I have heard so much." I suddenly recalled that my nephew had once opened an office here. This sent a flood of thought through my mind and I turned to reply to the remark and an hours conversation followed in which we discussed literature and particularly Hall Caine's The Christian and Ralph Marlowe. She expressed herself as very glad to have met me. Both she and I had enjoyed this little talk on authors and both were apparently brightened. I went to the Hotel Franklin after having called on Worley again and spent a restless night. The entire night was a grand display of lightning, thunder and rain.

Tu. 25. Up early and proceeded to get the signatures of business men. Went to Whitaker's house and secured his before he had any opportunities for consultation as to the policy of his procedure. Stanberry had gone to the state convention at Columbus. He must be seen. Would I wait here for him or go there. Waiting here would be easier

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managing him there would be much more difficult yet I would be one day farther on my way. I determined to go there. The heavy rains of last night had washed the railroad badly. My train was half an hour late. It was probable I would miss my train at Zanesville. Got conductor to telegraph to hold train. In this way made immediate connection. It is very hot. Reached Columbus at noon went to Neal House and tried to find Stanberry. Thence to Republican convention at the Auditorium - telephoned several times but failed. At last learned the delegation would go home by 6:10 B+O. train. I took up my position between depot and street and watched for the fox to come. His old time alertness and craft were not impaired. I promptly engaged him in a conversation which interested him but he soon grew restless and wanted to get on the train to talk knowing that the gateman's duty was to stop every person who had no ticket. I asked him him if he would sign a petition to Commissioners asking for the disbursement of that bridge fund. He said impatiently "yes". We were then nearing the gate. I put my hand into my pocket and quickly thrust it in his face. He was surprised and appalled. He was caught at last. He now tried to avoid me on pretense of getting on the train. We drew nearer the gate. He asked me to go down to the train feeling sure that I could not get through the gate. Soon as he presented his ticket to the gateman I suddenly stepped behind him and just as the man was punching his ticket I darted through the opening ahead of the fox. The gateman attempted to call

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June me back but I had previously crowded in such a manner as to throw three other men in the gap all of whom were anxious to get through He must look after them. I was through and no policeman to stop me. Stanberry followed through looking disgusted. I walked beside him to the steps and down the steps to the car. Here he tried again to get on the car thinking that time would again save him At the car steps I insisted on his signing He placed it against the side of the car, signed it reached it backward to me without turning his head and without a word at parting crawled up the steps like a great gopher and disappeared in the throng. It was clearly a deep humiliation which he had long deserved. Move on, Stanberry, move on.

I returned to the Davidson Hotel, wrote to Charlie McDermott and to Tom Harmer enclosing to the latter the petition with Stanberry's signature I threw my windows all open, stretched myself on my bed, weary in limb but content in mind over my days work. I slept but little I remember waking with a laugh at the mental picture I had seen at the car-steps. Whether I get my money or not I have at least put the fox into a trap. Though he may rob me he will respect me. Move on, Stanberry move on.

Wed. 26. I am up at 4 A.M. and go for a walk. Learn something of Worthington from an old man on street and decide to go there after breakfast Went up by electric car having a very pleasant ride. On car I saw for the first time the notorious Allen O. Meyers - known as Johnny

June McClean's political Henchman. He was one of Johnny's managers two years ago when he was thrown good and hard. He has a bad face, but is undoubtedly smart. He has a fine farm on the way to Worthington. Further on we passed "Chaseland" with its old square-looking house and big trees. This was the home of Salmon P. Chase. It is now owned and preserved by a wealthy citizen of Columbus. Reached Worthington about 8 A.M. The car line passes through the principal street whose sides are adorned with large shade trees from one end to the other. It has two stores three black-smith shops one bank and one drug store and about 800 people, scattered over a wide expanse. There are probably 500 people within the corporation and the rest are scattered around it. It is all finely shaded. It is a very quiet sleepy little town and as I walked along its shady sidewalks it was so still I wondered if a special official were necessary there to awaken the birds. I walked over most of it and in the afternoon Mr. Geese took me two miles beyond to see his place. I went all over it but did not like it. I suffered much and the heat was very depressing. I ate no dinner and on returning I left him and walked five miles inquiring as I went for small places to buy. None to be got at reasonable prices. Weary and weak and sick I took car to Neal house near which I stopped at a restaurant to get something to eat because I needed it. I do not know whether I am most home sick or stomach sick. After eating I walked over

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June to the state-house where I sat and watched the squirrels at play under the trees. for a little while and then returned to the Davidson hotel and retired early. I was weary in brain and limb and so depress by heat and bad air that I could not feel like I had interest in anything. I took room No. 10 again at the top in the corner. and put all the three windows open. I took a sponge bath and went to bed. I could look directly into the depot and see the moving trains, hear the screaming engines clanging bells and rattling vehicles but I slept from sheer exhaustion.

Th. 27. Breakfast at 6:30 Car at 7:42 for Grove City. It is hot and close. I dread this days work. The ride to Grove City was delightful The country is flat and rather uninteresting. The lots in Grove City are small and the houses rather uninviting. I walked over to Beulah Park which is poorly kept. The usual number of swings and seats were distributed promiscuously. A large cage held ten inferior filthy coyotes. Had a pleasant ride back to the city where I stopped at No. 41½ N. High and saw Mr. Wiper, real estate agent and made inquiry about ground North of Columbus On to a restaurant and got dinner. Then got baggage and left on a B+O train 30 minutes late. Got to Cincinnati too late to catch the L & N and I had to wait five hours. It was a wretched five hours. It is very hot and I can only go in and out and wait. Children cry, men smoke and swear, flies infest

June everything and the water is very muddy nasty and warm and unfit to wash in. I am sleepy and wet with sweat. Oh! if I could only be in the bath-tub at home. At 11:20 we start for Mill dale where we transfer to the L+N. and are off once more for home. Mr. Keene was courteous as usual and seemed glad to see me. We reached Nashville at 8:40 in the morning.

Fri. 28 Went to Henlein's got the rebate on my ticket and took a car home. I was very much exhausted and though I tried to rest I seemed so worn out that I rose weary. Spent most of day in talking over the trip and trying to rest.

Sat. 29. We tried to get matters straightened up and Annie and I made a short trip to the city. We sit and talk and talk and talk as in the olden time. It is too hot to accomplish much.

Sun. 30. We spend the day at reading and writing and entertaining visitors. The scorching heat continues.

July.
Mon. 1. Called in the morning to meet Dr. Miller at 614 Joseph St. I quit my writing which was a pleasurable occupation to go after this professional duty. I found the case practically moribund. Met Dr. Miller again at 6 o'clock. Patient looking a little brighter.

Tu. 2. Met Dr. Miller again this morning at 8 o'clock at the same place. Mr. Gowen spoke

July spoke with unfairness and bitterness of tone to me of the treatment and its results and said she wanted no more Doctor's treatment. I promptly withdrew after assuring her that I had given no treatment nor been in charge of the patient. Why she attacks me instead of Dr. Miller is curious. I was glad to be relieved and return to my other duties. Dr. Miller seeming glad to continue in the case. It is so hot and close that I can accomplish but little.

Wed. 3. Helped direct the cleaning of spring and fixed pump and went to see Mr. Hudson's child.

Th. 4. This is the Glorious Fourth and I spend the time at writing while the remainder of the family make preparations for the mighty event of the evening which is to take place at Prof. Webb's at 8 o'clock. The day was hot and the committee work heavy. In the evening I had enough of the mighty event and thought it most prudent to lie in the hammock while the remainder of family helped devour the viands, shoot the fire-works, dish out the ice-cream, make speeches, furnish patriotism of a loud type and fascinate till toward mid-night. They came home heated, enthusiastic and loud. I suppose they manufactured an excellent article of patriotism with a Southern stamp on it.

Fri. 5. Helped repair the coal-house and superintend the getting in of the hay. It is very hot and by night I am very lame.

Sat. 6. It is still very hot and dry. The pasture is

July burned up and the ground bare. I spend the day at writing while the remainder attempt to recover from their committee work.

Sun. 7. Hot and dusty. I write letters and read and wait on patients.

Mon. 8. Still hot and dry. Look after some patients and write some on my little story.

Tu. 9. The same thing. The fields are dusty, the grass gone, most of the weeds are dead. When one walks in the pasture his steps produce a dry crackling sound. The sky is white and the sun shines with burning fierceness.

Wed. 10. The same.

Th. 11. A veritable hot wave sweeps from the Northwest. When it strikes the face it produces a dry burning sensation as if it came direct from a furnace. It licks up any possible moisture and scorches the leaves and corn-blades. Many of the trees are dying. The temperature is 102° - sky clear and no prospect of rain. Work of any kind is almost impracticable.

Fri. 12. We started early for an outing at Whites Creek. Though hot, it was not nearly as torrid as yesterday. The hot wind which the weather bureau had predicted for us proved to be a refreshing breeze. We reached the creek about nine o'clock and in a few minutes

July the children were in the water. Annie and I took our old place on the elm roots, she with the book "High-lights" and I with my hook and line. One thing swept through my mind all the time and I could not put it away if I tried. Little Helen was not sitting between us now to catch the fish in her dimpled hands. I did not catch the fish either and for that purpose the little hands were not needed. We ate our dinner on the pebbly shore in the brook shade. All were hungry and all ate immensely. After dinner I went in the stream with the boys simply to please them as I did not feel much like going in the water. The breeze was cool enough to make the day pleasant here by the stream and we remained till five o'clock. As we drove home I could not help recalling how little Helen slept on my lap as we came over the same road the last time. God bless her - now she is sleeping as safely in my heart. The mare seemed anxious to come home and hurried along in the face of the refreshing breeze which made the trip homeward not unpleasant.

Sat. 13. Hot and disagreeable. I try to write but accomplish really little. A few clouds are in the sky but the prospect for rain seems very poor.

Sun. 14. Some clouds with a breeze from the North. Some writing, some reading, some

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July professional work by turns make up the occupation of the day.

Mon. 15. The intense heat continues. I wait on some patients and write some at my little story — Only a Christian.

Tu. 16. The same.

Wed. 17. The same. A light shower.

Th. 18. A heavy shower. Wrote some, went to Mr. Bang's in the afternoon.

Fri. 19. Oppressively hot. Wrote nearly all day.

Sat. 20. The same.

Sun. 21. The air is humid and the heat very oppressive, with little prospect of rain. The day is divided between reading and correspondence and hunting for a cool spot.

Mon. 22. I resume my writing but accomplish little on account of interruptions. The heat continues.

Tu. 23. The same.

Wed. 24. Attending patients and writing letters. The heat is very oppressive.

Th. 25. Went to city with Walter Pennock, got material and spent most of day making aparatus for his child's feet.

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Fri. 26. Visited some patients and wrote as I could. I do not accomplish much on account of interruptions and heat, but I believe it is generally the case that rapid work in this line is poor. I can easily see that mine which is poor at best would easily suffer by haste.

Sat. 27. Another hot day. We take the children and go with Mrs. Webb and her children for an outing to White's Creek. I went in once with the boys who enjoy these swims immensely. I do not think that either Annie or myself enjoy them so much as when we go with our own children alone. We reached home just at dark and the children were happy and tired.

Sun. 28. Still sultry with little prospect of rain. The fields are brown and almost as bare as in winter. The streams are dried up, trees are dying and a general air of distress prevails. The drought and the heat are the chief topics of conversation.
I spent the day in reading and late in afternoon Annie and I went to call on Mr. Hickerson of Hancock St. and thence to Mr. Hudson's on Trentland St.

Mon. 29. Went to the city in the forenoon and in the afternoon wrote some upon my story.

Tu. 30. We are blessed with a fine rain which brings the longed-for relief. After the long scorching drought the steady downfall of rain is music and beauty. I continue my writing as before.

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Wed. 31. Spent the day in writing.

Aug.
Th. 1. The same.

Fri. 2. In the forenoon went to city. In the after-noon wrote on my story.

Sat. 3. Wrote and read nearly all day.

Sun. 4. Cloudy with some rain. In the forenoon read the papers. In the afternoon went with Annie for a long walk in the country. Came back at sunset.

Mon. 5. Some rain. Wrote and read.

Tu. 6. Went to the city in the forenoon and wrote in the afternoon.

Wed. 7. Still reading and writing.

Th. 8. Went to the city in the forenoon and to the railroad election. In the afternoon continued my writing. I am putting in about an hour each day teaching geom-etry to the two older boys.

Fri. 9. In the forenoon wrote awhile at my story and in the afternoon went to see Mrs. Savoie and stopped to see her sister Miss Lillian Bang both of Russel St. Put in the remainder of day at writing In evening we took another long walk.

Sat. 10. We went to White's Creek taking the whole

Aug. family and spent the day there taking our dinner on the pebbly shore under the shade of the great trees. The children enjoy these trips very much and spend a good part of the time in the water. Both the older boys have learned to swim and dive. We got back at dark.

Sun. 11. Oppressively hot. In the morning went to see Mr. Hudson's child. Then read till noon. In the afternoon it rained and we finished reading "She's all the World to me" by Hall Caine

Mon. 12. Still rainy. I put in most of the day at writing.

Tu. 13. The same.

Wed. 14. Still wet. I work some in shop and write some.

Th. 15. Still rainy. Write most of day. At night called to see Mrs. Hudson and got back at two in the morning.

Fri. 16. Worked in shop.

Sat. 17. Very rainy. Worked in shop nearly all day stopping long enough to write two pages and attend registration.

Sun. 18. The weather continues rainy and the day is put in at reading.

Mon. 19. Wrote till my eyes grew tired then worked in shop. More rain in afternoon.

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Tu. 20. The same. Rainy all day.

Wed. 21. The same.

Th. 22. Spent most of day writing on my story Only a Christian.

Fri. 23. Put in most of day at inlaying for a table top. Wrote for two hours.

Sat. 24. Warm. Wrote in the forenoon. In the afternoon took family and went to Glendale park for an outing. Took our supper along and ate it under the shade of a large maple. Came home tired and slept better than usual.

Sun. 25. Warm and brilliant, but good breeze. Read all forenoon, then wrote letters. Business matters force me to contemplate a trip to Ohio on Tuesday. I look forward to that event much like an execution. Still it may have good in it that I do not know of.

Mon 26 Wrote all A.M. In P.M. Annie and I drove to city and got ticket for my trip north Walter Pennock came in evening and stayed all night. I had to have my last evening at home broken up.

Tu. 27 Hot. Fixed piano, wrote some and got ready for my departure I never hated to leave home so badly When it was nearly night Annie and I drove to the Central Depot. As I left the buggy my box of lunch fell out of the cord which secured it striking the pavement and spilling the contents on the sidewalk. The bottle of wine was shivered and the

My Creed.

I think that many a soul has God within,
Yet knows no church nor creed, no word of prayer,
No law of life save that which seems most fair
Aud true and just, and helpful to its kin
And kind; and holds that act alone as sin
That lays upon another soul its share
Of human pain, of sorrow, or of care,
Or plants a doubt where faith has ever been.
The heart that seeks with zealous joy the best
In every other heart it meets, the way,
Has found to make its own condition blessed.
To love God is to strive through life's short day
To comfort grief, to give the weary rest.
To hope and love—that, surely, is to pray.

✣ ✣ ✣

Guests.

When the sunshine filled the sky,
And the days were long,
Then we went, my heart and I,
Hunting with a song,
For a Sigh.

Now, when all the nights are long,
And the winds are high,
Go we, though with faith less strong,
Hunting with a sigh,
For a Song.

—Margaret Vandergrift in the Atlantic Monthly.

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cat- om- for- ast the ks. th- hat en- alk- bu- His ngs the in- ge. ity nes his pol- the to ce. ro, int a re- of are not on- oor th- ag- be-

while at other times it chants t
beauties of its independence. But
ways it takes an indirect fling at M
Bryan's views. Senator Blaine on
told a story of a hunting party
which he was one. The numero
complaints and bad language sho
ered upon the unfortunate who h
pened to be cook were such that
last no one would fill that positi
The difficulty was finally settled
agreeing that in the future the fi
member of the party who complain
of the cooking should take the cook
place. The next morning Mr. Blair
who was then acting as cook, serv
up the breakfast. A member of t
party bit into a biscuit. When
got his teeth free he began: "Of
the miserable, disgusting attempts
making bread this is the worst." Ju
then he caught the expression of j
in Mr. Blaine's eye and finished h
sentence: "But I like it. I like it.
want you fellows to understand th
I am not complaining."

So it is with the Americ
"Of all the combinations of soci
ism and anarchy and populism, t
Bryan Democracy is the worst;" b
when it catches the eye of the T
nessee Democracy it winds up: "B
we like it. We are Democrats;
are the real Simon pure all wool a
a yard wide Democracy." The Am

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Aug. glass scattered through the food. Left Nashville at 7:50. Had trouble with ticket and bought another. Crowded car and a hard trip.

Wed. 28. At Cincinnati. Very weary and pained. Train for Columbus at 8:15 A.M. Reached Columbus at 10 A.M. Ran to ticket broker and back barely in time. Reached Zanesville at 1:30 P.M. Met Mrs. McDermott in the depot and had a long talk. She denounced Dr. Naylor bitterly for his freedom with his characters in Ralph Marlowe. I took the 4:15 train to Malta. It was dingy, dirty and smoky. Reached Malta at sunset. Went to Worley C. Gatewood's for supper. He kept me till 9 P.M. Carrie Gatewood then came. I went at ten to hunt hotel. Both full. Went over river to the Morgan Hotel. It was a hard place, filthy and uncanny. But one room available and such a room. Nothing in it but a forbidding bed and an unsightly old stand. The warped door would not close but could be sprung far enough to fasten with a big wooden block which served as a button. No water, no towel, no washbowl. Got the stupid man to hunt up one of each. From the time it took to get each seperately and the different direction of his steps he must have gone many places. At last he brought all but the towel and wanted to know if that would do. I told him "No". He went and after a long time brought a dirty, reeking, wet towel which I supposed belonged to a livery stable near by. I asked if it was the devil's dishrag. He hung the dirty rag on a pin and I never touched it. I washed and dried my face and lay down

Aug. after forcing the door to button. The old blind hung on two rusty nails over the one little window. I rolled it up by hand and propped it across the frame to get some air.

Th. 29. Up at day. Paid and walked to Worley's at 5:10 They were not up. Walked to Franklin hotel and got breakfast. Then to courthouse and got data from clerk McGonagle. Saw Auditor Whipple who agreed to look up the records for the information I wished and write me at Stockport in the evening. Went to Stockport and called on Col. McDermott. He had done nothing and seemed only to be interested in himself. Spent the day about Stockport waiting for report from Auditor. I suffered great pain and was very sick and weak from loss of blood. The report did not come and I went to John McSwords' and took a bath and then to Central Hotel. O what a terrible night! I suffered terribly and slept little. All night the most shocking obscenity and blasphemy and lewd ribaldry poured through my little window and robbed me of the little rest I might have got.

Fri. 30. Weak and sick. Went to Chesterhill to see Mary. It was hot and the roads were very rough. This aggravated my pain and sickness. Put the time till train arrived at arranging for our meeting with the Commissioners. Took train for Waterford. Walked out to Bizmanis, suffering great pain and soreness with terrific aching. Found Carl and Lucilla and Emmet and Paul all there. Put in a night of pained and broken hours up

Aug. and down, my affliction growing worse.

Sat. 31. Still worse. Hard pain in the morning. I gathered smartweed and made tea and drank freely. Lost sixteen pounds in three or four days. The great loss of blood makes me weak and the deadly sickness keeps me in deep distress. Added to this tremendous rigors shake me like an aspen leaf. I do not rouse the people but creep softly out and back shivering like a frozen waif. These chills are hard to bear and soon as they pass a scorching fever swept through me. But God was good and I slept some. I am so worn and exhausted that I feel like falling asleep all the time. The discharges are now pure blood. I will stay till evening and do my best to get better.
Evening - Have had a hard day lost a great deal of blood and am so weak and sick. At times I grow very cold and faint till I feel as if I could not stand up. I spend the long, awful night alone.

Sept.
Sun. 1. I am up and down all day. The great loss of blood continues and I am so sick I feel in danger of fainting quite often. In the afternoon the blood checked for a little bit and I tried to walk on the hill in the good air. Walked a mile and got back very weak and lay down. At 9:30 P.M. I retired and at 11:30 got up very sick and stayed up an hour. So weak then. I lay down but soon got up and came near fainting. I did my best to ward it off. Got water. Then got down on a block so I would not fall and vomited a go

Sept. while. Then hunted all through the kitchen and pantry and got some soda. Vomited awhile longer - too weak to stand I sat and vomited and suffered excruciating pain for another hour. Then the pain abated some and from weakness I slept about two hours.

Mon. 2. Up at day, sick and deeply pained. Still loosing a good deal of blood. I eat ice and put nothing else on my stomach. Have not had a chance to write to Annie and in this God is good. I am having a long hard fight and the end is not in sight but I will fight to it. I have avoided putting the folks to much trouble - one trip to get ice. I am not in the least despondent though my sisters are alarmed and I avoid showing distress. God is with me still. At six thirty started for station eating ice and feeling weak. At 6:50 reached station. I had left my sisters with the assurance that I was a tough fighter and not in the least inclined to give up and telling them I hoped they would remember I was putting up a good fight and hoped they would do so. Saw Schob at Waterford. Told me about Dernie. Got to Stockport. Saw Miles Hopkins > ∞. Called on Jane Wootton and Sue. So very, very weak. Bought a package of crackers from Dr. Lyne, got a lump of ice and went by myself and munched a few of the crackers - only a few. Called for a few minutes on Lissie R. Gormley but did not go in house. Walked about from place to place, to place but no rest although so weary. It seemed something was always in the

way. I went to the beach and tried to find a place to rest among the willows but could not. The terrific pain keeps me sweating profusely. My underclothes are almost dripping. I wore through the awful day till sunset - then went with Mr. Fouts to Mellor's. They were very kind and in the same old room with its wide open windows I slept some and suffered much.

Tu. 3. Up at five A.M., breakfast at six and went to Stockport with Mr. Fouts. Took train to McConnelsville. Arrived at nine. Met commissioners at ten. So weak and so sick. All forenoon spent in discussing and going about and getting forces fixed. Dinner at Kennebec Hotel. All afternoon in a wrangle with the conceited weakling little Fouts and the contemptible Lightthizer. The fight is long and bitter and ends only with the close of the session. We seem to have an apparent advantage. I can see they are growing uncomfortable under my stinging arraignments. All go to Malta to take train for S. I reconsider and go back to commit Fouts to the bond which I have him write. Spent the evening at Worley's and retired at 11:30. Slept but little. Up and down.

Wed. 4. I immediately plunge into the contest. All forenoon we are ignored and treated shamefully. Every little pretense is made use of to shove us aside, with the evident purpose of wearing us out and worsting us. I finally ask an hour of hearing. Lightthizer names 1 P.M. I go to Worley's and while eating a cup of broth Carrie Gatewood comes in and I retreat. Dinner at Kennebec Hotel. Lightthizer does not keep appointment. After long waiting

Sept.

we send and fetch him. We have complied with all he asked. He now begins to quibble. Finds some fault with the bond which he had been written by their attorney, Fouts. Suggests senseless changes I promptly interpolate them. Now, he has no excuse. I have driven him to the wall. He asks us to retire until they hold a discussion, after which he promised to make us a proposition. We retired. I was disgusted and indignant. Stanberry, the little, now appeared upon the scene. He told us of the proposition they would make which was to pay half and he advised us to take it. The others were all willing but I indignantly refused. We were called in at last and the proposition presented to us. A long and bitter wrangle followed. Though scarcely able to stand I poured a bitter flood of sarcasm and denunciation telling them I was not for sale at any price. I asked them if the honor of Morgan Co. demanded that the hard-earned debt of a woman of eighty-four should be feloniously cut down one half that it might numerically match the price for which Judas Iscariot sold Christ. I could see that my stinging speech was very hard for them to bear. The other claimants drew me from the room and argued in various ways with me in vain. They urged me to accept the offer "on their account". Some of them were angry, and in the end all attacked me bitterly because I would not yield. I finally walked before the Commissioners and demanded that an hour be set for hearing us tomorrow. Lighthizer named nine o'clock. I told him I wanted it to mean nine o'clock then and referred to his previous appointment and

Sept. the manner in which he violated it. I let the mad crowd go home to Stockport and remained to plan the battle for the morrow. I called on C.L. Alderman and he promised me to talk with Lighthizer. I picked up some information and arranged for a heroic fight. I was now so exhausted I felt that I must rest. It was nearly sunset. I had talked till I was very hoarse. I went to the three hotels but as the fair was on they were all crowded. I went to Jas. Belcher's; they were very kind and I got some supper and sleep, though up and down a good deal. Between these naps I planned a hot and formidable attack for the morrow.

Th. 5. Hot day. I did not wait for the others to get up from Stockport but began a spicey skirmish soon as I reached the town. Met Stanberry on the street and denounced him for his duplicity. Later he came to me in courthouse yard and began a bitter quarrel. I specifically stated facts which proved his mendacity. He suggested that we part company, but seemed desirous of further argument as if he hoped for a concession on my part. I promptly worsted him which seemed to enrage him almost to the point of insanity. I referred to his convenient and inaccurate memory and finally ended by ordering him off like a dog. He got in his buggy, drove very slowly a few yards watching me closely. Then he got out and hitched and came back and began to threaten to oppose the action of the Commissioners. He asked to have his name taken off the bond. This being the act of a baby I directed him to go to the Commissioners and go

Sept. it off. He still seemed to wish to influence me by his threats. I finally ordered him off like a dog. He went up to the Commissioners room shaking with anger and disappointment, but he did not do what he threatened. He may do so later. He will do whatever his interest, duplicity and spite demand. Later I took the bond containing his name and A. P. Whittaker's and with a pen erased it with heavy cross-hatch lines and sent it to him by special messenger while I sat a few rods away.
When he went into the commissioners room he said he didn't intend to be bull-dozed and wanted to withdraw all advice he had given them and then went out with the air of a disappointed scoundrel who had been put in a tight place. The other claimants immediately began to charge me with having ruined their chance to get anything by making Stanberry mad. I retorted that if they were ready to worship Stanberry they might begin now. That I was glad of the opportunity to force him into the open. When he had gone I set J. A. Lowe at Lighthizer and a bitter quarrel ensued in which Lighthizer was made acquainted with the danger that lay in his attempt to cut down our claims and the almost certain exposure of official mis-feasance which would follow his attempt. Then the Commissioners came to their senses. I had already alarmed the conceited and incapable little Fouts through another messenger. They became well behaved. I then went down to see Frank Dickey near the Fair Ground. I had scarcely reached there when Seymour Beswick and C. H. McDermott came asking me to go back and make some kind of conciliatory statement to the Commissioners

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saying that Fouts assured them this was all that was necessary to secure the payment of the claims. I told them I was willing to do my own talking to the Commissioners, that I had no apologies and would go up and demand specific statement. I ordered the driver to turn and drive me there. Reaching the room they closed the door and without waiting for them I began by demanding specific statement. I soon ascertained that they desired an apology. I had none to make. I told them at once that I could not dishonor the respect I held for a mother of Highland Scotch extraction and when one of them used the term bull-dozing I remarked that I did not have a tithe of respect for a bull-dozer - that I never stooped to such methods - that they were unmanly and detestable and that I did not propose to submit to even the least of it. I was growing warmer now. They saw their mistake and delicately suggested my making friends with Stanberry. I declined and denounced Stanberry vigorously. Then they said that was all and agreed to pay at the next meeting and we went to dinner. When I was seated at the dinner-table C.L. Alderman, son-in-law to Stanberry came and took a seat beside me. In a few minutes two of the Commissioners, Lightliger and Gillespie came in and sat opposite us. I had no conversation with either though Alderman and myself sat and talked long after they had gone out. I observed they watched me narrowly. After dinner I went to see Frank Dickey and from there to the depot where I took train for Stockport. A deep weariness pervaded my entire being. At Stockport I found the claim

Sept

and satisfied with the results of my stubborn fight but still dissatisfied with my methods, which alone had won their victory. The unfairness and ingratitude of this people is steeling my heart against them. I am growing to hate the place more heartily than ever before. It would be a stupid person who could not see the magnitude of my work - its difficulty - the heartless lack of support - nay, even the bitter opposition I was compelled to overcome to win this fight, and this opposition, bitter, unreasonable and absurd coming from those whose interests were common with mine. I won their fight for them in spite of them. Without me there would have been no fight and with me, sick, weak, almost fainting, but victorious there was no sense of gratitude. These people are fit for pirates provided their combined courage were millions multiplied.

I went to John McSwords's, got a basin of water, took a bath and started quietly for Mellor's where I again hoped to rest. At the depot I met Tom McHugh, good-hearted Tom, whose kindness seemed so refreshing among the ungrateful crowd. He enquired where I was going and would not consent that I walk. He went himself, brought a team and drove me to Mellor's. There I met with the old-time kindness - a light but tasteful repast was brought in and here among my friends I ate and rested and felt almost at home. At ten I retired and got some refreshing sleep. Of course it was broken, but it was free from the noise, and fume and disagreeable atmosphere of Stockport. God bless these people for their kindness to me under trying circumstances.

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Fri. 6. I got some good sleep last night though it was broken. This morning we had a good tasteful, pretty breakfast and I enjoyed it. after which we talked till ten-thirty. Then went to see Mamie Townsend and cheered her up all I could. Came back to Mellor's for dinner. Then went to Henry Blackmer's where we talked for two hours and then to C.A. Buck's where I met and examined Ida and prescribed and then to Tim Blackmer's where I remained till sunset. The news of the Assasination of McKinley has just reached the people here and fills them with consternation and grief. I returned to Mellor's and stayed all night. Mrs. Mellor is as kind to me as if I were one of her family

Sat. 7. I started to Mt. Olivet. Climbed the long hill to Cabinville. It seemed so big and so long and I was so weary. The sun was hot and I sweat profusely. I went across the hills climbing the fences and reaching the road at the old Mummey place. Then I walked down to the church and sat down on the base of the monument by the graves of my little ones. I rested a long time. Then I got up and weeded out the little graves. It was pleasing to see the flowers some one had planted and which had grown up and were in full bloom. The ~~vines~~ I planted in June were growing nicely and the roses were still green though having a hard struggle for their lives. It was refreshing to think the little graves had been cared for in my absence. God bless the hand that plants and waters flowers there. I sat and wrote in my note book and rested

Sept. and then went on to Mary's at 11 A.M. I was so weak I lay down on the floor and rested. Spent nearly all the afternoon on the floor. In the eve near sunset the pain subsided somewhat though it never left me. I took this opportunity to write to Annie. At night I had some good naps but much pain.

Sun. 8. Very smoky with mist over all the hills. Set off to Stockport lest it rain and keep me I stopped at Mr. Spicer's but did not go in. He lives in the old school-house which I last attended. He has moved it into the middle of the grove where we played ball. The great oak which served as one of the bases has been recently cut down. The pen looked remarkably small and looking back I am more surprised than ever before how I managed so cleverly to avoid being struck by the ball in that small place. Once I recall there were fifty throws at me in succession not one of which touched me though often only a few feet from the thrower. I recognized many of the old trees and walked slowly away through them with a feeling of regret like I was parting from old friends. I walked on stopping occasionally to rest. The peach trees along my way were breaking with beautiful luscious peaches which I dare not eat. To assuage my thirst I sucked the juice from one as I walked on. On the hill near Stockport I met Levi Galbreath who told me McKinley still lived.

Sept. I went on to town and rested and wrote letters
Went to Central Hotel and tried to eat. It
seems to do little good. After dinner I
went to the graveyard which is sadly
neglected. Then down through the thicket
of briars and bushes to the stream and
up to the place where years ago I had planted
willows slips to save the bank. They are
great trees now and though it no longer
concerns me financially it was a pleasure
to see the marked victory which attested
the soundness of my plan which I
was assured could not succeed. I rested
in the shade on a great rock which had
been turned over by the rasping torrent
and then went down to call on Sue. She
and Rose were together. Stopped at Linnie's
and at John McSwords's. How strange
and chill and distant and reserved they
all seem. I go to Central Hotel and sleep.
Have a better room and get better rest.

Mon. 9. Up early, hurry around and give power of
attorney to C. H. McDermott to act in my
place at the next meeting of County Com-
missioners. Went to John McSwords's and asked
him if were willing to go on my bond as
the Commissioners desired. He talked indiffer-
ently though he consented. I told him to
let it rest until I notified him determined
in my own heart that he should not
feel that I were under any obligation to
him for such a favor though I had done
him many greater. I left him, walked
to his house a few steps away got my
sachel and as I had two bowls of water and
the use of the garret to bathe in I gave

Sept. them twenty-five cents against his wife's protest and hurried on to the station where I took train at 7:52 A.M. I never left Stockport with such satisfaction. It seemed to me to be growing smaller and smaller, meaner and meaner all the time. Reached Zanesville and took train in thirty minutes to Columbus. Thank God I am out of the dear old valley.
At Columbus at 11:50 Got dinner and hunted up Brad. Then went to his home at 251 Park Avenue. The weather is very fine. Myriads of ferocious mosquitos keep up a constant attack. I stayed all night. Suffered a good deal. I like their new home which fronts on a narrow park.

Tu. 10. The rain last night gives us a good atmosphere. I got up early and took a long walk before breakfast. Then came with Brad over to High St. and went on to Worthington. Cool and cloudy. I spent the day looking over Worthington and talking to the people. Took dinner at the Central Hotel. In the afternoon walked toward Columbus looking at property and making inquiries. Walked nearly to Clintonville and took car to city. Got supper and went to Brad's. I am very weary. I have walked so much today.

Wed. 11. My hard walking yesterday made me sleep better last night. Started to Westerville and changed my notion. Took car to the end of line on High St. near Olentangy Park and walked on to Clintonville examining and inquiring about property. Then walked back

Sept. to city and got dinner and then took car to Worthington. There I talked with Mr. Lewis the merchant who gave me much needed information. Mr. Bruzan, a kind old French man took much pains to show me about and get information for me. Then returned to Columbus and got supper and at 5:4 started for Cincinnati, where we arrived at 9:40 P.M. At 11 P.M. got a ten cent lunch and fifteen minutes later got off for Nashville. It was raining steadily and rained all night. The car was crowded, smoky and disagreeable. The trip was very tiresome.

Th. 12. The sun was shining brightly when I reached Nashville. Took the street car and reached home at half past nine. I was very weary and tried to rest. At last I am home from my terrible trip and free from the annoyances frets and cares of the worst trip I have ever endured. I want to rest and get strong enough for active duty as soon as possible. Later in day I went see Mr. Johns.

Fri. 13. I spend the day at reading and writing and resting with some attention to patients.

Sat. 14. I resume my writing. The tolling of the bells at 2:30 this morning announced the death of President McKinley. The day is dull and lowery and I work into my old harness which have lain idle since my departure.

Sun. 15. The day is spent in reading. Late in afternoo

Sept. visit some patients.

Mon. 16. I continue my writing, still suffering but growing some stronger. The children all away at school today.

Tu. 17. The same Went to city and walked a good deal and then walked home which exhausted me very much. I can scarcely wait to get strong and it is little wonder that I am weak. My will walks in advance of my power.

Wed. 18. Spent the day at writing and doing a few little turns.

Th. 19. The same.

Fri. 20. Cool and brilliant with some clouds. I write and work and read.

Sat. 21. I worked in shop most of day. Wrote two pages.

Sun. 22. Brilliant day. Read and visit patients. In the evening Annie and I took a walk.

Mon. 23 Attended some patients and wrote and worked in shop.

Tu. 24. The same.

Wed. 25. Went to city in the forenoon. Worked and wrote in the afternoon.

Th. 26. Writing and entertaining callers.

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Fri. 27. The same.

Sat. 28. Rainy. Worked in shop and wrote and read.

Sun. 29. Bright and clear. Read in forenoon. In P.M. Annie and I called on Mr Kelly and family.

Mon 30 Worked in shop, wrote and late in P.M went with Mrs Hart to see her sick husband.

Oct.
Tu. 1 Went to city to try to save some money for Mrs Wormley. It was too late. In P.M. Annie and I drove to Mrs Hart's.

Wed. 2 Put in bridge at barn and wrapped water pipe. Tired tonight.

Th. 3 Trimmed trees attended patient, wrote letters.

Fr. 4 The same.

Sat 5 Worked in shop most of day. Am so sad and do not know why. A heavy gloom hangs over me I cannot dispel.

Sun. 6. A very beautiful day. It is our wedding anniversary. While Annie prepared a good dinner I wrote a few lines commemorative of the day which I entitled "Together." After dinner we walked out to see Mr. Dawson's house which is building, but were soon called home by a patient.

Together. 6 Oct. 1901

How fast the years have flown
How strong their loves have grown
Since you and I beneath a sky
Of golden autumn weather
Stood on the strand and hand in hand
Pledged life and love together.

How fast the years have flown
But their memories are ~~grown~~
With pictures fair and rich and rare
Of work and word and token -
Of evening talks and pleasant walks
With life and love unbroken.

How fast the years have flown
While you and I have grown
To know and prove a deeper love
Nor life, nor death can sever.
So hand in hand we take our band
And worship God together.

How fast the years have flown!
How quickly come and gone!
Each had its share of blessings rare -
Each had its golden tether.
God keep our fold with love untold -
He keeps us still together.

How fast the years have flown!
When other years have come
And Autumn days have brought the haze
O'er stream and hill and heather,
We'll take band and hand in hand
We'll worship God together.


A Birthday Greeting.

Helen Gatewood
Oct 13, 1901 -
"In memory of dear
little Helen -

Mon. 7. Worked in shop and attended patients. Wrote a little.

Tu. 8. The same.

Wed. 9. The same.

Th. 10. Wrote most of day.

Fri. 11. Worked in shop in forenoon and in afternoon wrote some & entertained callers.

Sat. 12. Very rainy. Went to city in forenoon to see Mr. Glenn. After an annoying conference and accomplishing nothing I came home and worked in shop till night.

Sun. 13. Wrote in forenoon. In the afternoon we took our usual walk. In the night called to attend Mrs. Estes close by.

Mon. 14. Worked in the shop. Also went to city.

Tu. 15. Went to city to see Mrs. Varley. Worked in shop in afternoon.

Wed. 16. Called out at day to go to Varley's on Summer Walked back at noon and resumed my work at the bench in the afternoon I am much better pleased with the quiet work at the bench than in any professional labor. In fact it annoys me to call me from it.

Th. 17. Wrote and worked in the shop all day. At night Annie & Wesley and I walke

Oct. to tabernacle and back to hear the John Thomas concert Co. The violin performance was very fine. When returned we took a piece of bread and butter each and sat and talked and ate and enjoyed our quiet evening alone together. Surely God is very good to us both in the quality and number of our blessings.

Fri. 18. Worked in shop and about the place. The weather is perfect. In the night called to Varley's and got home near morning.

Sat. 19. Worked in shop a while in the morning, wrote a while and played with Hettie for a little while to her great delight. I do not play with her very often as I used to do with Helen. Now I dream of Helen night after night. I expect I should play more with the little girl who remains and must often be lonesome. One trouble is I grow impatient to accomplish a good deal when I begin and cling too long to my work taking too little time for enjoyment. I enjoy my walks and evening talks with Annie and ought to enjoy more plays with the children perhaps.

Sun. 20. Another perfect day. Such days are innumerable arguments in favor of a Divine Creator. The children go to Sunday school while I read the morning paper or dictate while Annie posts my daily journal.

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Mon. 21. Went to the city in the forenoon to see Dr Mathews. Walked back calling on Mrs. Kirkwood. In the afternoon worked a inlaying a table top.

Tu. 22. A beautiful day and I continue my inlaying with frequent interruptions

Wed. 23. Waited on patients, worked in shop and took a long stroll late in the evening, looking for a rustic foot piece for one of my tables. I found one and sawed it down by moonlight but it was too heavy to carry home. The fine weather and crisp air seem to invigorate me and I walked home with a feeling that I was possibly stronger than last year.

~~Th~~ ~~24.~~ This is my fifty-sixth birth-day. The day has been ideal and I hope this is a good omen of my future. I do not know that I am accomplishing much I have little ambition except to be useful to my family and the world. I think I am more trustful than ever before. Together with my own dear wife we plan a future little knowing what it may have or hold. With God's blessing we will go on planning, writing and trusting as before.

Th. 24. I go on with my work which is quite an enjoyment to me and when I stop I resume my writing on my story. Only a Christian.

Fri. 25. The same. The glorious weather continues The leaves are beautiful. To me the yard was never so pretty before.

Oct. After dinner I took another long walk, cut an elm foot-piece for one of my tables put it on my shoulder and carried it a mile without resting. I again enjoyed the walk. I always enjoy autumn weather. I think I enjoy as keenly as at any period of my life. The smell of the woods is almost intoxicating to me.

Sat. 26. I worked all day at my rustic table foot, stopping only to mend two pairs of shoes.

Sun. 27. Raining in the morning. Spent most of day in reading. In the afternoon took a long walk.

Mon. 28. I took a long hunt in the forenoon for a rustic foot-piece and secured one out near Maple-wood which I brought home and worked upon till night.

Tu. 29. Again roamed the woods till noon. In the afternoon worked up a pretty design from a small scrubby elm.

Wed. 30. Worked in shop and entertained some callers.

Th. 31. Went to town in the forenoon. In the afternoon I worked in shop.

Nov.

Fri. 1. Worked in shop and wrote and varnished.

Sat. 2. Went to city in the forenoon and wrote in the afternoon.

Nov.

Sun. 3. The ideal weather seems to be breaking up. A strong disagreeable wind from the South and a cloudy sky replace the balmy sunshine of yesterday. Read and walk most of day. Took a long walk in the P.M. & came home just before a dull cold rain set in.

Mon. 4. Bright and cold. Did some varnishing and some work in the shop and wrote some on the last chapter of my story.

Tu. 5. Cool but bright. To drive my wolf away I busied myself with odd turns and writing in the forenoon and in the afternoon went with Annie to the Vendome to see Louis James and Madame Mojeska in Shylock. We walked stopping at the Fourth National Bank. Gatewood and Cornel came also from the High School at its close. I was disappointed in the play though I had not expected to see a great Shylock in Mr. James. He is cut out for the heavy drama. As usual he did his part with punctilious care, but when he attempts to play Shylock it is a game against nature — a battle against James and James remained. As Portia Mojeska utterly fails to reach the high excellence she exhibits in Lady Macbeth. Her voice has materially changed within a year or two and lacks the clear and vibrant quality of old. It is scarcely probable she could attain high excellence as Portia. Her mental make up and conception of the character is at variance with long established & accepted authority.

Nov. She is remaining too long on the stage or failing to adapt her self to the best place. We walked home against dark.

Wed. 6. Spent most of day at writing. Worked awhile in shop.

Th. 7. Again in battle with the wolf. My night was full of horrors. Two or three times I felt as if I could breathe no longer. I spent a good part of day strolling over the hills in the bright sunshine trying to get rid of my enemy. I could not drive it off but dulled its teeth. Wrote a little in the afternoon.

Fri. 8. The weather is still bright. I work and write by turns.

Sat. 9. The same.

Sun. 10. Bright and beautiful. Spent the forenoon in reading. It is very warm. Took a walk about noon but did not go as far as usual because it was too warm to be pleasant walking. Late in P.M. we took the old barouche and all went for a drive.
At night we walked to the tabernacle to hear Jas. I. Vance.

Mon. 11. Still warm and beautiful. Worked in the shop and wrote

Tu. 12. The beautiful weather continues. I walk to town, purchase some books at an auction, walked home and worked in shop till night.

Wed. 13. Framed "Jack and Mildred", a picture Helen used to admire, went to see Mrs. Scott and did some varnishing.

Th. 14. Worked in shop and waited on patients.

Fri. 15. Cold and disagreeable. Wrote part of day and worked part.

Sat. 16. Bright cold and crisp. Annie and I drove to town in the forenoon. In afternoon finished my new rustic table with one hundred sets and varnished it. It is quite pretty being inlaid with ten different kinds of wood of different colors.

Sun. 17. The coldest morning we have had this winter, but bright and beautiful. Spent most of day in reading. Took a long walk to lock and dam and back through country. At night went to hear Mr. Jacobs at Woodland St. Presbyterian Church.

Mon. 18. Wrote and worked about the house and read. Some rain.

Tu. 19. Spent the day entertaining callers and doing some light jobs of work.

Wed. 20. Went to the city in the forenoon. In the afternoon wrote and worked a little in shop.

Th. 21. In the forenoon wrote and entertained company. In the afternoon chopped some wood and read.

Fri. 22. Windy and disagreeable. Mrs. Walter Penno

Nov. here. In the afternoon fitted up a pair of shoes for Edward.

Sat. 23. I have a deep cold which quite unfits me for business. My wolf gnaws away and my right side is quite painful. I worked a little in shop, did some writing and wrote a letter.

Sun. 24. Called out of bed in the morning to go to Thomas Dawson's. Rode out with him in his buggy and walked home. Spent the forenoon in reading the papers.

Mon. 25. Worked in the shop.

Tu. 26. The same. At night Annie & I walked to tabernacle to hear A. W. Hawks, the laughing philosopher.

Wed. 27. Went to the city in the forenoon and in the afternoon worked and wrote.

Th. 28. Thanksgiving day. A beautiful day, warm and sunny. Took the children and went for a long walk stopping to see the men working at the locks and going on up Page Creek, cut a foot-piece for a table which I carried home, where Annie had prepared a fine goose which we all enjoyed. After dinner Annie and I took a short walk and brought home another foot-piece.

Fri. 29. In the forenoon Annie and I took a long walk into the country. In the afternoon worked in shop.

Sat. 30. Still bright and warm. In the forenoon

Dec. went with Wesley and Hettie to town. In the afternoon did some rustic work in the yard.

Sun. 1. The beautiful weather continues. Spent the forenoon in entertaining company and reading.

Mon. 2. Rainy. Emptied the tank worked some abou shop and wrote.

Tu. 3. Went to see Mrs. Scott, worked in shop and spent part of evening with Mr. Overby planning our suit with John C. Glenn. At night Anni and I walked to tabernacle and heard a fine lecture by William Hawley Smith. His subje was "We, the People" and he treated modern educational methods unsparingly. We walked back together discussing lecture and the future of our children.

Wed. 4. Colder and disagreeable. Spent most of day in writing letters and a brief for our law suit.

Th. 5. It has sifted snow all day. I have spent nearly the whole day in writing.

Fri. 6. Writing, reading and working in shop.

Sat. 7. The snow is gone and the city the muddiest I have ever seen it. Went to the city in the forenoon and tried to sell my last house on Lischey Av. at a very low price. Came home disappointed to find the remittance from my long delayed bridge claim in Ohio

Dec. had been sent me by the lawyer who had robbed me of $100. with the most brazen affrontery. Yet I thank God this long fight is ended. He has been so good to me I should not complain. This fight has lasted a dozen years yet as in most of my fights He has given me a victory. It was warm in the afternoon and I worked in the shop. At night Annie and I sat and talked and planned for the future till one o'clock. These long evenings seem strange perhaps yet there is a pleasure in feeling they belong to us alone and are mutually prized. When they are broken they will not come again. They enable us to put the world outside or to one side and live over together whatever is dear to us. Their tendency is to make home sacred and to renew the memories of the past. We can always look back upon them with pleasure. They also carry a divine blessing whereby God fits us better into each others lives.

Sun. 8. Warmer. In the forenoon we talked and read and posted up the journal. In the afternoon had some company.

Mon. 9. Rainy and disagreeable. I worked some in shop and went to city.

Tu. 10. Worked in shop and helped Annie begin copy of my story "Only a Christian". The task looks to me onerous and unpromising, yet I am doing it without a selfish motive, neither wishing nor expecting a personal benefit beyond the

Dec. pleasure of attempting to do a last something to benefit some one else. I began it without ambition and have restrained every thing that would seem to me inconsistent with the scope and purpose of a story which would be even in a humble way representative of Christian character. I am not ambitiously solicitous of its fate but feel as if led on to its preparation. I have made no effort at literary display if that were possible but rather to write a plain and simple story which would seem to me consistent with the influence of Christian character and Christian life and influence as displayed under different and difficult circumstances in different persons displaying different characteristics. It has been to me a pleasure to contemplate a mental picture of Christian influence on persons of varied age, condition and character and I can not expect the companionship of any other person with these creations to be as pleasant and realistic as my own. I felt great reluctance in permitting my wife to assume the labor of transcribing all these pages which might prove only a profitless drudgery and personally should have preferred to accept the task myself but for the assurance of her pleasure in joining with me in this unselfish effort to do a possible good. Whatever be the result, if it benefit no one else our pleasant associations in its preparation may in some sense, I hope, recompense her for a labor which was not prompted by hope of reward. Should I live we will finish it together. Together we will recall it as a work of love. Together we will contemp

Dec. whatever influence we may perceive from its mission. Together we will asks God's blessing upon it as I have done upon every page. In this spirit we will commit it to its mission.

Wed. 11. Worked in the shop. At night went to hear Rev. Larimore at Foster St. Christian church.

Th. 12. Worked with the water-pipes in forenoon. Then we resumed our copy work, I dictating and correcting, Annie transcribing.

Fri. 13. Wrote in the forenoon. In afternoon worked in shop and wrote letter. Very stormy and turning cold.

Sat. 14. Some snow and quite cold and windy. Did a little out-door work and read.

Sun. 15. Cold but bright. Read and wrote.

Mon. 16. Very cold with some snow. We could do little but sit by the fire and read and write. I dictated and Annie wrote for about three hours on the manuscript of my story.

Tu. 17. Went to see Mrs. Scott in the morning. Later in day in day to see Lucy Stiles. A fine snow is sifting and the thermometer is near zero F. We spend two hours at writing as on yesterday.

Wed. 18. Still very cold and we pursue the beaten path of the last two days — carrying in and burning coal and writing manuscript.

Th. 19. The same. It is still colder.

 1901. Dec.

Fri. 20. The coldest day of all, -2.4°F. We continue our writing. In the afternoon Annie and I walked to city selected some Christmas goods and came home after night enjoying the walk both ways.

Sat. 21. The cold is abating. The boys go to the brick yard pond to skate. We do some writing with many interruptions. At night the boys return to the pond and skate till ten o'clock.

Sun. 22. Disagreeable south wind. Turning warmer. Read most of day.

Mon. 23. Worked in the shop. Wrote in forenoon.

Tu. 24. Went to the city in the morning and bought the regulation goose for Christmas. Came back and worked in shop making a doll-bed for Hettie for the morrow. By hard rushing I completed a little piece of my work for each one of the family as a Christmas present. To Hettie, I gave a rustic-doll-bed. To Wesley, a ruler made from East India mahogany; to Gatewood, a draftsman's triangle, made from black walnut; to Connel, a small wooden square made from bodock; to Annie, an inlaid rustic table, the top of walnut, the foot-piece of an elm in which the branches were twined about the legs making it all of one piece while the top being inlaid with many kinds of wood was composed of one hundred pieces. I thought it would be appropriate while I could still work a little to give each of them a sample of my work. In the evening the children had an entertainment in which the families of Prof. Webb and Turner joined.

Dec. It was a simple program consisting of original speeches, recitations, songs and music on the piano. After they had gone Annie and I prepared the things for the children in the morning and talked away till after the midnight whistles all over the city had announced Christmas.

Wed. 25. Attended some patients, worked in shop and read and entertained company.

Th. 26. Looking after patients, working in shop, reading and writing.

Fri. 27. Attended some patients and dictated while Annie wrote.

Sat. 28. Rainy and cold. Worked most of day in shop.

Sun. 29. Raw and disagreeable. Went to see Mr. Utley on the White's Creek pike. Visited some other patients and listened while Annie read "The Man from Glengarry". At night the reading was resumed and after the children had gone to bed she finished the book though it took till after midnight. We were very much pleased with the book and enjoy these evenings together as few people do.

Mon. 30. Attended some patients and dictated while Annie wrote. Having been up a good part of last night I lay down and took a nap in the afternoon. The weather is very disagreeable.

Tu. 31. Warmer. Worked in shop and looked after patients.

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Wed. 1. Walked to city and back and had a very disappointing trip. On my return I worked a little while, looked after my patients and in afternoon went to matinee and witnessed the "pastoral play "Way down East". It was elegantly staged and for the most part finely portrayed. We enjoyed it very much.

Th. 2. Looked after my patients and dictated while Annie wrote.

Fri. 3. The same.

Sat. 4. Windy and disagreeable. Went to see a sick child in morning, then went to Mr. Utley's with his son who brought me back again after which I worked for an hour in shop and then walked with Annie and the two older boys to the Grand to see "Virginius". After it was over did some shopping and walked home and looked after patients till midnight.

Sun. 5. Beautiful weather. Spent the day at reading and writing.

Mon. 6. I am suffering very much and can get little relief by changing from one thing to another I mange to put in the time at reading, letter writing and a little work in shop.

Tu. 7. Dictated while Annie wrote. Worked some in shop and went to Turner's for a little while in the evening.

Wed. 8. Still dictating and doing a little work between times.

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Th. 9. Went to see Mrs. Scott in the morning, came back very much exhausted. We continue our writing. Walter Pennock came in the evening and brought Edward, whose feet are improving decidedly.

Fri. 10. Still quite lame. Went to city, paid premium on life assurance, went to several real estate firms and listed property and after a disagreeable and painful walk about the city came home and gladly resumed my place at the work-bench.

Sat. 11. Cold, keen wind. Went to see Mr. Utley in forenoon. In afternoon worked in shop.

Sun. 12. Bright but cold and windy. I read nearly all day.

Mon. 13. Cold. Dictated while Annie wrote. Worked a little in shop.

Tu. 14. The same.

Wed. 15. Warmer. Worked in shop and entertained company.

Th. 16. Dictated while Annie wrote. At night took Gatewood and Cornell and walked both ways to hear Prof. Foster lecture at the tabernacle on liquid air.

Fri. 17. Still transcribing our story. Finished another rustic table also.

Sat. 18. Rained hard nearly all day. In the morning went to the country to see Mr. Utley.

Jan. Came home in the chill driving rain which reminded me of the years in the past when I spent my winters in the saddle and had my cheek to almost every storm. In the afternoon worked in the shop. At night we chatted till midnight. Cornel retired at ten after loosing four games of chess with which he is infatuated.

Sun. 19. Bright again. The day was spent between patients, callers and the papers.

Mon. 20. Looked after patients and dictated while Annie wrote.

Tu. 21. The same.

Wed. 22. The same.

Th. 23. Worked some in shop, waited on patients.

Fri. 24. Resumed our transcribing but had many interruptions.

Sat. 25. Rainy and disagreeable in the morning. Went to Mr. Utley's with his son and returned to find a call to goto J. C. Morrison's to see a Mrs. Wilson ninety years old. In less than twenty minutes I was at her bedside. I walked both ways. Returning visited other patients and worked in shop till dark.

Sun. 26. I was kept busy with patients and spent two hours removing powder from Thomas Hart's face. After dinner Annie and I drove to J. C. Morrison's to see Mrs. Wilson

Jan. and returning stopped to see Mrs. Cowley. The weather is very disagreeable.

Mon. 27. Cold this morning and ground white with sleet and snow. In the face of a keen wind from the North I walked to J.C. Morrison's and found Mrs. Wilson much better. On my return we resumed our work on the manuscript of my story but were frequently interrupted.

Tu. 28. A duplicate of yesterday. I went to Morrison's, stopping on my way back at Strange's and at Prof. Wright's. It began raining before I reached home. Worked awhile on manuscript and visited Mrs. Turner.

Wed. 29. Dictated and read and worked a little in shop.

Th. 30. The same. Went to see Mrs. R.L. Wright on Dickerson pike before breakfast. After breakfast went to see Mrs. W. I. Hudson. On my return we took up the manuscript work again till dinner. After dinner worked in shop till night then walked to see Mrs. Smith on Trinity Heights.

Fri. 31. We resumed our work in the preparation of manuscript. We have many interruptions but work along a little together steadily wearing away the pile before us. Whether it will have a future use or not is difficult to forecast. Sometimes I go into the shop and work awhile while Annie works off her household duties and then we resume our joint labors. Of course we are novices

Feb. and can only expect the novice's reward. Yet God can make that great or small and we will accept His dispensation. If no other reward comes out of it we will have the pleasure of feeling that we spent many hours together pleasantly while preparing it.

Sat. 1. A dull disagreeable day with many interruptions. We spent a part at writing, a part at entertaining. The boys went to the city to see the Schley parade and late in afternoon I went to Mr. Utley's, returning a little after dark.

Sun. 2. Cold and windy. Spent the day at home with books and papers.

Mon. 3. Cold and disagreeable. We resume our work at transcribing.

Tu. 4. Dictated in the forenoon and in afternoon went out to see Mr. Utley. Also worked a little while in shop.

Wed. 5. Walked to city in the forenoon and on returning worked with manuscript awhile and in shop awhile.

Th. 6. Called out in night to Wm. J. Hitt's. Came home for breakfast, then returned and stayed till noon. In afternoon went to City with Earnest Curtis to release mortgage and surrender notes. In evening played chess with the boys.

Fri. 7. Wrote in the forenoon. In afternoon went to Mr. Utley's.

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Sat. 8. Worked in shop most of day.

Sun. 9. Cold. Spent most of day at reading and writing.

Mon. 10 We resumed our revision of manuscript, Annie doing the writing and I the revising and dictating. When she was called to other duties I worked in the shop.

Tu. 11. The same. Quite cold.

Wed. 12. Wrote looked after patients and worked in shop in forenoon. In afternoon Annie and I walked to Masonic theater to see the Old Homestead. It is a clean, wholesome representation of rural New England life with its author in the title role. Sixteen years of constant playing in the leading role has made Denman Thompson, its author, bear the same relation to it that Joe Jefferson does to Rip Van Winkle. He simply lives in it and walks naturally through it. We enjoyed it very much as well as the walk both ways.

Th. 13. Went to the city in the forenoon. In the afternoon worked in the shop.

Fri. 14. A heavy snow descended all day. We resumed our writing and with occasional runs to the shop the day was put in chiefly at clerical work in doors. It quit snowing about 9 P.M. having reached a depth of 9½ in.

Sat. 15. Warmer and melting. Went to see Mr. Utley. On my return worked in shop till night.

Sun. 16. Reading and writing letters.

Feb.

Mon. 17. In the forenoon went to the city and called on Col. Champion who is a member of the park commission to ascertain the conditions upon which they were taking options for parks. I have been thinking of offering my place to be considered among others. I came back and we wrote some and then I worked awhile in the shop.

Tu. 18. The same. I called in addition today on Maj. E. C. Lewis, chairman of the Commission. Had an interesting chat and learned the particulars of the movement. Came home and prepared a plat and description of the property. At night Annie and I walked to the tabernacle and back to hear the Mendelsohn Quartette Co. The walk was pleasant and the performance interesting.

We

Wed. 19. ~~In the~~ forenoon we resumed work on manuscript, Annie writing, I, correcting and dictating. In the afternoon went to Mrs Adams' at the request of Miss Bancom who wished to look at an adjoining house. The rain and snow kept from filling the engagement and I came back disappointed.

Th. 20. Worked at manuscript and in shop.

Fri. 21. Worked in shop and went to see Mr. Utley in the forenoon. In the afternoon wrote and worked in shop.

Sat. 22. A beautiful day and snow melting rapidly. I worked all day in shop except a little while spent with patients. At night, the Boys Twentieth Century Club held its meeting

Sat. 22 here, at which they delivered original speeches and discussed the Nicaraguan Canal, sang, ate plenty of refreshments, made plenty of noise, had a good time and left before midnight. All the guests seemed to enjoy themselves and many thanked us for the pleasant evening they had passed. After they had gone, Annie and I talked till one o'clock in the morning and then went to bed.

Sun. 23. Warmer. Went to see Mrs. Hudson in the morning. Returning read till noon. Spent the afternoon with books and papers.

Mon. 24. Rainy. Went to city in the morning, called on Miss Bascom and made an appointment to look at house No. 1106 Lischey Av. at 3 P.M. In afternoon showed her the house which she accepted. Late in evening went to city and got blank deed and notes. At night played a few games of chess with Wesley and Connel.

Tu. 25. Went to city in forenoon and in afternoon resumed work on manuscript.

Wed. 26. Annie and I walked to city and back after signing papers transferring the house on Lischey Avenue to Miss Bascom. On my return I was driven to Thomas Hart's and returned at dark. Got my dinner and driven by Mr. Utley's son to his house on the White's Creek pike.

Th. 27. Rainy. Went to city and prepared aparatus for Edward Pennock. Returned and worked in shop till night.

Fri. 28. Resumed work on manuscript and in shop after trimming trees on the property sold to Miss Bouncom. Mr. Pennock and Edward went home this morning.

Mar.

Sat. 1. Worked most of the day in shop. Bright day.

Sun. 2. Windy and disagreeable. Spent forenoon entertaining callers and reading. In the afternoon visited patients.

Mon. 3. In the forenoon was driven to Utley's on White's Creek pike. In the afternoon worked in shop.

Tu. 4. Attended to a number of small duties, worked awhile at manuscript and awhile in shop.

Wed. 5. Worked on manuscript and in shop.

Th. 6. Drove to J. C. Morrison's and took him with me to visit Mr. Hart. We drove first to Mr. Tarpley's to meet Dr. Elliston in consultation. Got home a little after noon. Resumed our writing and finished the day in the shop.

Fri. 7. Resumed work on manuscript but had many interruptions. Spent part of day in shop.

Sat. 8. Worked all day in shop except two hours given to professional duties.

Sun. 9. Very bright and beautiful. Spent part of day with patients and a part with books and papers.

Mon. 10. Went to city in forenoon to procure some man-

Mar. nuscript paper to match that already used. Had to get it prepared and trimmed. Came home at noon and worked in the shop in the afternoon.

Tu. 11. Did some writing, worked some in shop. and spent some time with callers. At night we went to Tabernacle to hear Ellery's Royal Italian Band. The most interesting feature of this band is its extraordinary director, Guiseppe Creatore, probably the greatest musical enthusiast in the country. He is an ordinary-looking Italian of quiet and dreamy appearance until he takes the baton, when he seems immediately to be transformed into a very demon of music. His very soul seems to be wrought up with the most vivid fancy. He rushes about the stage, bends earnestly over his players, gesticulates in their faces, turning suddenly from one section to another, using his entire body as well as his baton to give expression to his intense musical passion. Sometimes he is exquisitely graceful, at others, extremely furious and demonstrative. His players seem to be in sympathy with him and his control of them is marvelous. Some-times the sweep of his baton is as graceful and light as that of a thistle-down in the air. Sometimes, it reminds one of the desperate energy of a victorious swordsman in the climax of an encounter. His performers have all been carefully selected from well-trained Italian Bands. He commands the closest attention and

Mar. rouses the deepest enthusiasm. We enjoyed the performance very much and walked home discussing it.

Wed. 12. Worked on manuscript a while but spent much of day with patients and callers. Worked a little while in shop.

Th. 13. We finished our labors on the manuscript of the story "Only a Christian", then we sat and discussed our joint labors upon it- its bare possibilities, its purposes and our joint hopes and wishes in regard to it. So far it has been a labor of love and together we have spent many hours over it discussing its scope, application lessons and possible interest to others. It may never take any other form than it now possesses and if so the time has not been wholly lost for out of it has grown many pleasures and its purpose has been pure and single and unselfish. I have tried to avoid any impurity of thought or sentiment in it and to make it consistent with a simple, central idea, the influence of Christianity. Time alone will tell whether I shall have succeeded in making a single individual better by having written it. In the hand of Him who can develop the largest growths from the smallest seeds I leave it to await His will. If it shall have in the end made one person nobler or better my labor will not be lost.

In the afternoon I resumed my work in the shop. At night we took Hettie and Wesley and went to the last en-

Mar. tertainment of the Italian band. The audience was packed and intensely sympathetic. The applause was often deafening. The encores were numerous, peculiar and rare. Creatore seemed impressed with the desire to please them and exibited the intelligence of an angel and the energy of a fiend. As the entertainment drew near its close the audience became wild with the passion he had aroused. At the conclusion he gave a medley of patriotic airs which so wrought upon the audience that at times the heavy music of the band was almost drowned by the thunder of applause. Men yelled, stamped, pounded with their canes, swung their hats in the air while women cheered, mounting on seats, waving handkerchiefs and fans and indulging in the wildest enthusiasm. All were delighted. We walked home a little before midnight.

Fri. 14. Spent part of the day in reading and examining manuscript and part of the day at work. At night walked to tabernacle and back with the two older boys to hear Prof. De Motte deliver a very eloquent lecture on heredity. As of old I was appointed as story-teller and it was my duty to tell stories all the way there and back.

Sat. 15. Spent part of day with patients and part in shop.

Sun. 16. Bright and sunny. Spent most of day in reading.

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Mon. 17. Worked in the shop and waited on patients.

Tu. 18. Waited on some patients in the forenoon. In the afternoon Annie and I walked to the Masonic to see Lewis Morrison in Faust. Considering his great reputation for Mephistophelean acting his production was quite disappointing. It lacked the subtile calculation, the intense sentiment, the insinuation and animus one would naturally expect to find, While some parts were fairly executed it had a stereotyped and weary quality as if the actor had become tired of it and no longer played with zest and enthusiasm. It was like an ancient matter of course. One or two of his support did fairly. Most of the performance I had seen better done. I shall not wish to see it again. I do not care for the play even from a classical standpoint and it was only the reputation of Lewis Morrison that induced me to go.

Wed. 19. Worked about shop and revised manuscript.

Th. 20. The same. At night Annie and I walked to Ward's Seminary to a musical entertainment representing selections from different operas. The hall was jammed and we stood throughout the performance. Somehow I took a violent cold.

Fri. 21. My cold has grown much worse and I am very hoarse. We proceed with our manuscript with many interruptions and I work some in shop.

Sat. 22. I kept busy all day, most of the time in shop where my close application to a pleasant physical labor deadened the punishment and ache that never left me. I stopped long enough to set a broken arm and dress a broken thumb and see two other patients but withal accomplished more work than usual.

Sun. 23. Warmer. I am still very hoarse and unfit for much else than reading, at which I spent the forenoon.
Took a walk in the afternoon and at night went to the Baptist Church on Meridian St. to hear Mr. Heagle of Jackson, Tenn. give an illustrated lecture on Jerusalem.

Mon. 24. Divided the day between shop work and waiting on patients.

Tu. 25. Went to Mrs. Bang's in the morning and from there over into city to procure seeds. Came back at 10 A.M. Then worked in shop.

Wed. 26. Went to see Mrs. Irvin Hudson, Mrs. Sandling and Mrs. Dorris, then to Joe Brown's nursery and to Wesley Hupp's, returning through the rain. It rained most of afternoon and I continued my work in the shop.

Th. 27. Setting out trees, trimming and cleaning up in yard. At night Gatewood and I went to the Commencement exercises of the Medical department of the University of Nashville.

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Fri. 28. It rained very hard all day. I spent most of time at work in shop.

Sat. 29. A beautiful day. Did some shop work, trimmed vines, &c.

Sun. 30. My deep cold has taken a new lease and makes me feel so wretched I am utterly unfit to do anything than sit by the fire and read. The day is bright but a disagreeable wind prevails.

Mon. 31. Worked in shop, revised manuscript and waited on callers. At night we finished revising the manuscript of the story "Only a Christian"

Apr.

Tu. 1. Finished a table, my last rustic piece and worked some in shop and spent some time with company. Also finished planting some trees.

Wed. 2. Very rainy. Read, wrote and worked in shop by turns. At night walked to the tabernacle to hear Sam Jones but was called out by Mr. Estes to set a broken leg for his son. I came home, got material, went to his house, set the leg and then returned to tabernacle in time to hear all I cared for of Sam's nasty harangue. After services I could not find Annie till I reached the Meridian car. We came home together.

Th. 3. Worked some in shop in forenoon. In afternoon went to election and drug-store.

Fri. 4. I continue my work at the bench making a frame for Helen's picture. My fondness for working with wood and particularly for

Apr. artistic work seems to increase as my ability to do it decreases.
At night we went to hear Leland Powers, the great impersonator in David Garrick. As an impersonator he has few equals.

Sat. 5. I spent most of day at the work-bench.

Sun. 6. It still remains cloudy and cold. Spent most of day at reading. In the afternoon took a walk returning near sunset.

Mon. 7. I spent the cold disagreeable day at little jobs of trimming and cleaning up and reading, working some in shop and some out doors.

Tu. 8. The same. Went to city in the afternoon.

Wed. 9. Still doing odd spring jobs and reading and writing letters. It has grown warmer.

Th. 10. I feel so wretched that I am not capable of any extended effort, but continue my work in the broken and disjointed manner of the past few days.

Fri. 11. Put the day in at work-bench and with books and papers. Packed manuscript of story to have in readiness to send someplace — don't know where. Have written Houghton, Mifflin & Co of Boston in regard to it.

Sat. 12. An exasperating unrest seems to possess me. I can not find contentment or rest

Apr. anywhere. I walked to the city and back in the forenoon and in the afternoon worked in the shop. I do not know why I am so discontented and so restless. I long for something - I don't know what. It somehow seems as if my life and its opportunities were escaping me in a purposeless emptiness of existence. I long to do something of real use and feel as if I was somehow hampered, fettered and environed in such manner that any good work is impracticable. I have tried to be trustful and throughout my life in a general way have been able to carry this purpose farther than most men. Why should I be at sea now? The worst of all is I don't know why. I can not account for the gloom and oppression that seems to be about me and resists my efforts to throw it off. Nothing seems to be of much avail except physical exercise to the point of considerable weariness and this in turn depresses me. I suppose I should be thankful for ability to do what I am doing especially when I reflect that I have not yet spent a whole day in bed. Still I feel that little attacks seems to impress me almost unreasonably. In fact I almost hate myself for yielding in any sense to that which does not send me to bed. I find myself unable to interest myself in things which formerly engaged me pleasantly. Still I see nothing better than to trust on, hope on, and struggle on in some sort of unsatisfactory way. It will come out right at last and I need not be particularly concerned how. Somehow I feel like something

Apr. important is going to transpire which will some way prove decisive. Whatever it may be I must be philosophical. I must trust and fight and wait.

Sun. 13. Bright but windy. Put in most of day at reading. When my eyes pained I walked.

Mon. 14. Feel too badly to do much else than walk about, performing some small turns of work, reading, writing, &c.

Tu. 15. Worked in shop in forenoon while Annie washed. In afternoon we went to the Art exhibit on Summer St. and remained there until 7:30. The display was excellent and we enjoyed the study of the pictures together. Thirty-three of the pictures are the work of Cannoleart who was here Monday. They are a remarkable illustration of his wonderful genius and versatility. He is the most wonderful colorist and exhibits so many excellent peculiarities and takes such wide range of representations that he occupies a field almost alone in versatility. He is the most luminous painter and carries his brilliant expression into so many fields of representation that I doubt if he has a living equal as an all-around painter. I discovered some inaccuracies in his work but its masterful superiority in so many ways made these seem unimportant. We went from the art exhibit to the tabernacle to an entertainment by the Vanderbilt Glee Club and walked home at eleven P.M.

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Wed. 16. Finished a frame for the large steel portrait of Washington Irving which I transferred and hung in library.

Th. 17. I resume my favorite enjoyment at the present time, working at the bench. The weather remains very cool, the foliage appears slowly and everything seems more favorable toward enjoyment at indoor work and my boyish fancy for working with tools in wood asserts itself.

Fri. 18. I continue my work in shop till the boys return from school and then we all four walk to the art gallery where I spend the remainder of the time till 8:30 trying to impart instruction and pleasure to the boys in studying the pictures which we take in groups compare, vote upon and explain our preferences. Had a long and pleasant conversation with the genial and enthusiastic Superintendent, Mr. Thos. Cooley, a man of rare acquirement in art matters and a delightful conversationalist. Mrs. Payson, the secretary was also very courteous and obliging. We started home and were suddenly overtaken by a terrific wind-storm followed by a driving rain. The dust was so blinding that Cornel could not see the way and asked me to take him by the hand. At times I feared we would be carried off our feet. We got home safely, but wet.

Sat. 19. I put in the entire day at work in shop.

Sun. 20. Bright but cool. Spent forenoon at reading. Spent the afternoon with patients and callers.

Apr.

Mon. 21. Worked in shop and about place all day.

Tu. 22. The same. A disagreeable South wind prevails which is most depressing and disastrous. It affects all vegetation seriously.

Wed. 23. In the forenoon worked in garden; in afternoon planted trees and opened a pre-historic grave in the edge of the bottom below the house. These graves are usually found on higher grounds. I discovered this one by accident a few years ago when planting trees. They are strangely arranged. They are covered with stone about eight inches wide and of various thicknesses neatly fitted and all standing on edge. The upper surface of the layer of stone is about ten inches below the surface. These graves usually contain pieces of pottery, battle-axes, arrow-heads, &c. We did not complete our digging but so far have found nothing but a thin layer of very black soil.

Th. 24. In the morning wrote a letter to Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York explaining the purpose and plan of my story "Only a Christian" which they are to examine with a view to publication if accepted. I then took the manuscript to the express office and forwarded it to them, returning with the bronze medallion of Washington after the Houdon model. It is very artistic and we contemplate it with a good deal of pleasure.

At night Annie and I went to the tabernacle and heard a fine lecture by Stafford of Washington City on "Macbeth".

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Fri. 25. In the forenoon I tried to work but ached so badly I lay down for two or three hours. The remainder of the day was spent with patients and visitors. The disagreeable South wind still continues.

Sat. 26. Got up early and found that a little rain had fallen in the night making it practicable to work in the garden which I did until noon. In the afternoon I visited patients and read.

Sun. 27 Bright and beautiful but a little cool. Spent the forenoon in reading and walking about the premises.
In the afternoon Annie and I went to the Coliseum to hear a fine concert by Ellery's Royal Italian Band. Creatore distinguished himself as usual. It was a pleasant ride and an excellent entertainment.

Mon. 28. Rainy. Worked in shop and read.

Tu. 29. Very rainy. The same. In P.M. Wesley & I went to Coliseum – concert postponed.

Wed. 30. Worked in shop in forenoon fixing shoes for Edward Pennock. In afternoon Annie & I went to the Grand to see Walter Edwards in "David Garrick." The play was very amusing and fairly executed.

May.

Th. 1. Rained hard nearly all day though it had stormed all night. I put the day in at reading and work in shop.

Fri. 2. Did some little turns, tried to read and help entertain company. I am suffering a good deal with neuralgia in eyes which

May renders me unfit to do or enjoy.

Sat. 3. Worked in garden in forenoon. In afternoon took Wesley and Hettie to the tabernacle to hear Ellery's Band.

Sun. 4. Read in forenoon. It is warm but breezy and everything is looking fresh. A whole week has gone by since I received notice from Dodd, Mead & Co. that they had received and would examine manuscript of "Only a Christian" and write me concerning it. As I have heard nothing I suppose they are still examining it. While I should be much pleased with their acceptance I shall not be wholly discouraged with their rejection. I have somehow an impression that if examined without predilection or prejudice it will somewhere find a publisher and my deepest desire is that it may do good. Most of P.M. was spent in reading and at night Annie and I went to hear Wm C. James, of Malta, O. preach at Green St church. After services were over we went up and spoke to Mr. James who was delighted to see us and promised to call during the week. We came home pleased with our evening trip and its pleasant incidents.

Mon. 5. Spent the day with patients and working about the yard. Late in evening a neighbor boy announced that a swarm of bees had settled on a tree in the little grove two hundred yards away to the northeast. For the benefit of the children I sawed in two a potato barrel by the light of a

May lantern and we went over and found that boys had stoned most of them off the limb and they were lying in bunches on the ground. I sawed off the limb, placed the hive over the most of the bees and left it till the morning.

Tu. 6. Worked in the garden in the morning and at 11:30 Annie and I went to Ward's Seminary and listened to an instructive lecture on Charles Dickens by Leon H. Vincent. In afternoon worked in garden and read. Attended patients late in evening which prevented our hearing Prof. Vincent at night.

Wed. 7. Rainy. Worked in shop and read. At night we went again to hear Prof. Vincent lecture on Victor Hugo, walking both ways, as the evening was cool and the air bracing.

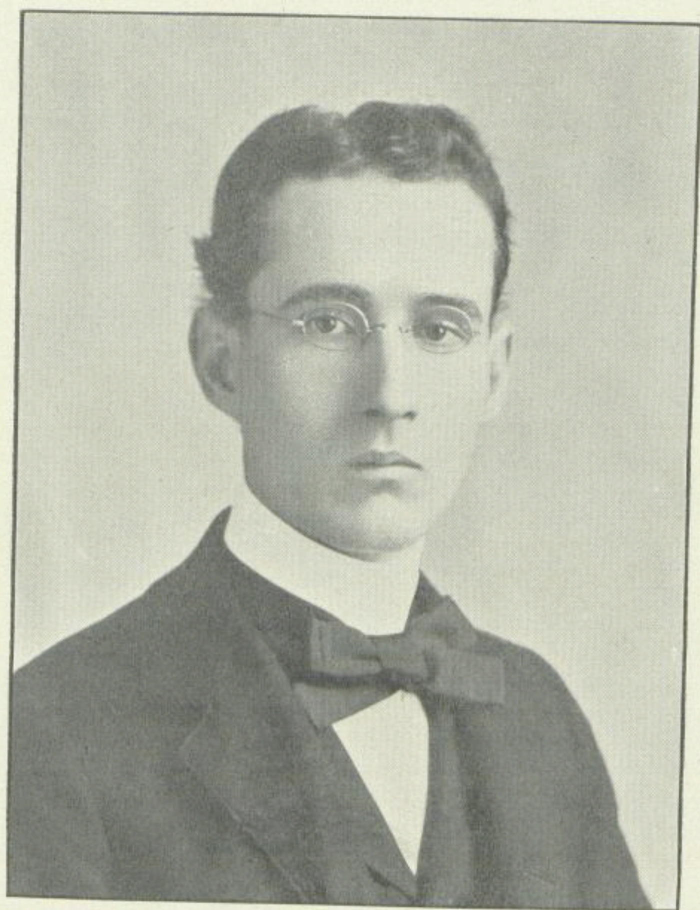
Th. 8. Cool, brilliant day. The breeze is from the North and carries with it the breath and spirit of enterprise. I worked about the place till ten A.M. when Mr. Don Carlos James of Malta, O. arrived to make us the promised visit. I spent the day pleasantly with him. We talked over things of the past, discussed authors, scriptures, science, biology and many other matters in which we were mutually interested. He was much pleased and promised to come again. At night we went to the tabernacle to hear Fred Emmerson Brooks recite his own poems. The entertainment was very enjoyable. His poem on Pickett's charge at Gettysburg is very ably written and

May. exhibits the genius of the writer to best advantage. He delivered it with fine dramatic effect. His poem on the destruction of the Maine is also an excellent example and illustration of his ability as an epic writer. His rendition of the barnyard melody was happy and natural.

Fri. 9. Worked in garden and read Thelma. At night we went again to Green St. church and enjoyed a sermon by Mr. D.C. James.

Sat. 10. I worked in the garden and read Thelma to Annie in the forenoon. In the afternoon we were thronged with company. While the boys joined their comrades of the Twentieth Century club in an enthusiastic game of ball north of the house. Prof. Turner called with a report of their last night's meeting at the house of Prof. Webb in which our three boys had taken part. Three prizes had been awarded one of which was secured by Gatewood for an original oration on the benefits of the Anglo-Japanese co-alition to the United States.

Sun. 11. Warmer. The wind from the south brings the languor and relaxation I so much dread. Near noon the breeze turned to the north and the benign improvement was quickly manifested. The greater part of day was spent in reading and writing. In afternoon finished reading Thelma and at night went to the Greene St. Christian church to hear D.C. James. He was very glad to see us



"STRIVING FOR THE FAITH OF THE GOSPEL."
PHIL. 1:27.

May and we enjoyed both his sermon and his greeting.

Mon. 12. Worked some about the yard and garden and read.

Tu. 13. Went to city in forenoon. In afternoon worked and read.

Wed. 14. Attended patients, worked the potatoes and read.

Th. 15. Spent most of day entertaining our friend, D.C. James and Mr. and Mrs. Skinner. Also saw some patients and worked awhile in garden.

Fri. 16. Very rainy. Read, planned and arranged for my trip to Ohio and discussed plans for the future. At night we went to Green St. Christian church to hear Don C. James. After services he greeted us as usual and was very reluctant to part with us. He is very earnest and sincere and we enjoy his sermons.

Sat. 17. I went to the city in the morning and put in most of forenoon there, attending to business preparatory to my trip. In the afternoon we had Mr. and Mrs. Skinner. The evening was pleasant and after the children had retired Annie and I sat on the moonlit veranda and talked of our future and our past. We discussed at some length the probabilities of securing a publisher for our book and decided to risk a small edition at our own expense

May in case we did not succeed in finding a publisher otherwise. As usual we chatted on till nearly midnight.

Sun. 18. Warm. Read and visited patients. In evening went to Green St. Christian Church to hear Mr. Janes. He parted from us with reluctance.

Mon. 19. Working about ground and making preparation for my trip. Went to city in afternoon and brought back manuscript from express office.

Tu. 20. Looking after patients, working garden and getting ready for my trip.

Wed. 21. Still looking after patients and making preparation.

Th. 22. Went to city in the morning. Came home quite tired and worked hard in garden till 1 o'clock. Then finished my arrangements for departing on the evening train. I do not recall a trip which I have contemplated with more reluctance nor a leaving of my home with deeper regret.
In evening Annie and Wesley and I drove to city where I took 7:50 train for Cincinnati. It was a bright moon-lit night and I sat and watched the gliding landscape as I whirled away to the North on a mission enveloped in solicitude and doubt. After many mental discussions I adopted my usual resource of trustfulness and patience and conclude to calmly await

May developments. At midnight I enjoyed a good lunch and then took a little nap.

Fri. 23. At 2 A.M. the sky was suddenly over-cast and a thunder storm ensued. It rained till 6 A.M. and the sky was dull and gloomy. After a short interval a dull heavy rain set in and the air was very chilly. We transferred at Latonia and remained at Cincinnati till 8:35 and then took B & O for Zanesville. By ten A.M. sun came out. Everything looks fresh and sweet and green. The locusts are in bloom and their fragrance is borne into the car. I never saw Ohio look so fresh and sweet. It is a deep delight to gaze on its varied beauties. Everybody seems busy. Reached Zanesville at 1:15 P.M. Took train for Stockport at 2. Gerry Sells rode down with me and told me much about the place. When he sees it, it must be there. I got off at Stockport and saw a few - only a few who greeted me. I met my old friend Tom McHugh and he took me to John's. It rained a little all the time. I saw A. P. Ong in his door opposite to where I stood for about twenty minutes but he did not come out and his daughter Ollie, who passed a few rods away did not turn her head nor recognize me. After all how kindly this is. It builds a deeper dislike for the place and makes me pity those who can be content there.

I spent the eve at John's pleasantly though I thought I should much rather be at home. Still God is so good I can

May not be too thankful. They had kept some cider for me and this helped my kidneys. I ached a good deal but slept pretty well as I was quite weary.

Sat. 24. Cloudy and thundering. Write a letter to Annie. 8 A. M, the rain is over and the sun is out and Emmet is off to the post-office. Walked about till 11 A. M. Then got dinner and went with Emmet to Olivet. We drove and took the tools, prepared the beds and planted the flowers and roses putting a rose on the grave of sister and father and mother. Then we went to The Lyne's, where I met Lucilla who seemed to be happy but not deeply interested. We remained only till a shower was over and then drove back. Emmet seemed to attract her attention more than I - possibly he was more communicative. We drove back together and a little later John Mc Sword drove by, going for a girl to keep house while his wife was sick. He asked me to come in the morning and see her but said he couldn't ask me to stay as he had no cook. I told him I would come but did not ask him for a meal. What cold calculation. Thank Heaven, I have the price of a meal in my pocket. It grew colder and rained nearly all night. In evening Emmet told me of Mrs. J. D. Lane's practical flattery. Let her puff. She only fills her own eyes with dust.

Sun. 25. Cold, dismal and wet. Up early. Emmet takes Ollie to Sunday School. I try to read but get little out of the book on account

May

of the sacred right of the hostess to keep up a constant kindly Pecksniffian whine. She is over-attentive. Later in forenoon, sun breaks out. After dinner Emmet drove me to John McSwords's where I was kept two hours. While there his wife told me that Ong and his wife admitted the receipt of the $20.00 and attributed it to me. I am glad they accept the situation. Before I left Bob's wife came. I could hear her voice loud and insistent in the adjoining room and was reminded of its uncharitable tone when it declined to shelter me from a coming storm a year ago. When I was ready to go I walked into that room for my hat, spoke to her, then turned for a minute to talk to the others still holding my hat in my hand. Her face looked as if a candle might be lighted there. I came out and Emmet drove me to Mrs. Morrison's where we took supper. After supper I took Monie for a long walk through the woods and we came in at nightfall. A little later the immense George Oliver came in. He had heard after dark that I had come and promptly put in his appearance. By hard work I talked him to sleep at ten o'clock. Then I talked to the family till midnight.

Mon. 26. Slept but little, up at dawn. Walked to Hopewell church and back before breakfast. After breakfast Monie drove me to McConnelsville to Worley's. It is quite cool. Called at Geo. Wallace's. Dinner at Worley's. After dinner I walked out to see Mrs. James. It was raining when I reached there. She was alone. I

May told her of her son's work and his visit to us and we talked till the rain was over. She wanted to drive me down to town but I declined and walked back to Worley's. It is very cool and some are wearing over-coats. We talked till midnight.

Tu. 27. I slept little and feel weak. After breakfast I called on Mrs. Belch and Dr. Naylor. Saw a few spits of snow. Many with over-coats. My only consolation was that they shivered most. Took train for Waterford. At Stockport got a letter from Annie enclosing one from Fleming H. Revels, Chicago offering to examine manuscript of the story, "Only a Christian". The clouds are dark and wintry-looking. People with over-coats and wraps shiver and shrink about the fire. I am in a suit of thin, gauzy sicilian with a million windows. At Waterford at 10:30 am. I wrote card to Annie and then walked out to Sarah's. The air got so cold fires were made and much alarm expressed lest it freeze. We sat and talked till 9:30 It seemed like a wintry evening and the glow of the wood fire was very pleasant.

Wed. 28. Quite cool - a little frost. Went to station and took train to Lowell. Spent day and night with Dr. Harris.

Th. 29. Took train to Roxbury. Off and went with P. A. Pugh in his buggy to Mt. Olivet where we examined the monuments of white bronze he wished

"The Dead Pussy Cat." - Jack Benn

1

Youis as stiff an' cold as a stone,
Little Cat!
Dey's done frowed out an lef' you alo
Little Cat!
I's a-stwokin' youis fur,
But you dont never purr
Nor hump up anywhere,
Little Cat.
Wy is dat?
I's youis ~~ef~~ purrin' an' humpin' up done

2

An' wy fer is youis little foots tied
Little Cat?
Did dey pisen youis 'tummick inside
Little Cat?
Did dey pound you wif bricks,
Or big narsty sticks,
Or abuse you wif kicks;
Little Cat,
Tell me dat.
Did dey holler wenever you crie

Did it hurt werry bad wen you die
Little Cat?
Oh, wy dident you wun off an' hide
Little Cat!
I is wet in my eyes, ~~an~~
'Cause I mos' always cwies
wen a pussy cat dies.
Little Cat,
Fink of dat!
An' I's awfully solly besides,

4

Des' lay still dire down in de sof' gwa
Little Cat!
Wile I tucks de gween gwass all awoun
Little Cat.
Dey can't hurt you no more
Wen you's tired an' sore.
Des' sleep twiet, you poor
Little Cat
Wif a pat,
An' forget all de kicks of de town

Have never heard this used, I intend to keep it close
stead of letting it out in haphazard way.

L. L. Gatewood, 12-24-96.

May. to see. At twelve drove on up to Mary Gatewood's. She was alone and sick and I gave her some medicine. Took out pie and bread and butter to Mr. Pugh who ate while I worked with patient till she got better. Then we drove to T. Blackmore's and I walked to Mellor's and stayed all night. In this quiet room I slept well, redeeming the past.

Fri. 30. Intended to call on the neighbors below but concluded they would all be going to the exercises at Stockport. I wrote letters and talked in the forenoon and in the afternoon walked on the hill back of Mellor's. Perley came back from the Decoration and brought a letter from home containing two others. Answered one.

Sat. 31. Up, bathed, breakfasted and off to Stockport. Rode part way with Ike Naylor. Soon as we drove up to Beswick and Scott's and before we got out saw A. P. Ong who spoke but turned at right angles and left, as if in a hurry to shun me. I went on to call on Hugh Gormley but finding him in bed I went on to see Sue and talked till nearly noon. Then went to Parsons Hotel and got dinner. After dinner went up to McDermott's store in front of which I talked for an hour with several old acquaintances then walked across to Mrs. Walker's, rapped sharply twice and got no response. I opened the screen door walked through the house and finding no one came out and went across street.

May — One of the by-standers called my attention to Mrs. Walker sitting by the up-stairs window. I think she must have heard me and how could she help seeing me? I left. Later in day called on Hugh Gormley. I was shocked at his appearance. He looked like one who had been drunk a week. His whole face was puffed, his eyes red and watery and his speech muffled. He is aging fast and is a striking illustration of the effects of dissipation. His wife came in and talked for two or three minutes. I soon left for post-office where I had a long talk with Henry Geddes, who told me of his son's ruin. Then went to livery stable and talked for an hour with Tom. Then went to hotel and got supper. Then to McDermott's grocery. Everything is dead in Stockport but crime. Later called at Tom McHugh's. We talked till 11:30 and then went to bed.

June.

Sun. 1. Up at dawn and took a long walk. Back and wrote a long time before anyone got up. I feel that I must get away from this hated town. Later - called on Mrs. Daugherty - stopped for a little while in street at Mrs. Walker's door and talked with her but declined her invitation to eat roast fish. Called on Mrs. John McDermott and Jas. B. Kean. Returned to Tom's, talked till 11:30 and retired.

Mon. 2. Cool and breezy. Up early and rode with Tom McHugh to McConnelsville stopping for half an hour at Burg Works and on to Worley's. After dinner Allie Pyle called me to go to telephone and

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June answer Tom McHugh. Got in and rode with him to telephone office. Was told a letter awaited me at Stockport. He thought it important and sent Bill James up in buggy to bring it. Tom's kindness over-shadows that of his towns-men. I found it was nothing serious - several letters from home forwarded. Spent the evening about town; mostly at Worley Retired at 11 P.M.

Tu. 3. Very tired but fresh. Bing Work came and took me out to his house where I had a tedious hard job on my hands. This is a complex situation. The patient has grown so confirmed in grasping greed that it now requires all his strength and dilligence to maintain an uncertain fight with the dollar. His palsied hand is still clutching for more, while his heart condemns him for ~~think~~ing of spending a cent. He asked my charge. I told him whatever he saw fit to give me for the two calls I would give to charity and leave the amount to himself. He replied he would give what he thought it would be worth to his wife - a novel and unpatented idea. On way back I called on Wm. James and spent two hours pleasantly. I took supper with him and his wife and he drove me down to Malta Went to Worley's and stayed till morning. Played a good deal with little Florence who seemed very fond of me. The night was cool and I slept fairly.

Wed. 4. Brilliant day. At 9:30 A.M. took North bound train for Columbus. I am

June. very weary. At Zanesville at 11:20. Went to Englander's to try for a cut rate ticket - failed. At Columbus at 2:30 P.M. Went to Maud's and got supper. Slept better than usual.

Th. 5. Started on tramp up around Clintonville and walked till sunset. Got supper at restaurant and took satchel and went to Maud's. Took bath and went to bed late. Slept fairly.

Fri. 6. Up and wrote letter to Annie. At ten A.M. took car to North end of line. Walked to Clintonville and saw the blocks Mr. Bright and Mr. Pegg wished to show me. Passed the home of Mr. Chestnut but did not stop as I did yesterday. Walked far to the east following Oakland Av. and going beyond the Big 4 R.R., stopped for two hours with Prof. Tilley. Back to Smith's coal office. Then took the road toward the Summit addition. Called at Mr. Roloson's who told me of a vacant piece North of East Broadway. Then walked on down the road and passed over a vacant piece to which I had been referred. Then struck across broken and ugly ground full of deep ravines toward Olentangy Park. Called on a good many people examined a good many pieces of ground, found nothing to interest me and growing very weary took the car at sunset and reached Maud's after dark. It has been very hot all day. I find this business very exhausting and very disappointing.

June

Sat. 7. Rained in the night. Cloudy and rainy this morning. Reach Wesley Black at 7:30 in a dull rain. At 8:30 it had ceased to rain and I walked to Clintonville, stopping to talk where I could learn anything. By noon I was very tired but walked to car sheds and took car to restaurant near depot. Then went out beyond Columbus to see Mr. Price's property then by car to Linden, a pretty little place with a nice school-house but little business. Two little stores - no pavements and no great interest evident in anything but its contention for primacy with its twin sister Walden which joins it on the side next to Columbus. I still prefer North Columbus to this section. I have seen nothing I want to buy. I wrote this eve to Annie to come on and though I shall continue looking will wait till she comes before I do any buying. Possibly not then.

Sun. 8. Very cool and windy. I spend the whole long day at Brad's.

Mon. 9. Bright and cool this morning. Off North. Stopped at Wilson's and delayed till one P.M., getting dinner there. Then walked to Clintonville, stopped at Bright's black-smith shop, then went and examined his two lots. Then walked to Legg's, to inquire about a lot he owned at Clinton-ville. I had my long walk for nothing as I found no one at home. I went down to his dairy and finding no one took the cattle-path down to the river. What a delightful, shady and seclu

June

ed place. The solid, beaten path stole away among the great trees until I almost fancied I stood among the great beaches of my boyhood. I walked on to the Olentangy, then returning part way, sat down upon the fence and listening to the warble of the birds and the melodious hum of the cicada I wondered why the world abandoned such beauties for position, wealth or fame. To complete the picture a great gray squirrel played unscarred in the great beach beside me. A bobolink thrilled the air with his music. From the cornfield near by came the dull emotionless command of the driver plowing the corn. I rested and walked back stopping in the pasture to admire the most beautiful bobolink I had ever seen. It was very saucy and followed me some distance as if guarding a nest. I spent a few minutes with this beauty and then resumed my tiresome tramp. I sat upon a log for a little bit taking leave of the soft melody of bird and bee and insect which was so pleasant to my weary ear which had heard only the hum of streets after I reached North High. I thought of home and all I held dear. God bless and keep them and direct me. I walked up to the street turned toward Worthington and went on almost to that place examining properties and asking questions When the sun was quite low I turned and walked back to North Columbus, prospecting all the way. Of course I was tired. As it was late I stopped at a restaurant and got my supper. Then took car to Brads

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June. where I found a letter from Annie and one from Counel stating he had passed in Latin and German. I was too tired to sleep well.

Tu. 10: Cool and windy. Took car to Braun's to inquire about an acre lot he offers for $2000. on East Broadway. Went thence to Mr. Jas. M. Lorin's office. He was not there and I walked some distance to the M. & M. Building where I found him. Then took car to end of line North. Went to see a Mr. Thorp in Clintonville. Then to see Mr. Lorin the carpenter who has an acre near by. Could do nothing. I have grown very weary walking in the hot sun, but start again to find parties on East Broad and after a long wearisome hunt walked down Washington Av. making inquiries. I pass on by the Barracks and walk to Neal Park where I stop to witness a game of baseball between Columbus and Indianapolis. It was partisan to a shameful degree, and Columbus deserved the defeat she got. I went home very weary. Found a letter from Annie saying she would come on tomorrow's train.

Wed. 11. Started off early, called to see Jas. M. Lorin and some others, then went to depot and met Annie. We ate a lunch and took High St. car to North end. Walked to North Broadway and on to Rolosons where we sat an hour and talked. Then we walked on to the North High car line and took car to Maud's. She was much surprised to find Annie with me. We were weary and

retired late. I slept but little.

Th. 12. Took car to the University, visited the buildings, rambled over the grounds and drank at the pretty spring by the little lake. Called on President Thompson and made inquiries relative to the matriculation of our two older boys which we contemplated in the future. Then took the car and went back to Mand's for dinner. In the afternoon we went to the Capitol and Annex and spent several hours pleasantly there going all over the buildings and up into the dome during a thunderstorm. We had a fine view of city and surroundings and late in P.M. we went back to Mand's. I was very hoarse. Retired late and slept fairly.

Fri. 13. Hot. Off early to North Columbus. Walked on to ~~East~~ Broadway and thence to Summit St, stopping at Mr. Roloson's. Then walked on around the piece of ground on Oakland Av. we thought of buying then on to Mrs. Williams's on ~~North~~ East Broadway then to Hight St. and took car to the north as far as township line. Then we walked back to East Broadway and on to Roloson's and made offer on the plot we had looked at. Thence to car line and to Mand's.

Sat. 14. We got up early and I went to cor. of High and Broad to meet Mr. Hardy and Mr. Roloson and arrange for deed to property. Came back and Annie and I went to Camp Chase to attend the dedication of the Confederate monument given by Mr. Harrison of Cincinnati, O. The monument con-

June sists of a stone arch surmounted by a statue of a Confederate soldier in grey bronze. The only inscription is the word "Americans" in large letters on the side of the arch. The program was badly managed. The flowers were abundant and fine. The speaking good. Among the speakers Marcus Tony of Nashville was most entertaining. He wore his entire suit of Confederate grey including his little military cap which he did not remove. One thing struck me. It was the strong contrast between the enthusiastic earnestness of the Southern speakers and the more formal and quiet methods on the Northern ones. Col. Knouss who had planned and executed this project was the hero of the occasion and deserved the warm recognition he received.

The car service was abominable We got back weary and wet with sweat.

Sun. 15. Very hot. Maud and Annie went to Children's day service on the avenue close to home. Brad and I were to go to hear Dr. Gladden but his conservative slowness compelled me to abandon the idea. I sat and wrote letters till dinner. After dinner went to Olentangy Park for two hours. Then walked over the "summit" and back to city stopping at several places to talk and learn all I could of the locality. I got to Brad's near seven P.M. and as the family had not come I went to city and got supper and then to Dr. Gladden's church. I was determined not to be hindered or disappointed this time. Dr. Gladden preached a good, eloquent sermon on clouds. Brad and Annie came over later and joined me after service

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June

Mon. 16. Went to Rolozon's and he and I went to the lot and tried to find the stakes. Later I went back to his house going through the woods with him to look for trees to plant. He took me to the car line and I reached Brad's at dinner. After dinner Annie and I went to Rolozon's and on to Sager's and then to Luchtenberg's where we looked at his house hastily and then walked to Olentangy Park, where we spent two hours pleasantly. Took car and reached home late, got supper and chatted till ten P.M.

Tu. 17. Went to city and called at office of Luchtenberg in Wyandotte Building. Then went on to call on Roloson and Sager. Made contract with Sager to plow and seed lot. Then came home found doors locked. Sat two hours and then went away. I was very weary and sleepy and not having even a chair to sit upon I walked down electric road about one-fourth mile climbed the big rail fence and lay down on the clean grass and rested. The day seems so long. I feel like I have accomplished all I expect to do now and want to start homeward. I came back at 6 P.M. and found Annie and Maud had come. After supper I went to a tent service on Broad St. for half an hour then came back and we all talked till 11 P.M.

Wed. 18. Off late to city. Mr Hardy told me the abstract was not done. Mr. Roloson and I went to abstract office and they promised it by five P.M. Went back at five P.M. and waited half an hour for Roloson then took

June abstract and went to Hardy's office where I found Roloson and we sat on the steps of Deshler's Bank till twilight examining the abstract. Came home in a drizzling rain weary and hoarse. Looked over abstract a little while with Annie. Went to bed late and slept little.

Th. 19. Went to city and saw Mr. Hardy, got deed and gave check. Then went to stores and got a few things for children. Home at noon. After noon I walked on East Bro St. with Annie looking at the fine residences and pretty yards. Then went to store and got a few things for Maud & Brad. Came back early to rest. At night went up to the tent again. The services are peculiar. I have gone several evenings but do not stay long. The behavior of the boys and young men is shameful.

Fri. 20. Cloudy and dull. Leave Brad's at 6:10 A.M. Leave depot for home at 7:05 A.M. on Big Four. Have a pleasant trip to Cincinnati which we reach at 10:30. Transfer to L & N. at 11:40 and after an uneventful trip reach Nashville at 8:50 P.M. Got off at Link's Depot took car at transfer station and reached home at 9:30 and in five minutes was called upon to visit a patient. Got to bed near midnight and up no more till morning.

Sat. 21. Spent day in answering the accumulated mail and setting things to rights again.

Sun. 22. Called out of bed to go to Hudson's. Back to

June — breakfast at 10 A.M. Entertained company in afternoon and read. In evening had long talk with Gatewood and Connel explaining to them our plans and wishes. They seemed to be interested and I thought Connel was more interested than usual. In the night was called up to visit Mr. Crandall.

Mon. 23. Called early to W. I. Hudson's. Then assisted Annie in posting up our journal, till two o'clock. Cut docks in the meadow till night.

Tu. 24. Helped a little about the washing and wrote letters.

Wed. 25. Very disagreeable day. The wind blew with incessant fierceness from the South carrying clouds of dust on its hot and suffocating tide. I went to the city and called upon a number of real estate men attempting to interest them in the sale of my home. I found the same listlessness and indolent apathy everywhere. I might as well have been addressing the mummies of Thebes. I came home drenched with sweat and disgusted. Wrote some in afternoon.

Th. 26. Made a number of calls in the morning, then visited Mr. J. C. Morrison's son Richard riding out with the father and walking back. Read in the afternoon.

Fri. 27. In the forenoon worked on Edward Pennock's shoes. In the afternoon went to city, got material and prepared leggins for him.

Sat. 28. Entertaining company and doing odd turns

 1902.

June. throughout day. In the afternoon had some rain with a great deal of wind. As usual the winds sweep from the South and soon as the rain has fallen lick it up like a monster and carry it away.

Sun. 29. Cloudy with a continuous South wind. I read and write.

Mon. 30. I am not well and put in the day at reading and writing.

July

Tu. 1. The same.

Wed. 2. Helped a little with washing and wrote letters.

Th. 3. Read "Wormwood" by Marie Corelli. The abominable book is well written.

Fri. 4. Most people have gone away to the parks. We remain at home and pursue the dull round of usual, everyday life - reading, writing, &c. At night the two older boys attended the Twentieth Century Club meeting at Dawson's.

Sat. 5. Visited patients in the morning and hunted a man to mow meadow. Then helped clean house rest of day with occasional stops to entertain callers. The weather is hot and oppressive.

Sun. 6. Still hot with South wind. Spent the day at entertaining company and reading under the big elm.

